You Can't Inherit Disease!

★

The Way to Say Your Say

★

Time Is Where You Find It

★

Art without Boredom

★

Simplify Your Letter-Writing

★

The Coronet Gallery of Art and Photographs

★

—AND 20 OTHER FEATURES BY

ANDRÉ BIRABEAU

LOUIS ZARA

MANUEL KOMROFF

GRETTA PALMER

FRED C. KELLY

AND OTHERS

CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

JAMES M. MILNE LIBRARY
S.U.C. ONEONTA, N. Y.
WITHDRAWN

JULY, 1939

7195

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6

410927

CORONET
for
JULY
1939

TEXTUAL FEATURES

FACTUAL:

You Can't Inherit Disease
Helen Morgan 3
Simplify Your Letter-Writing
Fred C. Kelly 39
They Wrote in Jail
Vincent Starrett 103
Three-Mile Painting
Kermit Kahn 141

PERSONAL:

Time Is Where You Find It
Isabel Currier 15
The Way to Say Your Say
Alison Aylesworth 24

FICTIONAL:

The New Roots . Louis Zara 19
Gay Paree . . Ernest Szép 43
No Love Lost
André Birabeau 173

SATIRICAL:

China's Mighty Atom
Geoffrey W. Royall 9
Fable of the Gadgets
Arthur Davison Ficke 29
Unresolved
Parke Cummings 91

CULTURAL:

The Good Taste Test . . . 10
One-Woman Shows
Sidney Carroll 54
About Philip Reisman
Harry Salpeter 98
Art without Boredom
Gretta Palmer 128

BIOGRAPHICAL:

Prophet of Revolution
Manuel Komroff 36
Retired Liberal
Mark Ashley 114
A Note on Gilbert & Sullivan
Carleton Smith 122
A Portfolio of Personalities 156
Portrait of George Lynes
Robert W. Marks 163

METRICAL:

Migratory Bird in Peking
Belle Turnbull 35

HISTORICAL:

For the Greater Glory
Philip Paul Daniels 109
The First Commercials
Alexander McQueen 127

QUIZZICAL:

Modern Day Argot
Sylvia Pass 45

PICTORIAL FEATURES

ART REPRODUCTIONS:
COVER:
The Torn Hat by Thomas Sully (1783-1872). Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

VOODOO SCULPTURE
BY LU DUBLE 50-53

FIVE LITHOGRAPHS
BY LAMAR BAKER

Sadist 93
Debut 94
Pyromaniac 95
Commuter 96

Continued on inside back cover

DAVID A. SMART
PUBLISHER

CORONET, JULY 1, 1939; VOL. 6, NO. 3; WHOLE NO. 33

CORONET is published monthly by David A. Smart, Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Esquire-Coronet, Inc., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions for the United States and possessions, Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Central and South America, $4.00 a year in advance; elsewhere $5.00. Copyright under International Copyright Union, All Rights Reserved under Inter-American Copyright Union, Copyright, 1939, by Esquire-Coronet, Inc., Title Registered U. S. Pat. Off. Reproduction or use, without express permission, of editorial or pictorial content, in any manner is prohibited. Printed in U. S. A.

YOU CAN'T INHERIT DISEASE

ONLY THE TENDENCY TO ANY MAJOR AILMENT IS TRANSMITTED—AND THAT CAN BE HELD IN CHECK

THE bugaboo of diseases that "run in the family" blights the lives of thousands of folk whose relatives have suffered from cancer, or tuberculosis, or heart disease. For them, the mention of these diseases is analogous to reminding a condemned man of doom.

"How," cry innumerable skeptics, "can inherited diseases be prevented? How can you prevent something that's *in* you—that you're born with?"

But, science retorts today, persons are not born with diseases. Doctors who used to shake their heads woefully—"The disease is inherited. Nothing can be done"—are wiser now. They say, "The *tendency* to the disease may be inherited." Thus, one word—tendency—overturns all preconceived notions about the "hereditary diseases" and opens the door to hope for all those who feel themselves fated at birth.

No one, for example, inherits angina pectoris; but a person may inherit a system of coronary arteries which is liable to develop changes resulting in the disease. Individuals do not inherit ulcers. But, through the germ cells of their mothers and fathers, they may fall heir to a weakness of the stomach and duodenum. Under a certain environment, ulcers will result.

A modern, informed generation must keep these tendencies from developing. It must realize that the disease which may be inherited can be prevented. Forethought and the proper care may hinder their onslaught as effectively as a shot in the arm will halt the advance of diphtheria, smallpox and other infectious diseases.

The forces of heredity and of environment must both be weighed on the scales that determine an individual's future. The message of science today is that, in the end, the decision rests with the individual. He may outwit his fate, if he is careful.

To keep the tendency from developing, you must familiarize yourself with the conditions that aggravate your predisposed organs or tissues. Up to now, this has not been easy, for most of the work in preventive medicine has been directed toward the infectious diseases. But below we have listed a number of precautions which have recently been drawn up and recommended by various specialists for persons who are susceptible to any of these diseases. The rules of prevention should be applied to all, but particularly to children who may have inherited tendencies. It is in childhood that these tendencies most often stir, restlessly, ominously.

We have included cancer and tuberculosis in the list, though no hereditary tendency to either disease has been discovered as yet. It is possible, however, and even probable, that an immunity to tuberculosis is inherited; conversely, that some people may be born with a lack of resistance to fight off the germ.

The origins of cancer are unknown. Experiments with mice have proven that a tendency can be inherited in animals. There is no proof that the same is true of human beings, though it is possible. The presence of cancer in a family is no cause for alarm among other members of the family; but it does justify a greater care on their part than other individuals might take.

HEART DISEASE

Heart disease is the most important of all the diseases which may be inherited and which may often be prevented. About two million people, it is estimated, have heart disease and many of these sufferers are young people in the prime of life. The notion that heart disease strikes only the aged is fallacious.

The heart disease which overcomes young people is almost always caused by rheumatic infections. The tendency to rheumatic fever appears to be quite definitely inherited, but fortunately it can be controlled and its disastrous effect upon the heart prevented. The task, then, is to ward off rheumatic infections. Observe the following conditions:

1. Watch out for diseased tonsils, adenoids, decayed teeth.

2. Don't ignore "growing pains." Such "childish complaints" of pains in joints and muscles often indicate rheumatic fever.

3. Outdoor exercise, plenty of

sleep, and well ventilated rooms are essential.

4. Beware of under-nutrition.

5. Take unusual care after an attack of rheumatic fever.

The type of heart disease which is more likely to assault elderly individuals includes arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries), high blood pressure and angina pectoris. The evidence in favor of transmission here is less prepossessing than it is in the case of rheumatic heart disease. These suggestions should be followed by all individuals, however, who have a family history of high blood pressure or arteriosclerosis:

1. Avoid overweight.

2. Keep calm. Curb your inclination to overdo everything. Don't run for the street car. Let someone else worry. Don't let things shock you, or get you excited.

3. Be temperate in your use of stimulants, such as alcohol, tea, coffee, tobacco.

4. Get sufficient sleep and plenty of outdoor exercise (only don't approach sports with a do-or-die attitude).

ALLERGIC DISTURBANCES

The tendency to allergic disturbances, including hayfever, asthma, bronchitis, chronic colds, hives, eczema and sick headaches, is definitely inherited in a majority of cases. It is essential that all predisposed individuals avoid, as far as possible, the substances and conditions which precipitate attacks. They should:

1. Treat the mildest "cold" as a serious illness.

2. Recognize rashes and food idiosyncrasies in infants as possible danger signals.

3. Don't force a child to eat any food for which he shows a distinct repugnance.

4. Don't have operations on the nose and throat, unless they are urgent, during the pollen season.

5. Avoid extremes of, and sudden changes in, temperature.

6. Try to choose an occupation which won't expose you to common irritants, such as excessive dust, fumes, certain raw materials, flours.

7. Provide a stable, harmonious environment for predisposed children.

EYE TROUBLES

Eye trouble may be caused by defects in the structure of the eye, by disease, by deficiency in the diet, and by improper use of the eyes. Eye defects, which result principally in astigmatism, shortsightedness and farsightedness, are frequently inherited. Vigilance from birth is necessary to prevent the development of defects or diseases. Individuals should:

1. Be certain a one per cent solution of silver nitrate is dropped in each eye of an infant as soon as it is born. This is usually required by law.

2. Beware if a baby's eyelids become red and swollen, with a mattery discharge. Get medical attention without delay.

3. Never leave a baby in a place where light shines directly in its eyes.

4. Teach children proper use of their eyes. Prohibit eye-strain.

5. Don't read lying down.

6. Don't continue reading or working when your eyes feel tired.

7. Don't work in a room which is dark except for one patch of light.

8. Recognize a squint or scowl as a danger signal. If you must hold a book too far away or too close to the eyes (about fourteen inches from the eyes is normal) consult a physician. You may usually prevent serious eye troubles by wearing glasses.

9. Don't rub your eyes if you get "something in them." Don't ever try to remove dust or particles with anything rough or unclean.

EAR TROUBLES

It is estimated that one person in every two hundred suffers from progressive deafness. The tendency is so definitely inherited that specialists recommend that, if it occurs in the family of both husband and wife, though each one is normal, reproduction should be frowned upon. The husband and wife are, in such cases, carriers.

If both parents are afflicted, the offspring may be unaffected, but they in turn will be carriers for the next generation. Peculiarities in the structure of the ear are also sometimes inherited.

The following proper precautionary measures can prevent the onslaught of deafness, however, in most cases where the hereditary strain is not too strong:

1. Avoid colds. Be vaccinated and immunized against smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria and other infectious diseases. If you do succumb to such diseases, have a thorough ear examination as soon as you are able to get up. These infections often affect the ear.

2. Don't poke hairpins or other objects into your ear. Don't try to remove wax. Let a physician do it.

3. Protect the ears when swimming and diving. Breathe correctly when swimming, and cease

diving if it has a bad effect on your ears.

4. Recognize the following disturbances as warnings of future trouble: dullness or blocked feelings in the ear, itching or heat in and around the ear, buzzing and ringing noises, moisture or discharge from the ear.

5. If you must frequently ask people to repeat what they say, or if you fail to answer when addressed, you need an examination.

DIABETES

The hereditary factor in diabetes, while not outstanding, has been shown to exist in about 25 per cent of the patients studied. There is, therefore, a possibility that a child may develop diabetes if at least one parent and one other relative has the disease. It can be guarded against by observing the following rules:

1. Don't let yourself get overweight. It's wiser for persons who may be predisposed to diabetes to stay a little under the normal weight recommended for their age and height. Do this by maintaining the correct diet and sufficient exercise.

2. Have prompt treatment given to infected teeth, tonsils, gall bladder, appendix and other organs.

3. Avoid candy and sweets.

4. Have periodic health examinations. Tests of blood sugar have often revealed in apparently normal persons a slightly higher content of sugar than is usual. Urine tests should be made. Such investigations reveal tendencies already established, and emphasize the need for great care.

TUBERCULOSIS

Remember tuberculosis is first and foremost a contagious disease. If you fear a susceptibility to the tubercle bacilli in your family, however, take the following precautions in your way of living:

1. Get at least eight hours sleep nightly in a well-ventilated room.

2. Take some exercise daily.

3. Build up your resistance by eating well-balanced, nourishing food.

4. Beware of overwork, late hours, too much party-making, and all other excesses.

5. Have yearly physical examinations.

6. Most important, avoid contact with people who have tuberculosis.

CANCER

The public is just beginning to realize that much cancer—whether hereditary or not—can be prevented. It is practically always preceded by chronic irritation. It develops slowly, not in normal tissues, but in inflamed tissues. Arrest the following irritations and it is possible, in a large number of cases, to avoid cancer.

1. Avoid irritation of the mouth and throat. Don't use tobacco excessively. Don't let decayed teeth, or pyorrhea, develop. Anything that might irritate the mouth—sharp-edged teeth, teeth out of line, ill-fitting plates—should be avoided. Gargle daily with a solution of mild soap and water.

2. Guard against irritation of the skin. If you have an oily skin with heavy growth of hair, make liberal use of hot baths, soap and friction. Secure treatment for all flat, persistent warts and thickened, scaly or pigmented spots on the skin which fail to disappear. Watch out for pigmented moles, especially on the feet and toes, which are very dark, have hairs growing from them, which steadily increase in size and blackness, located at points easily irritated.

3. Don't abuse your stomach. Stomach cancer is most common. Don't be a glutton. Remember your stomach is not lined with copper, but with a single row of delicate cells.

4. Beware of chronic constipation which presumably leads to rectal cancer. Bleeding hemorrhoids should be given attention.

ULCERS

Though there is no proof that a tendency to ulcers is inherited, doctors admit the possibility, partly because of the definite affinity which ulcers seem to have for long, thin individuals, rather than for short, stocky persons. Environment, however, is believed to be the deciding factor.

1. Avoid those articles of diet which are forbidden to individuals undergoing treatment for ulcers.

2. Make regular and frequent trips to your dentist.

3. Have your meals at regular hours. Be composed while you eat, and take your time.

4. Smoke and drink moderately, if at all.

5. Have periodic examinations.

As you've no doubt gathered by now, one must never believe that these diseases are always, arbitrarily, inherited. The so-called hereditary disease which your relative had might have been caused solely by an outside influence. Many such factors, including also the strength of a family hereditary strain where it does exist, must be considered by your doctor. He can estimate your chances of inheriting a disease, or of preventing an attack, and he can do it only after a thorough study of your pedigree.

—HELEN MORGAN

CHINA'S MIGHTY ATOM

DEMONSTRATING THAT THE HEIGHT OF A MAN IS AN INADEQUATE INDEX TO HIS DEPTH

One of the most able and ingenious statesmen of the State of Chi, an ancient feudal kingdom in North China, was a midget. During his term of office Yen Tzu was appointed by the Emperor to be his special envoy to the State of Chu.

On learning that he was a dwarf, the people of Chu, thinking to have some fun at his expense, had a small gate erected by the side of the main gates of the city. On his arrival, Yen Tzu was expected to enter the city by means of this little gate. He refused to do so.

"If my illustrious Master had sent me as envoy to a Kingdom of Dogs," he said, his eyes blazing with indignation, "I would enter by the dog gate."

Thereupon the dignitaries of Chu changed their minds and escorted the diminutive minister through the main gates.

On the following morning he was granted an audience with the august and mighty Prince of Chu.

"Has your honorable kingdom no men?" he asked, his voice betraying his amusement.

"In my unworthy country," replied Envoy Yen Tzu, with an icy smile, "there are those who, if they were to open up their sleeves, a Gargantuan curtain could be made that would reach to the heavens. How can Your Excellency imagine there are no men in my country?"

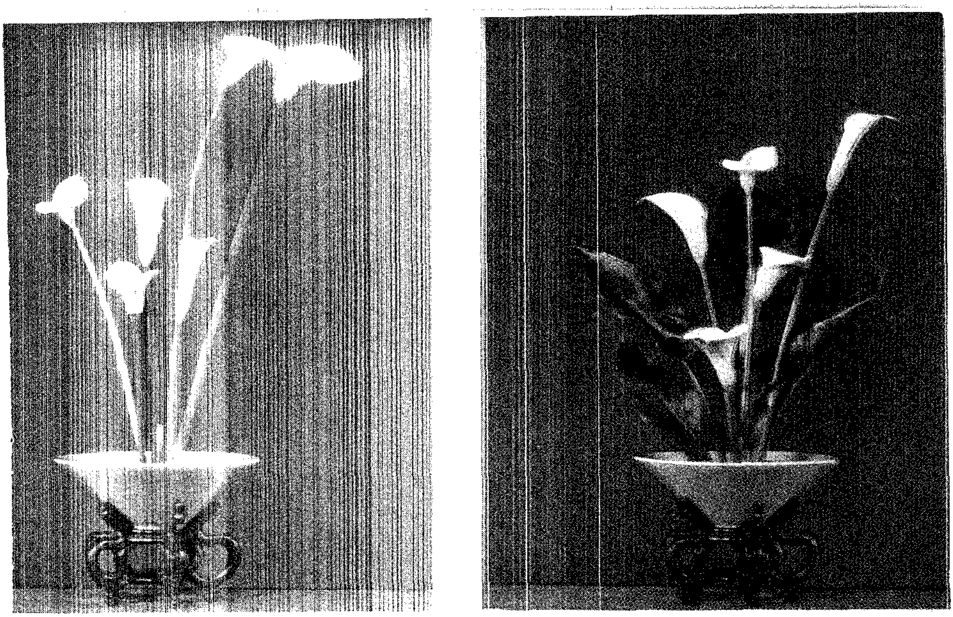
"Why then did they send you?" asked the prince, finding it difficult to keep a straight face.

"My Sovereign," replied Yen Tzu, with a twinkle in his eye, "when appointing his envoys is very particular to first consider the worth of the princes to whom they are to be sent. Virtuous ministers he of course sends to virtuous princes, and likewise worthless ones to worthless princes. I, being the biggest rascal of all my Emperor's statesmen, he naturally appointed me to your State of Chu!" —GEOFFREY W. ROYALL

THE GOOD TASTE TEST

Which Flower Arrangement in Each Pair Is in Better Taste? Answers on Page 126

A GROUP of flowers will add life and color to a room if you simply pop them into a container of some sort and let it go at that. So, obviously, you can't lose: anyone who uses flowers at all is automatically that much ahead of the game. Most people, however, are not satisfied with so negative an approach. They want to derive the utmost from their flower arrangements, just as they want to make the most of any other accessory to pleasant living. For them, this taste-test has been prepared for CORONET by Mrs. G. McStay Jackson, Art Director of the Garden Club of Illinois. It will demonstrate how the same container and essentially the same flowers can produce two entirely different results, one distinctive and the other ordinary. The moral, articulated in the answers on page 126, is self-evident.



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MERRILL CHASE

A

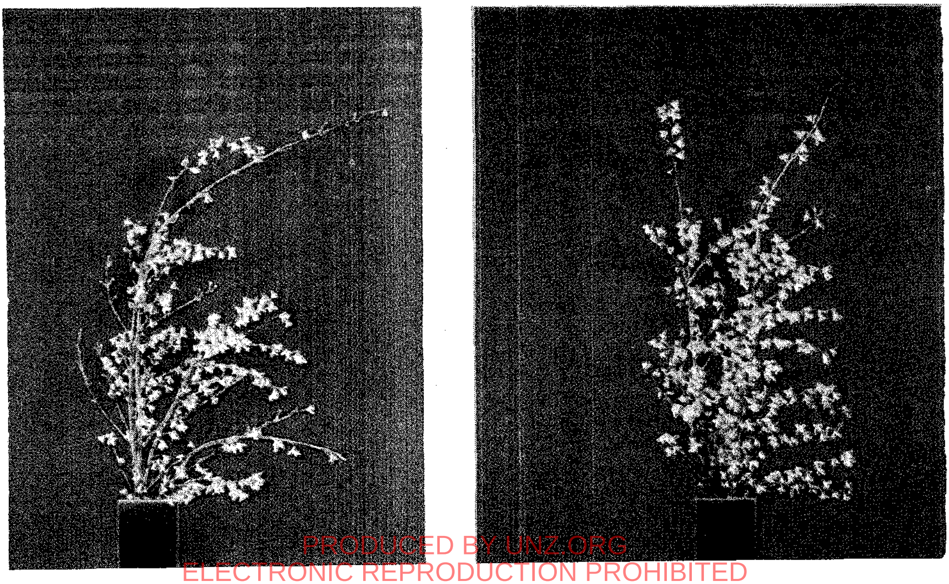
B

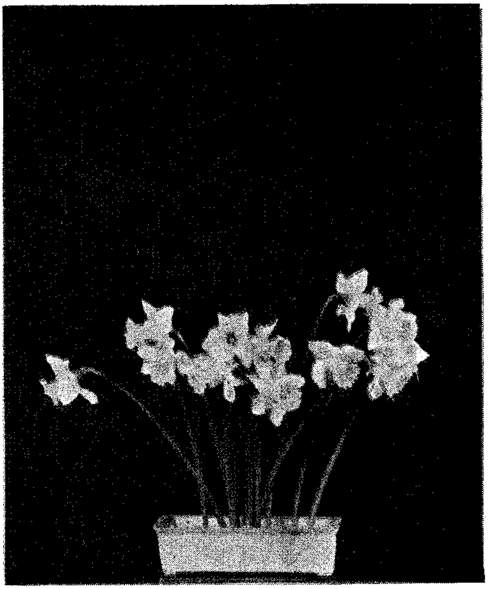
1 *Two arrangements of calla lilies in the same container, the group at the right with the addition of calla leaves. Which do you prefer?*

2 *Two similar groups of forsythia branches in the same container but differing in arrangement. Which do you consider in better taste?*

A

B

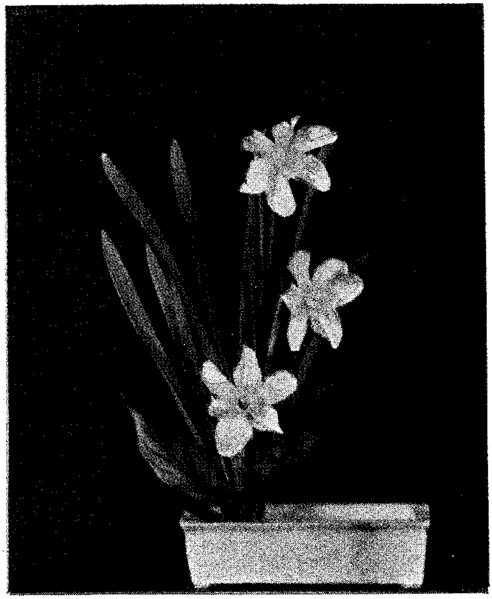


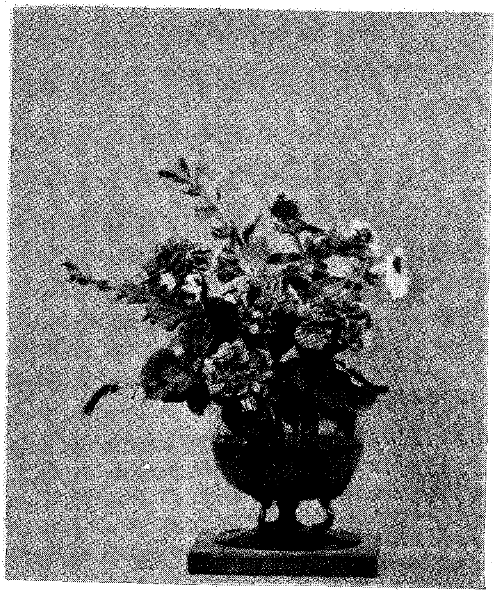


A

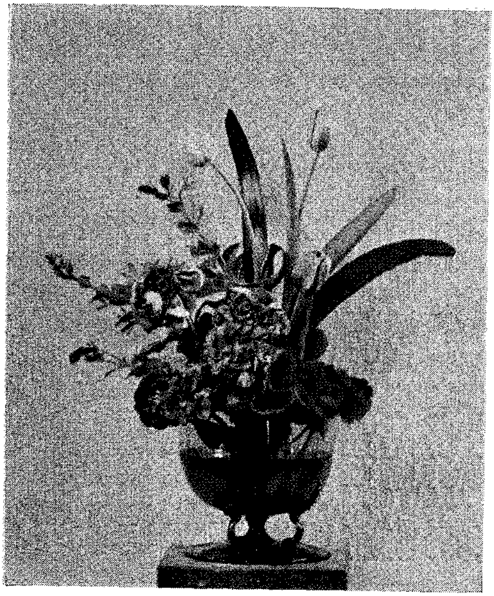
3 *Two comparable arrangements of daffodils, the lower group shown with the addition of its own foliage (daffodil spikes) and Chinese evergreen.*

B



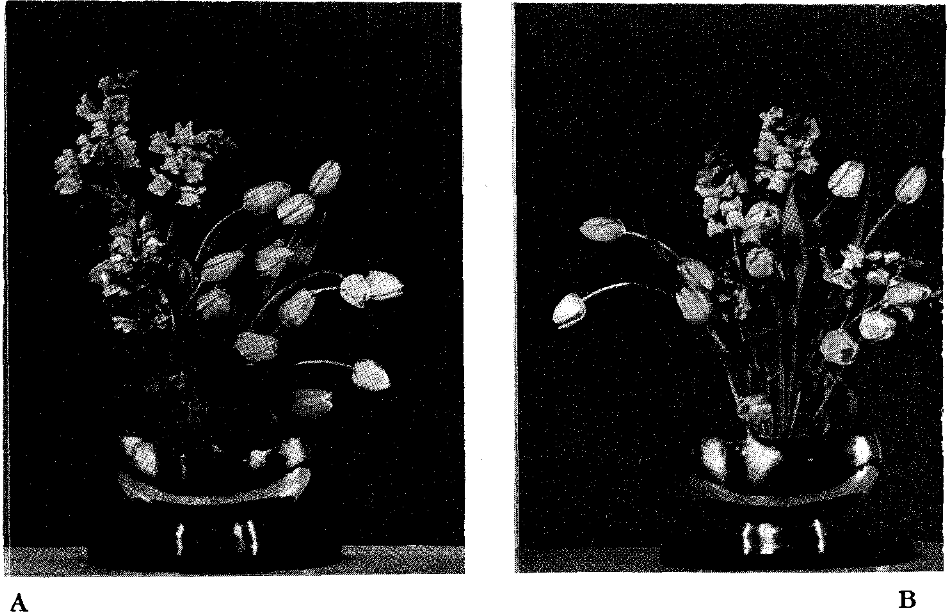


A



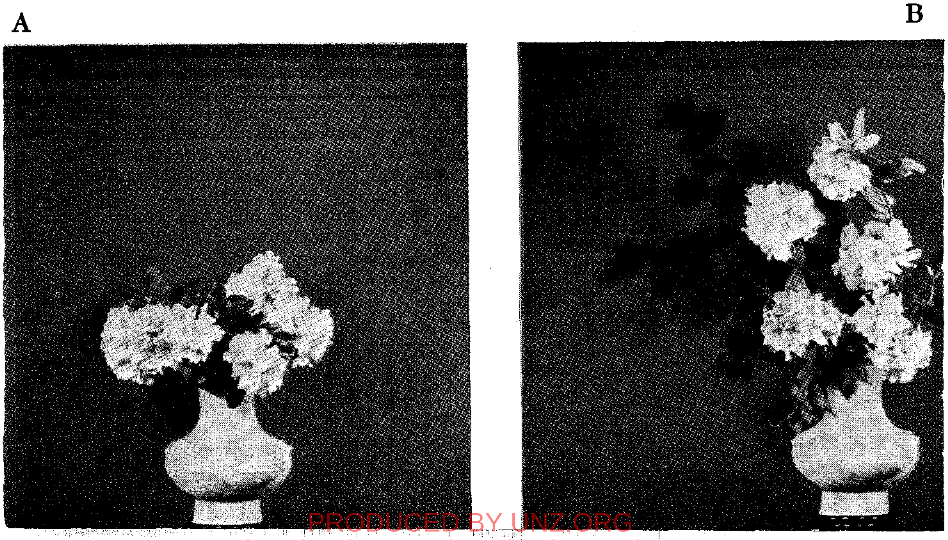
B

4 *An arrangement of geraniums and petunias with their own foliage, above; below, the same flowers with the addition of tulips and clivia spikes.*



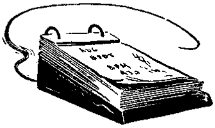
5 *Two groups of snapdragons and tulips in the same container; the group at the left is shown with the addition of geranium foliage.*

6 *Two arrangements of rhododendrons in the same container, with the addition of white pine branches and grape vine to the group at right.*



TIME IS WHERE YOU FIND IT

FORTHRIGHT SOLUTION OF THE PROBLEM OF HOW TO LIVE ON TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY



AMERICANS, and (for all I know) all the other races of man, are divided into three classes in their awareness of time!

1. The harassed hens, rushing hither and yon: "I'm in a terrible hurry . . . I'll never get this done on time . . . I'm up to my ears and life is too short to accomplish anything."

2. The wistful wasters. They inhabit all social gatherings, bars, poolrooms, and street corners: "It must be wonderful to have time for the things other people do . . . I never have a minute, but some day I'll take time to do that . . . I wish I had time to read, and to go to the theatre, but I'm so tired after working all day that I have to relax."

3. The thumb-twiddlers who seek painless ways of slaughtering hours: "That movie is a good time-killer . . . I often while away a few hours at the zoo . . . I forgot to look up that book I promised you but I'll do it next week—positively the very first chance I get."

Like all other personality types, these categories of time-employers have a wide variety of subdivisions and overlappings. The greatest of the three, without a doubt, is the one in the middle. Two time factors are common to all people, unless I have been terribly misinformed about the facts of life. (a) There are twenty-four hours in each of every mortal's days which may be spent or misspent as he directs. (b) The average person never gets full value for his money ("Time is money") until he decides what he wants most to spend it for, makes himself a budget, and sticks to it.

As a qualified expert on time-budgeting for myself (this article is a testimonial), I believe that (b) is responsible for all the devilish tics— and tocks—which beset (1), (2), and (3). You can't budget your time until you know how you want to spend it, and an income of twenty-four grand a day which, like *Brewster's Millions* must be doled out or lost, isn't easy to dispense without a large amount of thought and trial and error.

Let us say that you belong to the great middle class, both in the social sense and in the time turmoil which I have listed as (2). Most of us are natural-born wistful wasters and most of us work, either for a living or for the joy of living. That means that the hours between nine and five, on five days of the week, are devoted to minding your business with an hour or an hour and a half out for lunch. Once in awhile, unless you're abnormal, you're probably resentful of having that time taken up in pursuit of a living, day after day, year after year. I hate to sound like a Pollyanna, but if you've ever been forced by circumstances such as unemployment or convalescence into thumb-twiddling, you must have found that the familiar exactions of your job loomed as brightly as mealtime to the hungry. It's tough to be chained to your desk on a perfect day for golf but if you were a golf pro, for instance, the same mood might find you wishing you could sit in a nice swivel chair in an air-conditioned office.

All of this let-us-be-glad-of-toil atmosphere is a build-up for the most advantageous state of mind in which a wistful waster can parcel out his spare time to his own best advantage. You've got to be a little smug and definite about it. You've got to say: "I've always wanted to try my hand at writing or at modeling in clay and, by George, Monday evenings are when I'm going to do it, because I'd rather do it than go to the Jones' bridge or the Church social or down to the poolroom to talk with the boys." That must be your state of mind if you really want to produce writings or clay models (or a stamp collection or a garden). Select what you want most to do and make Mondays sacred to it. I'm studying Spanish and shorthand on Mondays now. When I lay those monsters low, I'll tackle German and leather-tooling, I think. If writing were not my full-time job (as it was not for ten years), I'd keep two evenings out for it, as well as a part of Sunday. I have an evening for the theatre (it may be movies, music, or drama) and one for reading. These two evenings are interchangeable. I have one for calling on friends, and one for receiving friends, and these two are juggled. The other two are kept open for whatever comes up: an extra party, going to bed at nine o'clock, or pottering around. Since pigeon-holing my time according to my taste, I haven't suffered once from a complaint that is very common—particularly among writers and artists. People dropping in do not keep me from my work for the very good reason that I work at definite hours and intimates who are on a dropping-in basis know the hours as well as I do and respect them.

The favorite fund in my personal time budget is the lunch hour. I don't eat lunch—except when the meal is a business or a social occasion—so my nooning usually is a pleasant surprise, even to me. I begin it by setting out for a walk. Sometimes I pass a museum or a movie that looks interesting, and drop into it for an hour. On other days, I may grab some available transportation and leave it wherever the spirit moves me. I have stumbled upon the most interesting sections of the city I know in this way. I do everything from reading to riding a bicycle in Central Park during my lunch hour, and the time has the same place in my affections that recess has to a schoolchild.

I happen to be one of the millions who dislikes planning my occupations in advance. I can't be sure that I'll want to play bridge a week from Tuesday. When the time comes, I may find myself in a mood to listen to the radio, or to roll a hoop. That's why it took some years of wishing I had time for this and that before I made myself a time budget that really worked. If you noticed, my evenings are pretty pliable, and the hours from five to seven on my *carte du jour* are labeled: "Anything Might Happen." What usually happens during that expectant period are, of course, the customary five o'clock things: tea, cocktails, a bit of shopping, or nothing in particular.

The whole point in labeling the hours is in the general purpose of a schedule. If you think about how you want to spend your time, and stick to it, you seldom regret your choice. You get a new respect for your store of time, and a new awareness of its power to make your life full, rich and reasonably contented.

People who tie up parcels of hours with the string of this or that activity get the most magnificent sense of leisure. You scarcely ever find a harassed hen among them. They accomplish what they have planned to accomplish in the stated time. The unaccomplished doesn't worry them. In fact, it seldom rears its anxious head. Too little time generally turns out, on examination, to be an attempt to cram too many things into a small space. The time planner doesn't bite off more than he can chew. It would defeat his whole purpose.

The wistful wasters graduate, with a time budget, into people with a purposeful and unhampered zest. They find they have picked what pleases them most to do, and they do not offend their own taste in regretting their choice.

Facetious friends often comment on my schedule of "The Day" and "The Week," thumb-tacked to the wall over my desk to keep me reminded that it is my self-appointed master and that I must be about my master's business. One of the most frequent jibes has to do with how closely I observe it. I cheat at it about as much as I cheat at solitaire. I follow it because, unlike the bells which regulated my days during a period of youth spent in a convent, I am in control of the occupations to which it summons me. The convent bells are what inspired me to make a time for everything. Perhaps, too, they gave me the necessity for outside discipline—even of my own devising—which is fairly average to mankind.

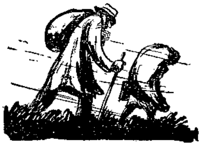
Organized people, I have heard —and have said, alas—are likely to be smug. It is sane, instead of smug, to refrain from tossing the rent money in your income budget down for a case of Scotch. But people who live by schedule are satisfied with what they are doing and that means, I suppose, that they are satisfied with themselves. You'd be better satisfied, too, if you took your wealth of time and counted it. You'd find that you have neither too much nor too little. You have precisely the time income of Joe Schmalz and of J. P. Morgan. It's a grand feeling to make up your mind how you want to invest it. You can spend it any darn way you please because, if you think it over, all of your time is free. —ISABEL CURRIER

YARDSTICK FOR DOCTORS

A WELL-KNOWN physician tells me that when a girl gets married to a man of higher financial standing than her own family, she is almost certain to change doctors. No matter how satisfactory her family physician has been, she thinks he can't have been good enough or else her family couldn't have afforded him. She yearns now for the attention of a doctor who charges more for his services. —FREDERICK CHARTERS

THE NEW ROOTS

KURT'S HARDEST LESSON IN AMERICA WAS TO LEARN TO SEE HIS OLD FEAR WITH NEW EYES



For weeks Kurt had been looking forward to the reunion with his little sister. But now he dreaded it. His apprehension was so sharp and distinct that it gnawed and twisted in the pit of his stomach like an auger worming into soft wood.

Sitting upright in the back seat of the car on the drive out of the city and into the suburban environs, the boy shut his eyes and pressed his cheek against the window and prayed that something, anything would happen to keep them from getting there today, to prevent him from seeing Hedda. He felt even more wretched because he was ashamed of his cowardice. It was not Hedda's fault; it was his own. And he knew that his shame would be the greater when he failed, as he was certain he would fail, to defend his little sister when the others began to torment her.

It had been bad enough at home in Stuttgart, where they had all been compelled to suffer indignities. But here—He dared not let himself think out fully why he felt so weak, why he wished he could push himself farther and farther back into the corner of the car until he could no longer be seen.

He knew that here, over on this side, the cause of his terror could be only a harmless gesture. It could not be more than that. He knew it and yet he could not help being afraid; it was deceptively simple and yet he was helpless against it. Only the two words and the mock salute: the arm extended smartly, the hand open, the fingers rigid—and they had him cringing. It seemed to strike him a cruel blow under the heart and to spread a band of searing steel across his abdomen.

From the first, he had known that Henry and Fred did it only to tease. They were no older than fourteen, his own age, and the words and the salute could have no meaning whatever for them.

Besides, they were not ill-disposed toward him. But from the very first time, when they had seen his face drain to a pasty wax and the pupils of his eyes dilate with stark fear, they had known what a superb hold they had over him. They liked him well enough, but he had presented them with such a choice weapon!

Kurt knew that at first they had been afraid he would tell. However, he had complained to no one: how could he bring himself to repeat those words to Mother Taylor, who was so kind and understanding? Besides, he was so eager to be grateful for the opportunity they had given him to live in this heavenly paradise.

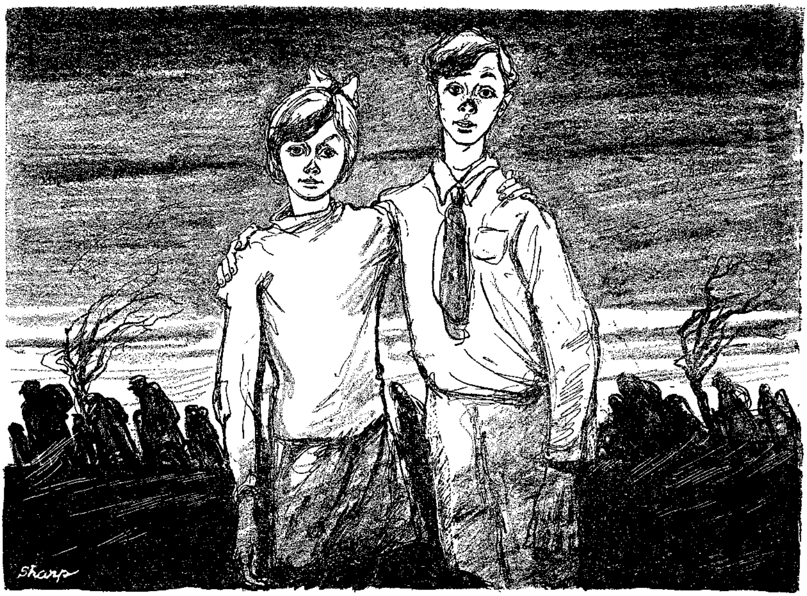
They never tried it when Mother and Father Taylor were present and yet, even when he could seek out the parents' company and so be safe, he would not do it, disdaining so far to admit that he was weak. Besides, he truly liked Henry and Fred, particularly when they walked out together and let him march in the middle, as though they were determined that he was theirs and would shield him from everyone else.

But when they were alone at home, when they turned in at night and when they arose in the morning— Solemnly, with knitted brows, they performed the detested ritual. A thrust of the arm and "Heil..." and Kurt went white. He clenched his fists until the nails cut into his palms. Then the terror froze him, the bottom of his stomach dropped, and made him retreat and cower.

He knew that when first the prospect of having a new brother had been discussed with the twins, Henry and Fred had both accepted the idea enthusiastically. They were certain they would enjoy a new playmate. They had even pitched in willingly to arrange quarters for him, for this Kurt Schlaeger, whose very name sounded strange and gave promise of excitement.

Mother Taylor's announcement one evening that Hedda had arrived lifted him with joy and, the next moment, let him down flatly as he realized that now he would have to pass the severest test of all, for Henry and Fred—he could see it by the way they were eyeing each other across the table—would not fail to try the same terrifying stunt on Hedda.

Several weeks had gone by before the Taylors could arrange to make the trip to the suburban town where the Daytons, who had taken the little girl, lived. In that interval Kurt projected in his own



mind and magnified a dozen times over every word that would be said, every sign that would be made. Now, riding in the car, the gnawing in the pit of his stomach increased and gave him a sickish feeling in his mouth, a dizziness in his eyelids. Then the car stopped and jarred him back to a sunlit reality. They had arrived.

Carrying himself stiffly, his face flushed, Kurt advanced toward the little girl on the garden terrace. He was conscious that the Daytons, mild-looking elderly people, were standing there watching, that behind him Mother and Father Taylor and Henry and Fred were looking on curiously. With an effort to behave formally he put his hand out. "Hedda, it is good to see you."

Hedda looked up at him shyly. She was a girl of about ten, with flaxen hair and light blue eyes. Impulsively she took his hand and covered it with kisses. "Oh, Kurt, Kurt!" she cried, her eyes brimming with tears.

He threw his arm about her and pressed her closely to his chest, biting his lower lip to keep from bursting into tears himself. Only when he saw the others withdrawing into the house did he relax and let his lips give way to the trembling and his eyes release the gushing.

He took Hedda to the stone bench by the little artificial pool and sat so they could not be seen from the house. He let her talk. She had so much to tell. He felt very mature listening to her ramble on.

"Some day Momma and Poppa will come, too?" she inquired soberly.

"They don't like America?" she asked and her eyebrows rose. "They don't?"

"They do. Of course they do! I am sure they would like it here. But there are reasons why they can't come."

She looked at him and sighed. "I know," she said quickly. "No one has asked them to come. If only some one would—. I think sometimes they are afraid there, even Poppa is afraid."

He shook his head, catching his breath a moment before he spoke. "Poppa is never afraid!" he declared sternly. He took her hand in his. "You must remember that you, too, must never be, Hedda, never be afraid."

Worry made her eyes go a deeper blue. "There is something to be afraid here, too?" she said slowly.

He did not answer her at once, for through the corner of his eye he could see the other two boys approaching along the hedges. He turned his back sharply so as not to see them. "Sometimes there is to be afraid—" he began. He could feel his heart beginning to thump faster and the writhing ache begin to move again in the pit of his stomach.

Then he realized that Hedda's eyes were no longer on him. Three little perpendicular wrinkles had appeared between her brows. She stared beyond him and uttered a little gasp.

He turned slowly. As he had dreaded, Henry and Fred, both of them, were standing there, their faces grim, their hands outstretched and frozen in that hateful salute. He stared at them and his heart dropped. Soon that gnawing would begin again and he would shrink from them, fear graven on his face. He had been afraid before and he would be afraid again. A sympathetic twinge cut through him and he followed it apprehensively, waiting for it to swell into the crescendo of terror.

Suddenly he felt Hedda's small hand tugging at his arm. He looked at her and his mouth opened.

"Aren't they funny, Kurt?" Her face was wreathed in dimples.

"Aren't they!" She giggled, her eyes crinkled and little gasps of laughter began to issue from her.

He stood there transfixed, waiting and listening. Hedda was laughing. *Laughing!* It sounded like water bubbling from a spring. He looked perplexed, as though not daring to hope. . . . Soon the fear would set in. He waited like one poised on the brink of a precipice. Then a new realization crept over him and he felt as though scales had shed from his body. He was untouched by the pose of the twins, he was unmoved by their flat palms and outstretched arms, by their ogre frowns, by their hollow words. None of it had reached him. He had heard them and seen them but it had not touched him. He should have been cowering in terror—. Instead he felt curiously light-hearted.

They must have been aware of their failure themselves, for suddenly the twins let their hands down and quickly brought them up again, attempting once more to revive the dreadful spell they had always been able to cast. But it simply was not there any longer. It struck Kurt like a gust of fresh air. His fear was dissolved, his apprehension blown away. He shuddered. He was free.

Watching the twins, Hedda twisted into louder peals of laughter. Little beads of tears started in her eyes. "Aren't they funny, Kurt?"

He blinked at her and at them and suddenly saw them as he had not seen them before. Henry and Fred imitating such hateful poses! It was silly—ludicrously funny.

"They are, they are funny!" he agreed and then started as he heard his own laughter.

The twins looked at each other. They grimaced somewhat uncertainly, sheepishly, and they, too, began to bubble.

Kurt eyed them warily. Then a mischievous look came over his face. His body stiffened. He hooked his left thumb into his belt and thrust out his right hand. His palm shot forward flat and audacious. He scowled so hard the others nearly burst with mirth.

"You see!" Kurt cried. "Like this!" He, too, went into a paroxysm of laughter. "Heil . . ." He shouted the words. "I knew all the time you were only fooling," he boasted. "I knew it could mean nothing. Nothing in America."

He felt his feet standing solidly on this earth, planting themselves firmly, letting down new roots. Hands on his hips, he threw his head back and roared with fearless laughter. —LOUIS ZARA

THE WAY TO SAY YOUR SAY

AN ANALYSIS OF THE ELEVEN VARIETIES OF CONVERSATIONAL BORES, BOTH WILD AND TAME

I SPENT a recent week end at the countryhideout of a well-known playwright. He is working on a new play, far from the jangle of phones and social interruptions. He lays Saturday and Sunday aside for a social binge.

What impressed me about Gildersleeve (I hope there is no playwright by that name) was that socially he was a J-H personality. An excellent talker when in the mood he possessed resources, unexpected language, pat anecdotes, and a nice fancy. And a good listener, warm and sympathetic.

But there was that other, the Hyde, side. Suddenly he would go off his Jekyll standard and become the most banal of "kidders." His badinage was of the kind you might hear at the drug store soda counter when high school is out, or among a flock of messenger boys in the telegraph office. He mocked his wife with jokes about blondes and wisecracks about married life. His producer was mercilessly guyed about stealing the silver and other movables. "Watch Nichols, Jane. I think I saw him put a knife in his pocket." Showing Nichols to his room at night he remarked loudly, as if it were a capital joke for the company. "Here's where you sleep. We nailed everything down so you wouldn't carry it away."

It would take too long to run the gamut of stale witticisms our host perpetrated. He seldom missed an opening. These sallies, annoying in a mediocre person, were painful in a man of talent. He had a definite warp in his character of which he was unaware.

Coming back in the car, my wife and I had plenty of time for speculation on this strange twist in an intelligent man's social apparatus. Of course, my wife did not overlook the chance to read me a little extempore on "cheap" conduct among husbands—the wisecrack about sex and marriage.

To tell the truth, I didn't debate the matter, because in this silly banter of our host I saw my own bad traits exaggerated and had made a silent resolution not to be that kind of bore in the future.

We wandered to less personal ground, and came to the conclusion that people would enjoy themselves much more if they could eliminate two kinds of irritants—the wild bores, and the tame. In general, a wild bore is one who sins by *commission*, a tame one by *omission*. Gildersleeve was a wild bore because he ran amuck in the conversation and brought the talk down to a level of vapidity, puerility, banality—to the rubberstamp jibing of a group of drug store cowboys.

My wife made a sound remark along about this time: "I think that nearly everyone has several of these faults, at least in embryo. It's well not to feel too superior."

Just as most of us develop personal peculiarities of gesture, some of which are pleasant, and others disagreeable, so we also tend to form bad speech habits. A social bore is one whose bad speech habits, taking a particular bent, have frozen his social personality into something decidedly disagreeable. They make him a social liability.

We all have a tendency to develop into conversational bores, either wild or tame. For not only talk itself, but the manner of delivery too is involved.

It was an interesting subject with which to while away the time profitably between gas stations. We took an inventory of our acquaintances and made a list of types of bores. We even tried to determine our own faults by means of the list—and some embarrassingly frank discussion ensued. But try it on yourself and see where you come out. What kind of bore do you tend to be?

The wild variety first, proceeding from bad to worse:

1. The person, usually female, who is entirely too bright. Her specialty is to cut in and finish your sentence for you, or to supply a word when you hesitate in search of the right one. Her tempo is all wrong. She speeds up the talk. If you let her rule, she will even fish up topics of conversation, to which you are automatically forced to respond. She has little of her own to offer. She is the nervous watchdog, barking at every leaf. Not harmful, but irritating.

2. The individual who is wedded to overemphasis. I think of Aunt Gertrude, who seems to be eternally obsessed with the fear that she is failing to make her point.

She habitually stresses and overstresses words: "My *dear*, you should have *seen* him! *Positively dripping! Wet* all *through!* I'll *never* forget the *picture* he made, *never!* This overemphasis kind of wild bore usually accompanies his outcries with a hand on your knee and an intense stare into your eyes, as if in fear that once he took away the optical gimlet he would lose your attention. This makes him doubly trying, especially in a conversational twosome. When there is a circle, his eyes rove wildly, trying to keep everybody fixed to the spot.

In this category too are the one-word women, the "Isn't it *gorgeous*," or "*adorable!*" or "*too, too sweet!*" The "honey," "dearie," or "darling" females.

3. The long-winded conversation-hogger, whose specialty is the tedious anecdote, sometimes a remarkable adventure that happened to him but only too often a yarn got at second hand. He becomes involved in the details, gets his pronouns mixed, and is able to finish the tale only if he is in extra-tolerant company. The worst of this species are those who insist on retelling the plots of movies they have seen or books they have read.

4. The over-qualifier. He modifies every noun and verb, and keeps whittling away at an idea until he has cut it down to about one-tenth of a semi-notion with his "figuratively," "in a manner speaking," "so much so that," "be that as it may," "almost," "somewhat," "rather," "scarcely," and so on. He seems afraid that he might be caught making a downright statement. Such a man might make a good statesman of the Neville Chamberlain school, but entirely different qualities are needed to excite interest on the living-room rug.

He has his brother in the exhaustive explainer, the man who won't be content to give you the highlights or the main impressions, but must peel off the details one by one.

5. The God-complex. A common failing of successful businessmen is to consider themselves authorities on every subject. They never discuss; they declaim. And if you question what they say, they consider it a personal affront. The fault is not of course confined to businessmen alone. In its worst phases it breeds a pompous fool who is death to any conversation, or an argumentative, chip-on-the-shoulder individual who makes every gathering a brawl.

6. The slangster. He aches to be

vivid and racy, and clutters his speech with slang and vulgarisms. He can't make the simplest utterance without swearing, and usually he's the dope who gets offensively drunk at the party, for drinking hard is in his role. This would-be racy group of "conversationalists" shades into the tribe of the tellers of questionable stories, the makers of ambiguous remarks, and those who look for double meanings in your words, are sure to find them, and leeringly point them out.

7. A first cousin to type number six is the confirmed wisecracker and punster. His is an automatic response on a shallow level. He makes serious, even casual, discussion impossible. If he carries his habit into his more intimate relations, he limits not only conversation but depth of feeling. He creates a block in honest exchange of ideas and emotional discoveries.

8. Perhaps the worst of all the wild bores is the man who indulges in witticisms at the expense of others, who delights to embarrass. Verily he gets his reward, for a recent psychological study shows that this quality ranks first in making social failures.

On the Tame side, my list is more limited. Actually, I can think of only three varieties of tame bores. Perhaps you can do better.

1. If the chip-on-the-shoulder living-room debater is a nuisance of the wild variety, his opposite, the yes-man, the complete social coward, is a drag on the human race as well as on the social circle. This creature believes that indignation, no matter at how severe a wrong, is a luxury he cannot afford because someone might dislike him. If he has principles or ideals, he does not value them highly enough to battle for them. Insofar as Dale Carnegie-ism encourages this brand of social quietism, it is a bad thing. The people who practice yesness in the conviction that it is the road to making friends are sadly mistaken. To be the pale alter ego of everyone else in the group will not only keep you out of quarrels but out of everybody's mind.

2. Let us give a prominent place and a wide berth to the tame bore whose specialty is tame language. He is at the other extreme from the would-be dazzler, the slangster with his ham act. The tame-language bore is that unfortunate who lacks vivid expression, whose phrases are never unexpected or surprisingly well-turned. He is a cliché artist, and his talk is a patchwork of remembered phrases, stereotypes, rubber stamps, out-

worn expressions. He's the fellow who punctuates talk with "Yep, that's the way it goes"; "That's life"; "How time flies"; "That's what they all say." He rarely has anything of his own to contribute, but when he has, you know exactly how he will express it.

3. The strong-silent, or meek-timid. They may be two different types of persons, but in the social group they make exactly the same contribution: nothing. They must be spoken *at*, never *with*. They neither start conversations, nor help them along. If they are forced to speak, they do it shortly and retire as promptly as they can into their vacuum. They may be very fine persons, but it takes too much work to discover them. Social living demands free, unselfish give-and-take of ideas and experiences.

★ ★ ★

A general point or two can be made in the interests of avoiding offense in talk. Are you in good voice? We Americans are infamous throughout the world for voices that rasp and bark. The sounds we make tend toward monotony. We make too much use of the nose as an auxiliary organ, and our voices seem glued to a single pitch.

I submit that only a little self-training and discipline is enough to correct harshness, flatness, and monotony of enunciation. The main thing is to overhear oneself. For really bad or obstinate cases, there are always the speech schools and clinics.

Finally, a word on abstention. There are two parts to conversation—talk and silence—and neither is more important than the other. I think that I became a civilized being (let us assume that I do not take too much for granted) the day when, in a serious discussion of one of the Big Problems of life, I suddenly realized that I not only knew the answer that the others were groping for, but that, knowing it, I didn't immediately plunge into the fray to demonstrate to everyone what it was. It's the second part of this item, not the first, that is the civilized thing—for whether one has the answer or only thinks one has, the ability to sit back and relax, the sense of self-discipline, the ability to keep silent until the time comes to speak, gives one a sense of power and social well-being, and is perhaps the beginning of wisdom. The fault of most persons in conversation is not hanging back—it is straining to plunge in. The man farthest removed from the bore is he who, aware of his social role, knows how to use silence as well as speech. —ALISON AYLESWORTH

FABLE OF THE GADGETS

HENRY GUENON WAS THE CLEVEREST MONKEY
IN MONKEY-LAND, BUT HIS WAS A SAD FATE

It was a great day in Monkey-Land, pregnant with future consequences, when the professional inventor of the tribe, Henry Guenon, publicly announced that at last, after years of arduous and discouraging work, he had succeeded in inventing a gadget.

All the monkeys were excited and interested. They came chattering around him with their usual curiosity as to any novelty that gave promise of being a break in the monotony of their lives. They were an odd race, who would pay several cocoanuts apiece as admission just to watch a female monkey prance around in a palm-leaf skirt which she gradually removed, or to see two large male monkeys pretend to fight with each other. So naturally they were eager to behold the gadget, though they had not the slightest idea what a gadget was.

But Henry Guenon would not show his gadget. He said it was not customary for inventors to do that. He said that, first, the whole tribe must agree that Henry and Henry only should have the right to make and sell the gadget, for a period covering the length of three monkey-lives. This, he said, was called a patent. So great was the curiosity of the tribe that they agreed to Henry's terms; they voted him a patent, and then eagerly awaited their first sight of the gadget.

But no, not yet: Henry said that this was not customary among inventors—and since he was the only inventor of the tribe, they had to take his word on the subject. Henry said that the first and correct thing to do was to organize a stock company to manufacture the gadget under the patent, and that everyone who liked could have the privilege of subscribing for some of the shares of stock.

So everyone did. Each monkey brought twenty or fifty or one hundred cocoanuts with which to buy the stock—Guaranteed Giltedge Common Stock of the Guenon Gadget Corporation. They brought a total of 49,000 cocoanuts and received 49,000 shares of stock in exchange; and Henry himself put in the remaining 51,000 that made it an even hundred thousand, and he got 51,000 shares. Everybody knew that Henry didn't have a hundred cocoanuts to his name, so people were puzzled. But when Henry was questioned about the matter, he said it was all right and perfectly customary: that he had turned over the patent to the company at the very low valuation of 51,000 cocoanuts, and had taken stock in exchange instead of greedily demanding cash; and that now the company was all set to go, and they would at once start production, and open a big advertising campaign, and have the Sales Department get ready for the distribution of the gadgets. Profits would soon be pouring into the treasury, and consequent dividends would soon be rolling into the laps of the happy stockholders just like cocoanuts tumbling down from the trees when there was a favoring wind.

During the few months of delay required by Henry to get his factory force and his advertising force and his sales force organized, expectation and curiosity rose high. Nobody knew what the gadget was to be, except that it was rumored that it was to be extremely gadgetish. Henry, in the meantime, cleverly whetted the public curiosity by putting up along the most frequented monkey-paths in the jungle signs such as these:

BRING SUNSHINE INTO THE FAMILY NEST
BUY A GADGET—AND IT DOES THE REST

A COCOANUT, A COCOANUT, A COCOANUT A DAY
WILL BUY YOUR WIFE A GADGET
AND KEEP THE FROWNS AWAY

THE BROWNS WILL HAVE A GADGET
IN JUST A DAY OR TWO
AND ALL THE TOWN WILL ASK YOUR
WIFE—"WHY HAVEN'T YOU?"

Henry's sales department lived up nobly to the example set by the advertising department. They got 18,000 advance orders, at five cocoanuts per gadget, before a single one was actually put on sale and before anyone had the slightest idea as to what they were like.

At last Henry released his magnificent invention, and all the world flocked to see it. Lo and behold, it surpassed every expectation; and all the world marveled and admired and coveted.

The gadget was named "The Guenon Perfection Automatic Cocoanut Decapitator." It operated on a principle as simple as it was ingenious. The main body of the instrument consisted of half a cocoanut-shell. Near the edge of the rim of this hollow hemisphere was inserted a sharp sliver of flint; this projected half an inch into the inside, and was held in place by small wedges of wood and by a binding of tough twisted grass that was wrapped around the outside of the shell. The way you used the invention was this. Firmly grasping a cocoanut between your knees, you applied the concave part of the Decapitator to the top of the cocoanut and revolved the instrument rapidly between your paws. The sliver of flint dug a little into the shell of the cocoanut each time it went around, penetrating ever deeper and deeper toward the luscious sweetmeat inside; and in the course of a few moments of this pleasing and wholesome exercise you found that you had cut off the top of the fruit with a neatness impossible to achieve by hammering it with an ordinary stone. Then you washed the Decapitator carefully, so that the cocoanut milk that had splashed out onto it would not stay there and cause decay, and then you hung it up on a branch where it could be admired by everyone, and then you were happy.

Everyone was delighted. It was so much more esthetic to have neatly decapitated cocoanuts, instead of the old kind that merely had their tops bashed in with a rock, that no self-respecting monkey-family dared serve any other kind. And besides that, the gadget was such fun to play with. Many a previously-industrious husband would stay at home half the morning fooling with the Decapitator when he ought to have been out picking cocoanuts for the support of his family. The device was a great success.

One little trouble, however, began to appear and to be complained of by some owners of the Decapitators. It was found that the flints would eventually come loose, as the repeated strains put upon them caused them to wobble a little in their sockets. Henry said that was natural and in accordance with scientific laws, and that all that was necessary now was to buy the next larger size flint, price two cocoanuts, and insert it in place of the old one. He at the same time began to offer for sale "The Complete Cocoanut Decapitator Repair Kit," which contained two extra flints of graduated sizes and all tools necessary for removing the old flint and replacing it with one of the new ones. Some people bought this kit, but not many.

The truth was that people were beginning to notice that it took about three times as much trouble and fuss-budgeting to use the gadget as it did to bash cocoanuts open in the crude old way. Also, you had to spend a lot of time fussing with the flint to keep it tied in place, and just the washing of the contraption after you had used it was more bother than the whole process of smashing open a cocoanut with a rock. So, shamefacedly, many people were beginning to sneak back to the use of the old methods that were good enough for their grandfathers. Henry's advertising department tried to stem the tide by putting up large advertisements:

NOW LISTEN WHILE I TELL YOU
A PROVERB THAT IS TRUE—
WHAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOUR GRANDFATHER
AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU!

But even this eloquence seemed to have little effect. The mob-mind is unpredictable. But it was Henry's next gadget-invention that really brought about his downfall. As has been the case with so many other great and ambitious minds, Henry Guenon overreached himself in his tremendous project, and his ruin ensued.

The fatal invention that brought on the catastrophe was called "The De Luxe Delouser." It may briefly be described as not so very different from the combs used among human beings, except that it was rather short and that it was made from the very hard tough leaf of the Britobarkoo Tree. The comb was very efficacious, especially so since its interstices were slightly sticky with minute exudations of the resinous Britobarkoo gum. One sweep of the De Luxe Delouser would bring to the light of day as many of the itchy little pests as required a full half-hour for unaided monkey-fingers to pick out one by one.

Henry's advertising department almost outdid itself in the brevity and eloquence of the signs it put up—

DE LUXE DELOUSER IS DEADLY TO LICE
IT KEEPS YOU NIFTY AND NECKISH AND NICE

Success of the Delouser was immediate. Not to have one was to confess oneself a manifest outsider. But from this very success, there followed an unexpected and perilous result—as is often the case in a complex civilization when some new mechanical invention produces startling and unforeseeable economic consequences—sometimes upsetting the commercial, moral and social equilibrium of whole continents.

To put it briefly, Henry's new gadget produced what is called "Technological Unemployment," but of a different kind from any with which we humans are familiar.

This is what happened. Formerly, it was the pleasant custom for monkeys to delouse one another, squatting in leisurely parties while they carried out their homely task and passing whole afternoons in effecting a single delousing by this slow hand-method. But now the De Luxe Delouser would do the whole of three hours' work in less than three minutes—and the remainder of the afternoon was a bare and empty waste ahead of one. This valuable occupation was gone, and there was nothing to take its place.

Thus the monkeys began to grow restive and melancholy. Their boredom was a heavy weight on them; unhappiness and even suicidal gloom became prevalent. They muttered that there was something wrong with the universe, and that they ought to find someone to hold responsible for this sorry state of things.

One afternoon when a large group of idle monkeys was sitting about in disconsolate boredom—every one of them newly deloused and every one of them devoid of occupation for the afternoon—they returned to a discussion of the situation. Why were they reduced to this miserable condition? Who was the cause of their woes?

Then suddenly light dawned. With one voice they shouted: "It is Henry Guenon!"

Seizing sticks, stones and clods of earth, they hastened to the outlying suburbs where Henry had his factory. Henry saw them coming—a shrieking, gesticulating mob, now swelled to thousands. Henry did not pause to argue the point. He fled.

With insane fury the mob attacked the gadget factory. They destroyed Henry's stock of materials, his manufacturing tools, and his supply of finished goods. They pulled down the poles and banana leaves which he had put up to shelter his workmen. They joined hands in savage glee, and danced a ferocious dance of malevolent triumph over the site where had once stood the first and last gadget-factory ever erected in Monkey-Land. —ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

MIGRATORY BIRD IN PEKING

"I have come back," she wrote, "to the cool garden,
To the white fuchsia and the moon-round door.
Now the jade willow dances to its warden
In grace and quiet, as it danced before.
My sweet chinoiseries so long occluded
In dusky godowns have survived as mine
Upon a waterfront well nigh denuded.
The merry star still twinkles in its sign
Over the nomad's head, although it fails
To render up young Orchid, she who daily
Skirting my panoply of peacock tails
Rolled up my hair so nimbly and so gaily . . ."
I saw a swallow prinked and debonair
Mending her nest with strands of blood-soaked hair.

—BELLE TURNBULL

PROPHET OF REVOLUTION

IT WAS BAKUNIN'S UNIQUE PRIVILEGE TO BE HATED BY BOTH KARL MARX AND THE CZAR

No man of modern times has been more feared, more hated and more loved than the revolutionist Michel Bakunin. No man, except perhaps his enemy Karl Marx, had a stronger influence on modern political thought. It is Bakunin who is the personification of the fearless Siegfried in Wagner's famous music drama and he is also the mysterious heroic figure in Zola's labor novel, *Germinal.*

Bakunin was a personal friend of the young revolutionary Wagner but he was also the friend of George Sand, Elisée Réclus, Malatesta, Louise Michel, Herzen and all who fell under his magic spell. He was the soul and beating pulse of the Socialist circles of Paris and the labor movements just then being launched in Spain, young Germany, Italy and Sweden.

When Alexander II ascended the throne of Russia he half-pardoned many of the political prisoners, but not Bakunin. This was the man the Czar feared. The aristocratic mother of the revolutionist petitioned the Emperor but his reply was: "As long as your son lives, Madame, he will never be free." But the Czar could not hold him. He escaped, at the age of forty-seven, from Siberia and via Japan arrived in San Francisco in the year 1861. A year later he was in London again to set Europe aflame and prove the chief thorn in the side of Karl Marx, who hated Bakunin with a passion no less than that of Czar Nicholas, though for other reasons.

Bakunin was born in 1814 and went to the Artillery School at St. Petersburg. He served only one year as an officer and left Russia in the year 1840. Secret revolutionary activities took him to various parts of Europe. The revolution in Germany in 1849, which turned Wagner to music and Nietzsche to philosophy, brought young Bakunin before the first bar of justice that he was to face.

The prisoner was calm and fearless. So great was the impression he made that twenty-seven years later one of the officers who brought him to court still remembered almost each word of his replies. "In politics," said the prisoner, "the issue alone can decide what is a great action and what a crime."

He was kept in prison from August to May and then condemned to die. Later, instead of being executed, he was sent in chains to Austria, where he was wanted to expose the secrets of the Slavonian labor movement. His silence brought him another death sentence but this was later commuted to life imprisonment. However his prison was changed several times, for the government was in constant terror that a mob attempt would be made to liberate him. In one prison he passed six months chained to a wall.

Bakunin believed in the spirit of Nihilism and claimed that to destroy is to create. In 1869 at the Peace Congress at Berne he delivered a caustic indictment of modern civilization as having been "founded from time immemorial on the forced labor of the enormous majority, condemned to lead the lives of brutes and slaves in order that a few might be enabled to live as human creatures."

Everywhere in Europe was Bakunin's influence felt. Prince Kropotkin, writing in a London labor journal about Bakunin's influence, recorded: "As a rule, Bakunin sat down to write a letter dealing with some question of the moment. But the letter quickly grew to the size of a pamphlet, and the pamphlet to a book. For the author wrote so fluently, had so thorough a conception of the philosophy of history, such a vast store of knowledge relating to the events of the time, that the pages soon filled themselves. . . . I must not forget to emphasize the fact that every pamphlet of Bakunin's signifies a crisis in the history of revolutionary thought in Europe."

It was Bakunin who declared that the radicalism of 1848 was dead and the dawn of socialism and labor was close at hand. It was he who brought forward the question of economic independence and prophesied that this would be a dominating factor in modern Europe. In another pamphlet he announced the end of conspiracies directed at national independence and the coming of the social revolution. He saw the end of Christian socialism and the coming of a realistic and atheistic Communism in which he did not whole-heartedly believe.

In a pamphlet entitled *The Bears of Berne* he proclaimed the death of the Philistine Swiss Federation and in another pamphlet, *Letters to a Frenchman*, written during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, he hailed the approach of a new epoch which found its expression in the Commune. This former student of artillery prophesied that the people would, and rightly should, take up arms for the defense of their own territory and thus inaugurate the social revolution within their own walls. This was Bakunin's reply to German invasion.

After the surrender of Paris, Bakunin foresaw in Bismarck's military triumph a reaction that would hold Europe in its grip and endure "from forty to fifty years." These words were recorded in 1871. If you add forty-three to 1871 the year would be 1914!

No wonder Karl Marx hated this prophet of revolution. Marx had theories of his own, and besides Bakunin seriously threatened Marx's power and control. He once declared openly that Bakunin was a paid spy of the Czar and an *agent provocateur*. This of course was not true and friends of Bakunin brought pressure to bear, resulting in an apology by Marx. Later, however, Marx succeeded in having Bakunin expelled from the Socialist Party.

Bakunin, the fearless revolutionist, stood out against Communism —and in no uncertain terms. "Communism I abhor, because it is the negation of liberty, and without liberty I cannot imagine anything truly human. I abhor it because it concentrates all the strength of society in the state, and squanders that strength in its service."

The great revolutionary prophet and most feared figure in Europe, the man who three times, by three different governments, was condemned to die, who plotted the destruction of kings and societies, who was feared by the Czar and also by Karl Marx, who believed that you must destroy in order to create, died in bed in Switzerland in the year 1878.

Before he died he told friends of his that he had six stages of happiness, and he named them in the following order: 1. The highest stage is to die fighting for liberty. 2. Love and friendship. 3. Literature and art. 4. Smoking. 5. Eating. 6. Sleeping.

Bakunin has a still further distinction to his credit. He was the very first man to be expelled from the Communist International Party. —Manuel Komroff

SIMPLIFY YOUR LETTER-WRITING

THE SHORTEST WAY IN BOTH BUSINESS AND PERSONAL LETTERS IS A STRAIGHT LINE

I HAVE often wondered how much time is wasted every year in the preparation and reading of silly or needless phrases in business letters. The time thus squandered by those who dictate letters, by their stenographers and typists, and by all obliged to read them, must be considerable.

Here, for example, is a letter that just came: "Yours of the 27th inst. to hand and contents duly noted and in reply to same beg to state that it will give us much pleasure to comply with the request embodied in the proposal which you have set forth in your valued favor." Forty-four words and all the writer has said is *yes.*

What he probably aimed to say was simply: "We have your letter and will gladly do what you ask."

The defense for all the roundabout phrases is that they are intended for politeness. But is it polite to bombard a person with unnatural, rubber-stamp pomposities that offend his intelligence?

What is polite or sensible about "enclosed please find our receipt"? If it is enclosed it is almost certain to be found, and if it can't be found how does asking *please* aid the search? Why not just say: "We enclose our receipt"?

Why is "we are in receipt of your esteemed favor and contents have been duly noted" any more polite than "we have read your letter"? Just what, by the way, is gained by using the word "duly"? Why is "we are of the opinion" any better than "we think"; and what is the advantage of saying "it will be our constant endeavor" rather than "we shall try"?

Apart from the time wasted, think what a killjoy such letters are. Isn't there enough dullness in life without trying to preserve banality in black and white?

After receiving three or four letters written in office English, you begin to feel downcast. A bright cheerful day seems drab. You don't know at once what is the matter. Maybe it is the unconscious fear that one of those letter-writers might drop in. His conversation might be as dreary as his letter.

Luckily, however, even the dullest fellow seldom talks anywhere else such twaddle as he dictates to his sad-eyed, long-suffering stenographer. He doesn't say "same" when he means "it," nor does he say "it will have my prompt consideration" for "I'll do it at once." Never in ordinary conversation does he say "of even date" for "today."

In plain, everyday, human English, a man asks a friend: "Could you go to the theatre with me Thursday night?" But if the question were phrased as in written commercial gibberish, it might be something like this:

"It is desired to ascertain if you would be receptive to a proposal to attend the theatre on the evening of Thursday next, and we would esteem it a favor if you would communicate with the writer at your earliest convenience, setting forth your opinion as to your probable attitude. Thanking you in advance for a prompt response and assuring you of our continued desire to be of service at all times, we beg to remain—"

Sometimes writers of business letters attempt to become a little less formal by use of such atrocious phrases as "have sold him on the idea"—meaning persuaded; or, "will try to ascertain what his *reaction* is"—reaction for some strange reason intended to mean opinion. We encounter good nouns, such as contact or service, made into commercial verbs "to contact," "to service." Automobile people write about a car's "roadability" and one almost fears the next step may be "reroadabilize." "Recondition" is written by decent enough citizens without a qualm. As A. P. Herbert says, why not "reposition" a car in a garage, or "resituation" a servant?

But it is not alone in business letters that we find inane pomposities and standardized monkey-business. Even in love letters men and women have been known to write of "adverse climatic conditions" for "bad weather," or "the answer must be in the negative" for "no." Before me is a letter in which a friend says: "This is equally true in the case of myself." He would never have said that in speech. Why "in the case of"? Why not just: "equally true of myself"? That "case" thing seems to creep in at all sorts of unnecessary spots: "in any case," "in most cases," "such was not the little word "while." "John returns to college today, while Willie sets out tomorrow to visit his aunt." How could one person possibly be doing something today, while, or at the same time, another is doing something tomorrow?

Still another kind of nonsense is this: "It is unthinkable that such a thing should be permitted." What the writer really means is not that the thing is unthinkable. On the contrary, he wouldn't have written about it if he were not alarmed, thinking, fearing, that what he calls *unthinkable* may happen.

Many words that find their way into letters serve only a snob purpose—besides being misused. "Ideology" lately has been going strong. A person expresses a thought and then adds: "at any rate, that is my ideology." Since the word happens to mean the science of ideas, or the study of the evolution of a set of ideas, it is not strictly accurate to call any stray thought one's ideology. The same thing is true of "psychology." One's opinion is not psychology though the science of psychology might explain one's having such an opinion. Add to snob words "envisage" and "presage" which go into letters when someone is trying to show off.

A naturally written letter is often the best writing we see. Being aimed at only one person, or at a small group, the writer can be himself. That's why published letters of famous men are sometimes fascinating reading. But what would be the use of publishing a collection of "yours received and contents duly noted"?

We don't take enough pains to be accurate even in the minor points of letter writing. Take the first line: My dear Sir; or My dear Elmer. Most writers capitalize the "d" in dear. But why? The "m" should be capitalized because it is the beginning of a sentence; likewise the "s" in Sir because the word is a title; and naturally we capitalize the first letter of a person's name. But is there any good reason to capitalize "d" in dear unless it happens to be the beginning of a sentence?

Those details, however, are not important. What is important is to write a letter that is not too boring, that is clear and understandable. Every needless word, and every word misused, slows down the thought, makes it harder to figure out the meaning of the other words.

To write a good letter we need only make sure of what we wish to say and say just that, without embroidery. —FRED C. KELLY case." Though a case of hives is often unavoidable, seldom is it necessary in writing of ordinary affairs to use phrases that sound so clinical.

The trouble seems to be that many persons think a letter, even to a close friend, should be dignified, and that the way to dignity is by indirection, vagueness and swagger rather than by simplicity. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch illustrates this difference by giving Shakespeare's and then a jargon version of Hamlet's soliloquy. "To be or not to be; that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; or to take arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing end them."

"To be or on the contrary? Whether the former or the latter be preferable would seem to admit of some difference of opinion; the answer in the present case being of an affirmative or of a negative character according as to whether one elects on the one hand to mentally suffer the disfavor of fortune, or on the other to boldly envisage adverse conditions in the prospect of eventually bringing them to a conclusion."

Again using an example mentioned by Quiller-Couch, take this sentence: "I was entirely indifferent as to the results of the game, caring nothing at all as to whether I had losses or gains."

By omitting the first "as" and the second "as to," the sentence begins to improve, but it is still much too long. If you are indifferent to the results of a game, of course you don't care if you had losses or gains. All the sentence says is: "I didn't care if I won or lost."

On my table is a letter from a woman who says her son has "very definitely become a really great help." Just what is added to sense by saying very, or definitely, or real? If the boy is a great help that's clear enough. That word definitely is being worked to death lately, not only in letters but in newspapers and on the radio. "It is definitely true" for "it is true." "Absolutely" seems to have been given a little rest, though it is still dragged in often enough.

In another letter before me, a friend says, "I have been working hard and am *literally* exhausted." Now, even if literally meant what he thinks it does, it still would add nothing to the sense. But since the word means "following a statement word for word," all it does here is to create nonsense.

Most letter writers have not even learned the use of the simple

GAY PAREE

MISFORTUNES, LIKE BLESSINGS, SOMETIMES PAY THEIR VISITS IN STRANGE DISGUISE

THAT is the Americans' pet name for their Paris. The lucky ones among them cross the Big Pond to have a good time in Gay Paree.

I am going to tell you a little story of this gay Paree. I picked it up yesterday. It's a regular tragedy.

The story has to do with one of those poor old Arabs who walk the pavements of Paris from morning till night, with a load of rugs and flowered shawls on their backs. They stop in front of cafés, shake the shawls in your face, caress the rough rugs that dangle from their shoulder:

"*Madam . . . mousyeh . . . beaux tapis d'Orient.*"

Those three words, as everyone knows, contain a black lie. Those rugs and shawls do not come from Oriental looms. They are cheap exotics of French manufacture.

Never have I seen anyone buying a single rug or scarf from one of these ambulant Arabs.

I've always felt terribly sorry for the lonely, wandering old men, bent double under the weight of their glaring, bright-colored goods, far away from sweet sunshine, driven by the brown misery of Tunis or Morocco to this strange, cruel, white continent.

Where does he live, this weary nomad of Paris pavements? When does he play with his dark-skinned, crimson-fezzed little boy? When does he try to enjoy life a little? Allah only knows.

On the other hand, the American gentleman with whom my story is concerned, had come over to Gay Paree for a spree and was having a very good time indeed.

He had been supping on Montparnasse, in the company of two amiable Parisian damsels. Midway between the restaurant supper and its sequel at a bar, the gay little party sat down on the terrace of a café to get a little air.

An old Arab rug peddler stopped in front of the café, flapping his shawls, caressing his rugs:

"*Madam . . . mousyeh . . . beaux tapis d'Orient! Madam . . . mousyeh . . .*"

He spread out his shawls temptingly to catch the eye of the broadly grinning guest who was smoking such a big cigar.

"Mister, mister . . . *tapis*, byutiful . . ."

The American snatched two of the shawls from the Arab's hands. He wanted to present them to his ladies. They merely laughed at the glaring colors.

The American was a decent fellow. He bought the two shawls without bargaining and flung them among the passers-by on the pavement. Two girls caught them.

The American thought it was a great joke. He plucked one shawl after another from the Arab's arm and flung the bright flowered stuff among the folks in the street. He laughed with glee when he saw them fight for the gay rags. The two French damsels fairly shrieked.

The American was full of drinks and full of dollars. He felt he wanted to make Arabia happy.

"I'll buy all . . . all . . . all of them! How much will you take for the lot?"

"Mister" . . . mister . . ." The distracted old Arab did not know how much to ask from an American. You couldn't have offered him so little for his rugs that he shouldn't have been glad to accept half as much.

"Here, will this be enough?" The young enthusiast pressed a crisp oblong five hundred-dollar note into the old man's hand and began to drag the rugs from his shoulder. He stood on a chair and flung his presents into the street, one after the other.

"Hello, gay Paree, hello!"

The old Arab almost collapsed when the load was suddenly lifted from his shoulders. He swayed, crooked and gnarled in his grey linen smock, stumbling with fatigue, dizzy with joy . . . and his feet carried him, as in a dream, toward some place in those farthermost suburbs of Paris where lonely rug peddlers find a refuge.

A few days later the waiters of that same Montparnasse café heard what had been the end of that miraculous stroke of good luck. Another Arab rug peddler, one of the old man's neighbors, told them about it.

The old man caught a nasty chill on his way home in the cold autumn night. He missed the rugs that had kept his old bones warm, hanging down from his shoulders, back and front. He had to go to bed with double pneumonia.

Three days later he was dead, poor devil. —ERNEST SZÉP

MODERN DAY ARGOT

NEWS STORIES OF WORLD AFFAIRS ARE STUDDED WITH LABELS—WHICH YOU MAY OR MAY NOT KNOW

According to the old Greek myth, Cadmus sowed some dragon's teeth, which sprouted up as soldiers. A lot of dragon's teeth have been sowed in late years, producing a plentiful crop of problems with military overtones. By some strange coincidence, this same mythical Cadmus was also credited with inventing the alphabet—and the bumper crop of problems is bringing new words to our attention. If you can crash this test with no more than eighteen errors out of fifty chances for a score of 64, you pass; 80 is good and 90 is excellent. See page 113 for check-up and deduct 2 points for every failure.

1. Cliveden
(*a*) British clique, allegedly pro-Fascist; (*b*) Australian premier; (*c*) Leader of Labor Opposition to Chamberlain
2. San Simeon
(*a*) A fortress on Gibraltar; (*b*) A Nicaraguan revolutionist; (*c*) Hearst's California estate
3. Berchtesgaden
(*a*) City in dispute on Czech-Hungarian border; (*b*) Hitler's Bavarian retreat; (*c*) Chief of the Rumanian Iron Guard
4. "Good neighbor" policy
(*a*) League of Nations policy to censure aggressor nations; (*b*) Anglo-American trade agreement; (*c*) U. S. foreign policy of amity with Latin America
5. The abbreviation A. R. P. refers to
(*a*) British defense against air attacks; (*b*) Revolutionary group of Peru; (*c*) French reforms in imitation of NRA
6. "Our number one economic problem" refers to
(*a*) The South; (*b*) Slum clearance; (*c*) The fight between the A. F. of L. and C. I. O.
7. White Paper
(*a*) A League of Nations bulletin; (*b*) A British official explanation; (*c*) Term for a face-

saving apology bv a Power

8. Bill of Rights
   (*a*) Part of the new Soviet constitution; (*b*) Emancipation of women by Turkey; (*c*) The first ten amendments to our Constitution
9. Drang Nach Osten
   (*a*) Famous Swedish armament works founded by Nobel; (*b*) German thrust toward the east; (*c*) Turkish refortification of Dardanelles
10. Laissez-faire
    (*a*) French policy of ignoring fate of Czecho-Slovakia; (*b*) Doctrine of economic individualism; (*c*) Briand's idea of a United States of Europe
11. Harry Bridges
    (*a*) Labor leader facing deportation; (*b*) Radical British writer detained at Ellis Island; (*c*) Irish nationalist foe of De Valera
12. Gestapo
    (*a*) Nazi secret police; (*b*) Italian intelligence service; (*c*) Successor to Soviet Ogpu
13. Passive resistance
    (*a*) Sit-down strike; (*b*) Anti-British policy of Gandhi; (*c*) Moderate pacifism
14. F. H. A.
    (*a*) Federation of Swiss (Helvetian) Anarchists; (*b*) Federal Housing Authority; (*c*) Financial Association, usually known as the Bank of England
15. Maginot Line
    (*a*) Unofficial boundary dividing eastern from western Europe; (*b*) Imaginary line running through Greenwich Observatory from which time is reckoned; (*c*) French fortifications on German border
16. Gallup
    (*a*) Opinion-poll expert; (*b*) New Mexico governor involved in W. P. A. scandal; (*c*) U. S. member of international commission on refugees from Germany
17. Autarchy
    (*a*) Rule of the few; (*b*) Opposite of anarchy; (*c*) National economic self-sufficiency
18. Purge
    (*a*) Arraignment by the Dies Committee; (*b*) Evicting disloyal elements from the group in Russia and U. S.; (*c*) Flood-control legislation
19. Guam
    (*a*) U. S. island possession in the Pacific; (*b*) Philippine export commodity which U. S. has agreed to admit free of duty; (*c*) Caribbean island U. S. wants to buy from the government of Holland to prevent Germany from getting it.

20. Balilla
(*a*) Russian musical instrument used by Volga boatmen; (*b*) Italian baby-Fascist; (*c*) Franco's radio general

21. Little Steel
(*a*) Small corporations outside U. S. Steel; (*b*) Title of book by Upton Sinclair attacking Tom Girdler; (*c*) Affectionate name for U. S. Steel Corporation

22. Metaxas
(*a*) Mexican candidate for president to succeed Cardenas; (*b*) Greek dictator; (*c*) Real name of King Carol's mistress.

23. Trial Balloon
(*a*) Suggestion put forth unofficially to test reaction; (*b*) British air defense above London; (*c*) Nobile's system of experimental aeronautics

24. Civil Liberties
(*a*) Right of a city to rule itself; (*b*) Right of a citizen to freedom of speech, religion, assembly; (*c*) States' rights

25. Consortium
(*a*) Mussolini's headquarters in Rome; (*b*) Agreement among Powers for definite, limited purpose; coalition; (*c*) Italian naval base in Adriatic

26. Sanctions
(*a*) Concerted steps against an aggressor nation; (*b*) Trade agreements between two or more nations; (*c*) Catholic encyclicals

27. A. B. C. nations
(*a*) The three strongest Powers; (*b*) Argentina, Brazil, Chile; (*c*) Nations which have the highest literacy

28. Cordon Sanitaire
(*a*) Relief Mission of Powers in China; (*b*) Concentration camps for Loyalist refugees in France; (*c*) Deliberate isolation or quarantine of an area or nation

29. "The Middle Way"
(*a*) The coöperative movement, with special reference to Sweden; (*b*) The rearming-for-defense program; (*c*) Liberal capitalism

30. Col. Fulgencio Batista
(*a*) A military leader of rebel Spain; (*b*) The dictator of Cuba; (*c*) President-dictator of Brazil

31. Oxford Oath
(*a*) Initiation pledge into the Oxford Movement; (*b*) Part of Oxford graduation ceremony; (*c*) A peace pledge

32. Hammer and Sickle
(*a*) Symbol of Bolshevism; (*b*) Symbol of Italian fascists; (*c*) Symbol of C. I. O.

33. Popular Front
(*a*) United defense movement

of liberal and leftist groups; (*b*) French labor reaction against Daladier; (*c*) British opposition to Chamberlain

34. Godesberg
    (*a*) Meeting place of Hitler and Chamberlain over first Czech question; (*b*) Nazi chief of propaganda; (*c*) Danish island wanted by Germany for Baltic naval base
35. Cartel
    (*a*) International "dumping" of exports; (*b*) Trade war; (*c*) International industrial trust or pool
36. Nehru
    (*a*) A leader of India's nationalist movement; (*b*) New Turkish president; (*c*) Japanese premier
37. Lobby
    (*a*) Reception hall of White House; (*b*) A partisan group working actively in their own interests to influence legislators; (*c*) A union organizers' group
38. Abraham Lincoln Brigade
    (*a*) Men's counterpart of Daughters of American Revolution; (*b*) California vigilante association; (*c*) American volunteers in the Spanish civil war.
39. Isolationism
    (*a*) Plan to isolate aggressor nations by economic boycott. (*b*) U. S. theory of non-interference in foreign affairs; (*c*) One of suggested solutions to Negro problem
40. Ukraine
    (*a*) Part of Soviet Union that Hitler wants; (*b*) One of the three states made out of what was Czecho-Slovakia; (*c*) Disputed city in Lithuania
41. Bund
    (*a*) German word for "society" or "association"; (*b*) German mass-meeting or rally; (*c*) The blood-and-soil "bond" of the Nazi creed
42. Silver Shirts
    (*a*) American fascist organization; (*b*) Mexican reactionary group organized by foreign silver-mine operators; (*c*) Chinese terrorist gang in Shanghai
43. Modus Vivendi
    (*a*) Alternative title of Italian fascist song, *Giovanezza;* (*b*) Political term designating a way of getting along temporarily pending final settlement; (*c*) Honorary title bestowed on successor to Mustapha Kemal Ataturk as head of Turkey
44. Plebiscite
    (*a*) French city at Suez Canal demanded by Mussolini; (*b*) French Syrian area acquired

by Turkey; (*c*) Vote taken to determine allegiance of people of a given territory

45. Third International
    (*a*) Trotzky's movement against Stalin; (*b*) Russian Communist official song; (*c*) Worldwide Communist organization
46. Tom Mooney
    (*a*) Labor leader recently pardoned in California; (*b*) Chicago police captain concerned in Memorial Day "massacre" of strike pickets; (*c*) Dishonest judge compelled to resign by Prosecutor Dewey
47. Entente
    (*a*) Real intention behind a political smokescreen; (*b*) An alliance between nations or groups; (*c*) French Riviera territory claimed by Italy
48. Anschluss
    (*a*) Austrian expression meaning "done for" or "washed up"; (*b*) Austrian Tyrol country awarded to Italy after World War; (*c*) A union or joining, used particularly of Germany and Austria
49. Downing Street
    (*a*) The Wall Street of London; (*b*) English slang term referring to one who is on the dole; (*c*) Place of residence of British prime minister
50. Djibouti
    (*a*) Palestine village, scene of bloody riots; (*b*) Capital of Ethiopia; (*c*) Port of French Somaliland

—SYLVIA PASS

HOLLYWOOD GLOSSARY

GOOD: Inadequate. Of no merit.

VERY GOOD: So-so.

EXCELLENT: Slightly better than adequate.

COLOSSAL: O.K.

SUPER-COLOSSAL: Unmistakably all right.

HISTORY: A swell place to get plots from without paying royalties.

GLAMOUR-GIRLS: All adult female actresses with the exception of those who play comedy and mother parts.

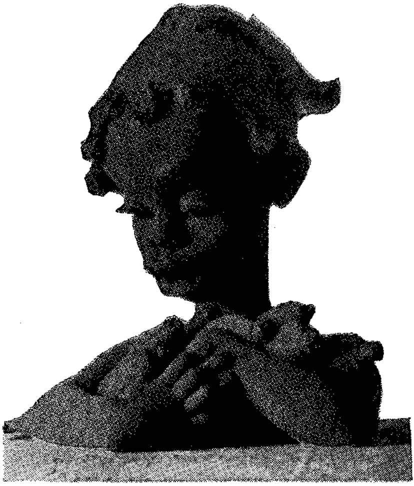
BOX OFFICE: A scientific laboratory that automatically tests the merits of all films.

CRIME: Something that has been shown not to pay in the end after it has been doing pretty well for nine-tenths of the film.

ATHLETE: A glamour-girl who can play three minutes of tennis in her spare time without getting too badly out of breath.

CRITIC: A fellow who sometimes suffers from acid stomach, and knocks a film.

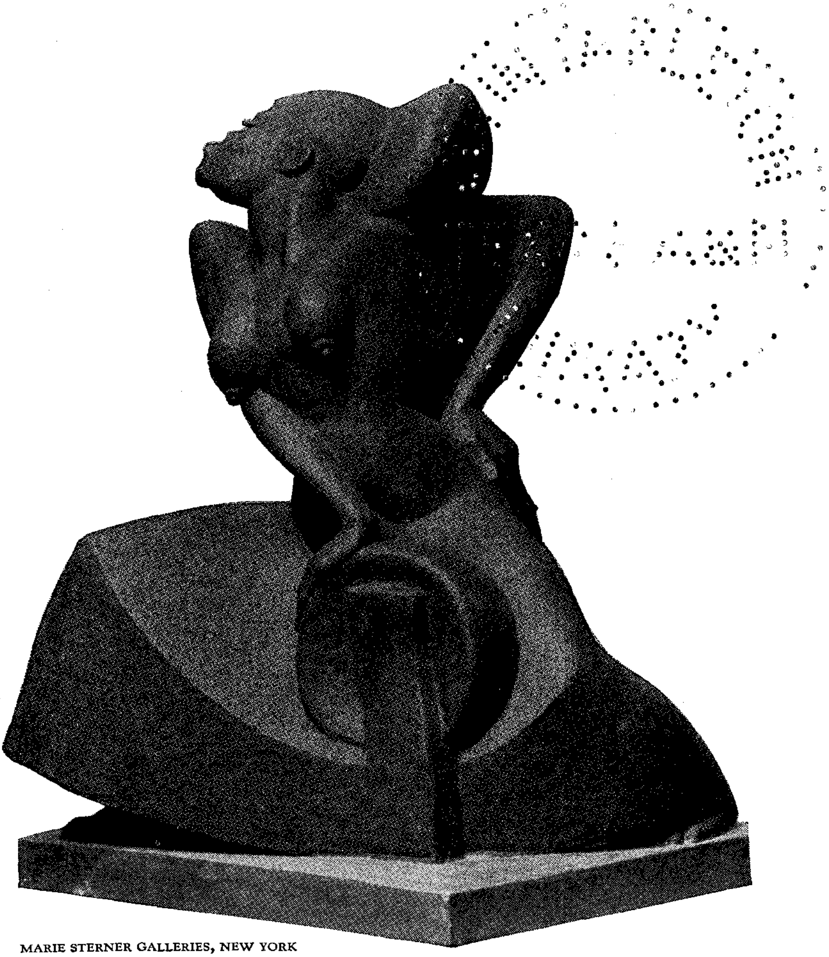
—PETER NESBIT



HAITIAN VOODOO DANCERS

Sculpture by Lu Duble

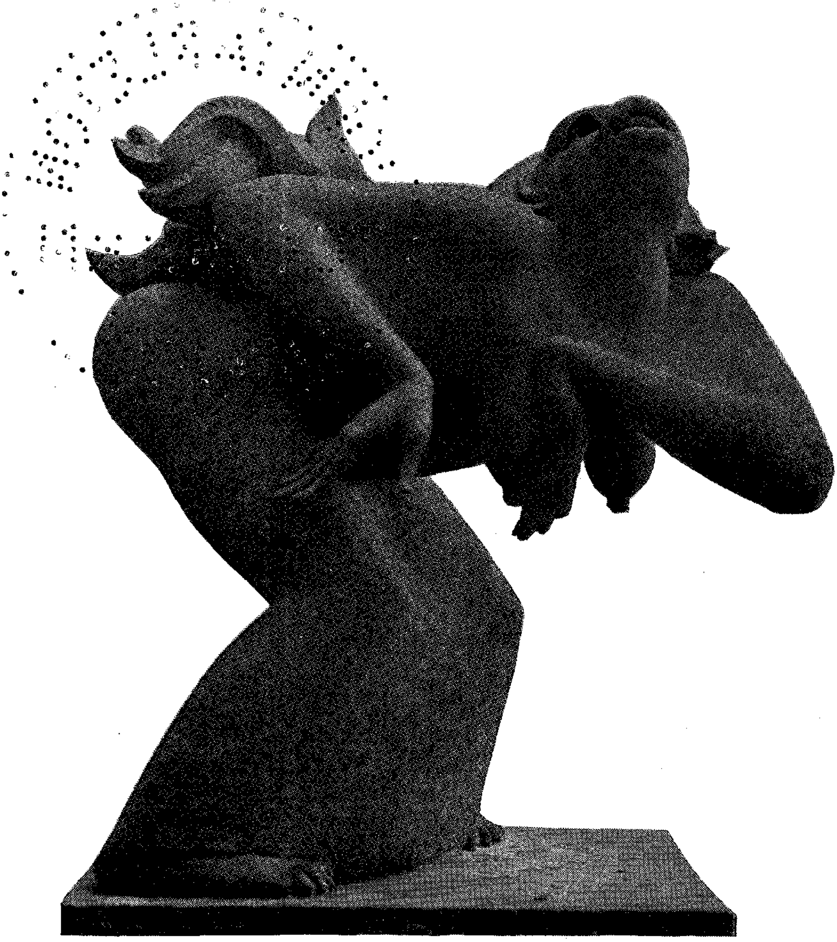
IN THE forbidden mystic rites of the voodoo cult practiced by the Haitian natives on dark nights in hidden spots in the heart of the jungle, Lu (born Lucinda) Duble, British-American sculptor, found inspiration for the weird figures on these pages. Modeled in clay entirely from memory, they are a sufficiently vivid record of the complete abandon with which the Haitians throw off what little restraint has been thrust upon them by the white man. Having completed thirty-odd pieces of Haitian sculpture, Mrs. Duble next visited Mexico to study primitive Aztec dance ceremonials in the ancient archives.



MARIE STERNER GALLERIES, NEW YORK

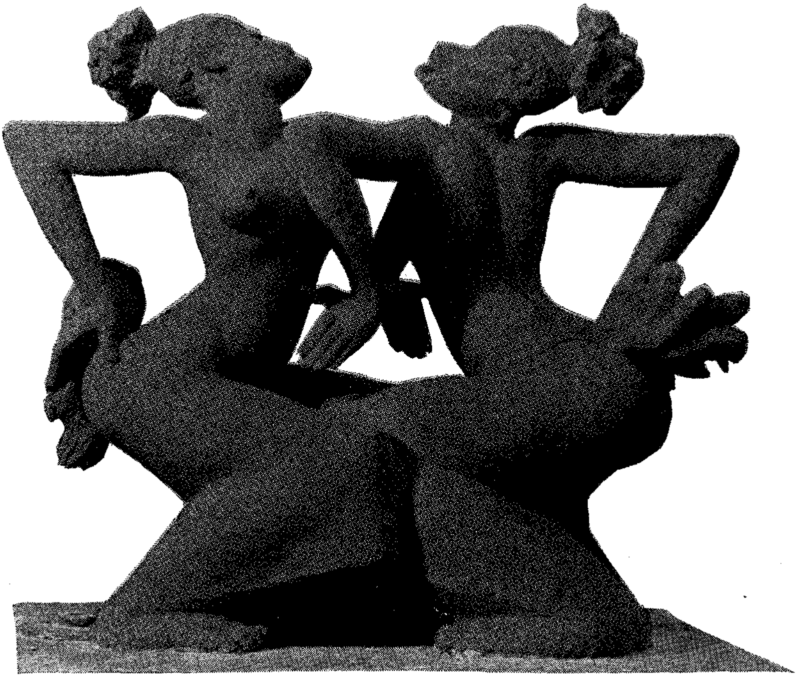
CALLING THE LOA-SPIRIT

Untrammeled by prejudice or inhibition, the essential characteristics of the Haitian native are humor, rhythm and enjoyment of life. But, like children, they also fear the things of the darkness, the crocodile of the slimy swamp, the spirit that lurks in the shadow and which must be propitiated in such ceremonial dances as this. Mrs. Duble's studies of zombies (the living dead), witch doctors, funeral dances and the intent, transported faces of the bewitched have caught the spirit both of the voodoo cult and its followers.



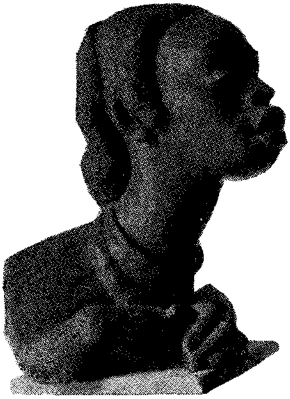
FUNERAL DANCE

"The Haitians believe," says Mrs. Duble, "that a corpse must be sent on its way to the next world happy. And so, all day and all night, by the light of the flickering tapers, they dance and make merry about the body. Never for an instant must it be left alone; it may be stolen and bewitched, and the gods to whom they pray will vent their anger on those who permitted the body's theft. They continue their celebrating for several days, until the body begins to disintegrate. Only then may they bury it, for the zombies will not touch a corpse into which decay already has set." This funeral dancer epitomizes the posturing by which the merrymakers at a funeral express their ecstatic care for the dead. The women dancers wear long skirts with a bustle of feathers at the back.



THE CONGO

Although most of the voodoo dances are performed in a mood of mysticism and with a feeling for the occult, the dominant trait of the Haitian natives is their sense of gaiety. Occasionally, as in the Congo, this breaks through in their dances. The posturing in this dance is as stylized as in the dances of the Javanese.

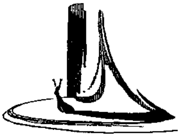


AMANDA

A typical native beauty of Haiti, her greased hair elaborately coiffed, her sleepy eyes focused on an inner object, her love of decoration expressed by the heavy silver bangles at her throat.

ONE-WOMAN SHOWS

PRESENTING MISS ENTERS AND MISS LOFTUS IN ROLES OF THEIR OWN UNIQUE DEVISING



CISSIE LOFTUS and Angna Enters do not provide the same sort of entertainment. For one thing, when Miss Loftus steps out on a stage she does a lot of talking. Not a single sound comes from the mouth of Angna Enters.

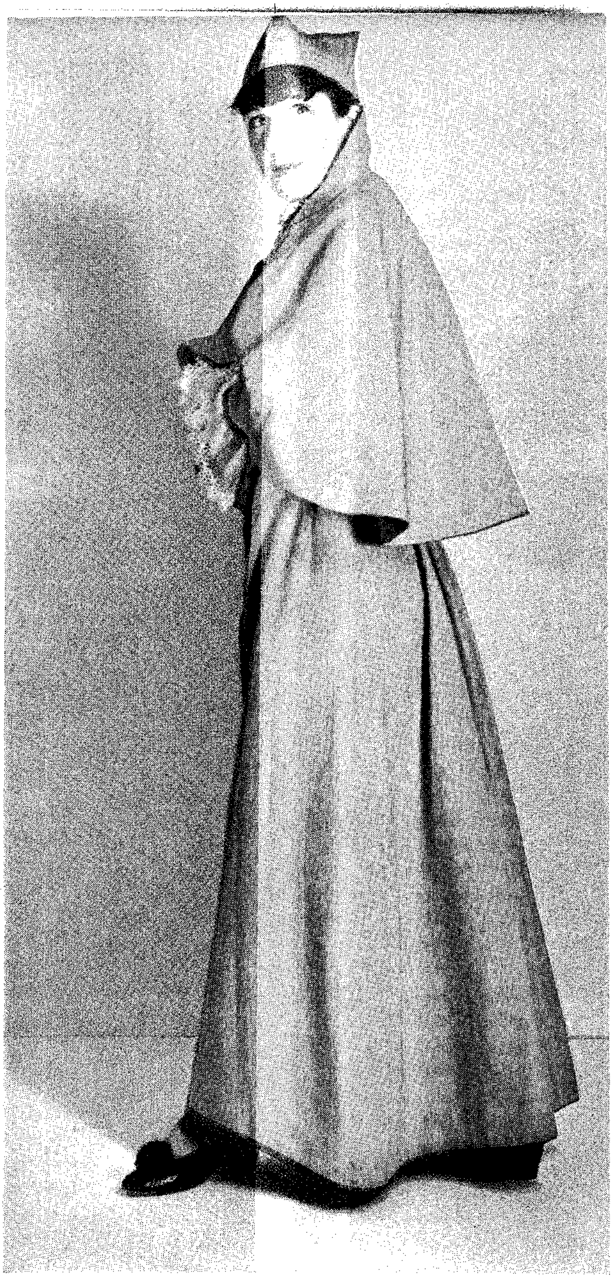
But—though their brands of entertainment are miles apart—they are members of the same club. Enters and Loftus are in the one-woman show business. Enters stands alone on a stage and holds an audience for three solid hours. Miss Loftus likewise. It is a noble sisterhood. Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner are two other practitioners of the art.

The art of Enters has defied the critics for a long time. The best of them have tried to explain just what the lady does. It is certainly dance, it is definitely acting, it is undoubtedly pantomime, and it is, beyond a doubt, all three stirred and served together. The total effect is the impact of a painting come to life. If she does a *Habañera* in the costume of sixteenth century Spain, you know what kind of women Velásquez invited to his studio. As she runs through a gallery of ladies, both tight and loose, memories of other painters come to mind. It is an art that can't be confined to a compromise word like "Mime." A better description is the one that appears at the head of her program. It is simply "The Theatre of Angna Enters."

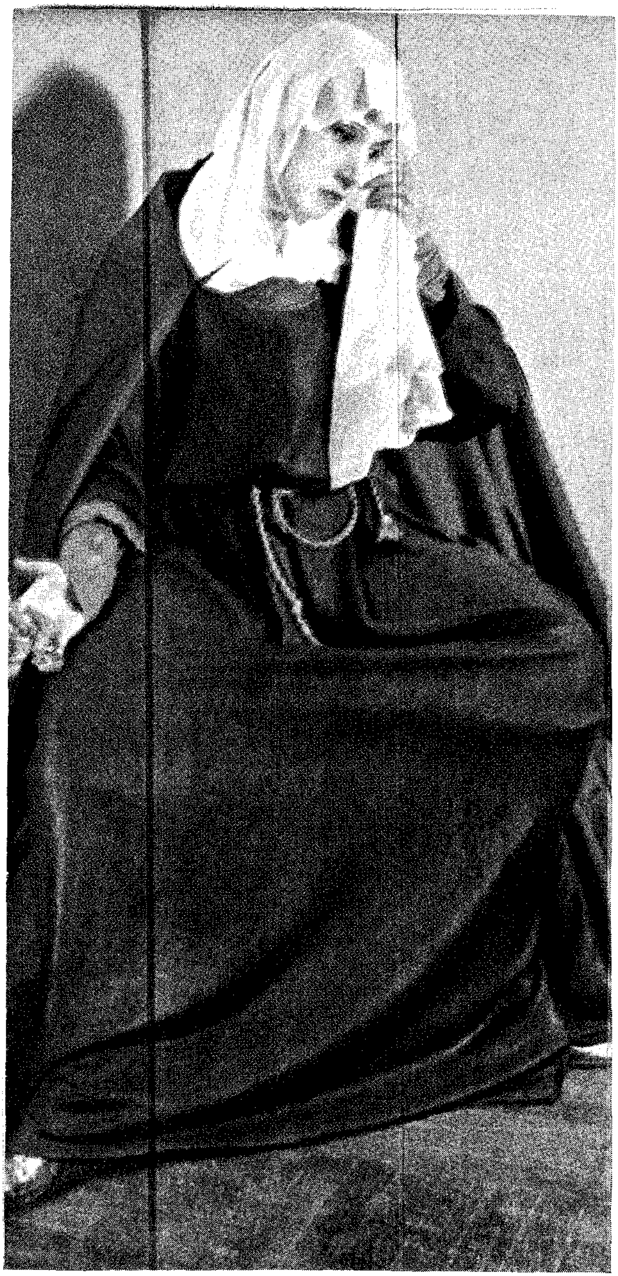
Cissie Loftus—only the program printers call her Cecilia—uses a different approach to the problem of putting on a one-woman show. A nodding acquaintance with the rest of the theatre world helps you catch on to Cissie. She is a mimic, and a magnificent one. At one of her Sunday-nights-at-nine you can see her imitate Sarah Bernhardt, Robert Morley, Fannie Brice. The Loftus voice can light on any key from soprano to profundo, and her face, if she likes, can look like two other people.

—SIDNEY CARROLL

ANGNA ENTERS IN *BOY CARDINAL.* This is perhaps the most famous of the Enters episodes. The character is a stripling of the 16th century who stepped into the high position of a Spanish church that was capable of anything. The boy is hypocritical, leering, altogether likable. He shows his true colors when he pulls a pair of castanets from under his red robe and accompanies himself in a weird fandango. The castanets provide the most brilliant moment in an evening that is full of brilliance.

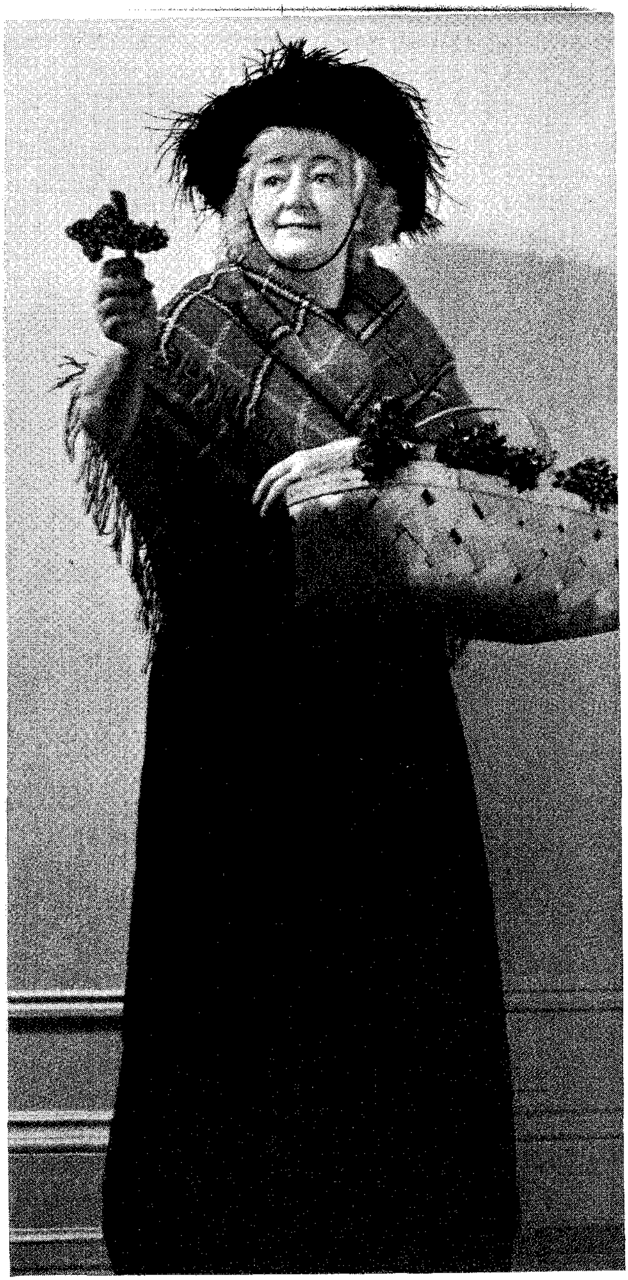


KEHL



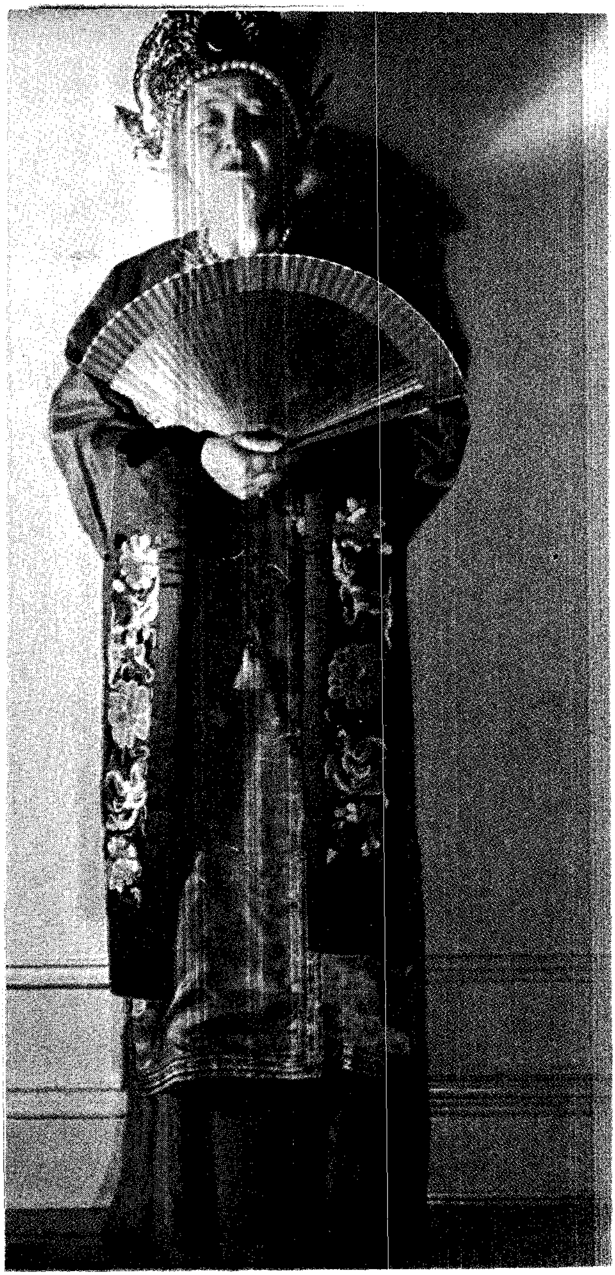
REINHART-INTERNATIONAL

ANGNA ENTERS IN *QUEEN OF HEAVEN*. The curtain comes up on the stolid, solo figure of a madonna. In a moment it begins to move in stiff, angular gestures. This Queen of Heaven remains seated on a stage otherwise bare, moves only her head and arms. The mood is like a mosaic suddenly come alive. Only towards the very end of the pantomime does the figure stand up. The expression on the face hardly changes. The red rose in her hand represents the Christ child.



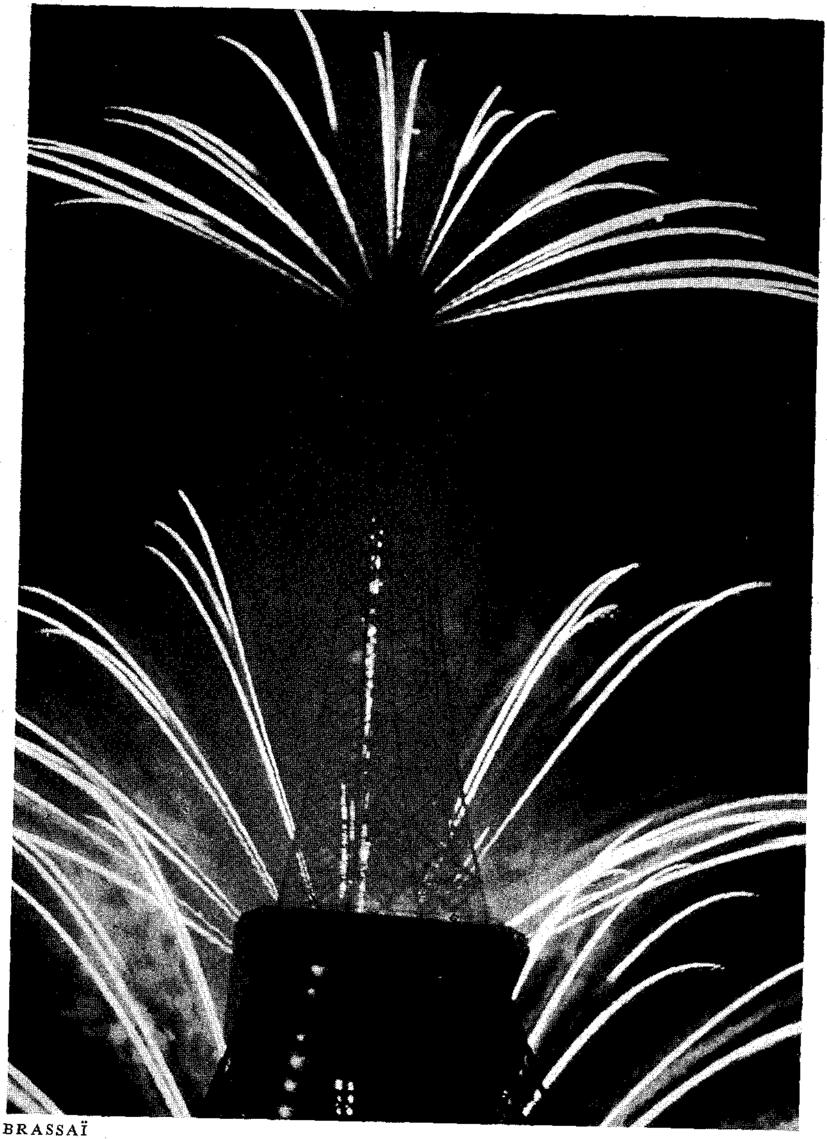
KEHL

CISSIE LOFTUS AS *THE ENGLISH FLOWER GIRL.* It is a peculiar fact that though the Loftus name is synonymous with mimicry, her most famous sketch is not an imitation. It is a quasi-comic portrait of a drooping old English violet vendor, hawking her wares and reminiscing at the same time. While she talks, she hawks. "Wi'lets, sir, wi'lets?" is the refrain. The trick Miss Loftus works is to create a great comic character. Forty-seven years of acting have taught her how.



KEHL

CISSIE LOFTUS AS FLORENCE REED IN *THE SHANGHAI GESTURE*. Theatregoers who are old enough to remember the famous melodrama of thirteen years ago may suffer from nostalgia at this one. It's Miss Reed's "Mother Goddam" to the flesh, and Miss Loftus' simulation of the celebrated strident voice carries out the illusion to perfection. Cissie Loftus rarely resorts to change of costume. Change of grimace and tone of voice suffice. But this is one she does from top to bottom.

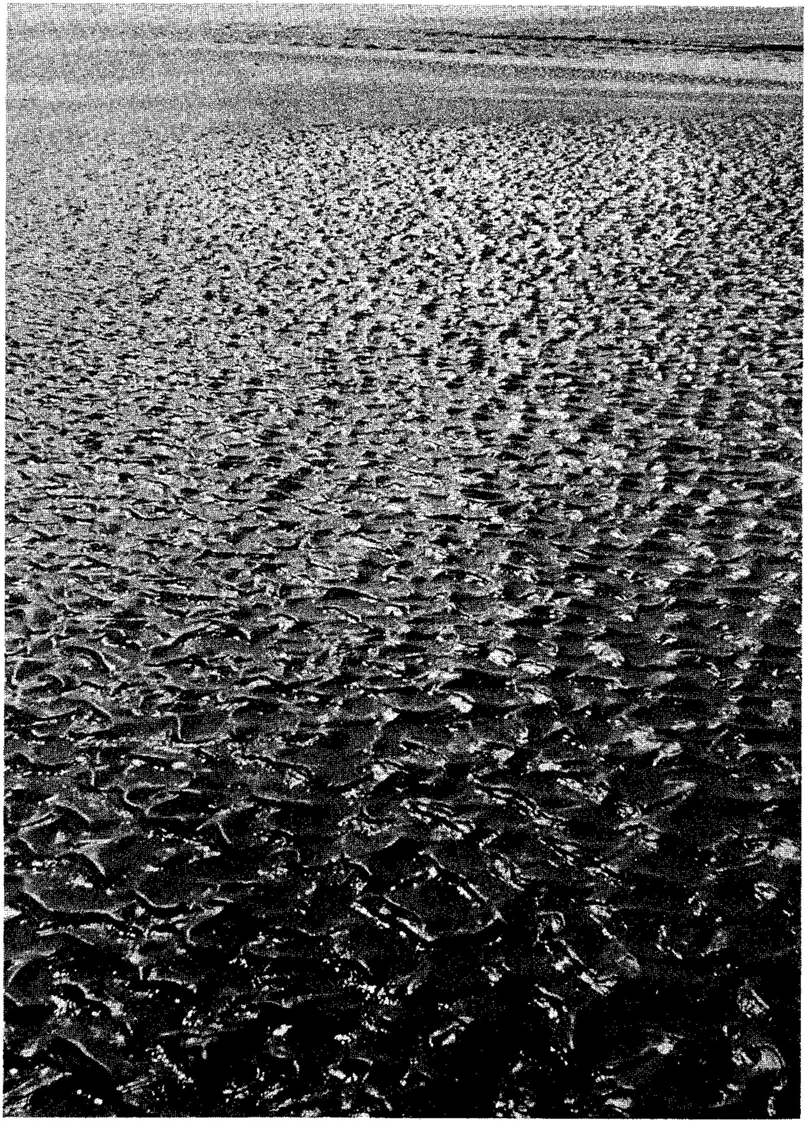


BRASSAÏ

PARIS

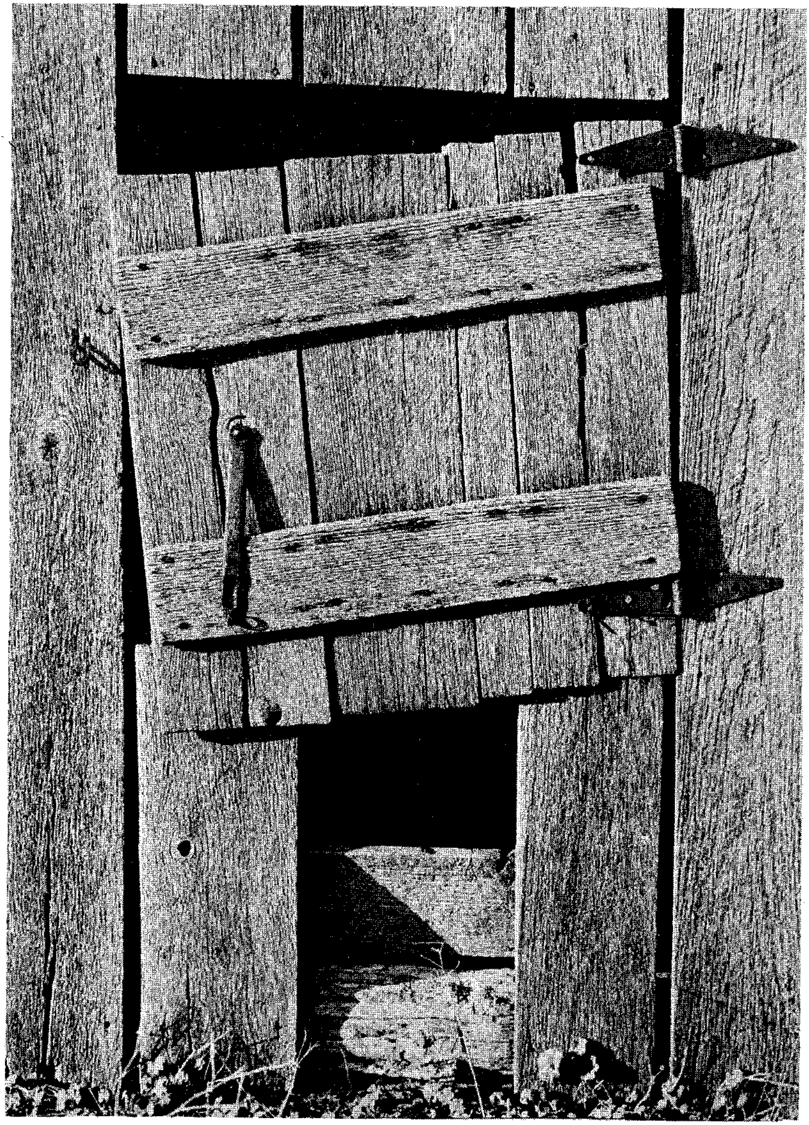
FIRESPRAY

JULY, 1939



PAUL LOUIS HEXTER CLEVELAND

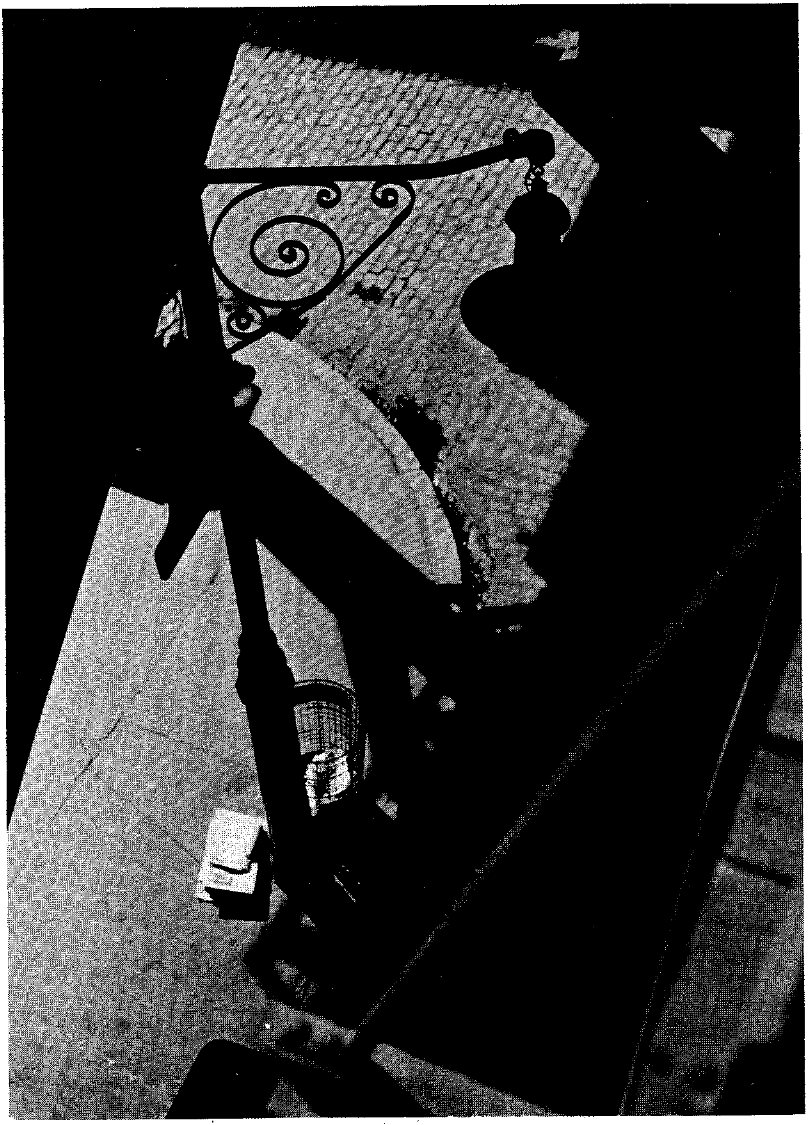
EBB TIDE



J. G. PRINCELL ST. LOUIS

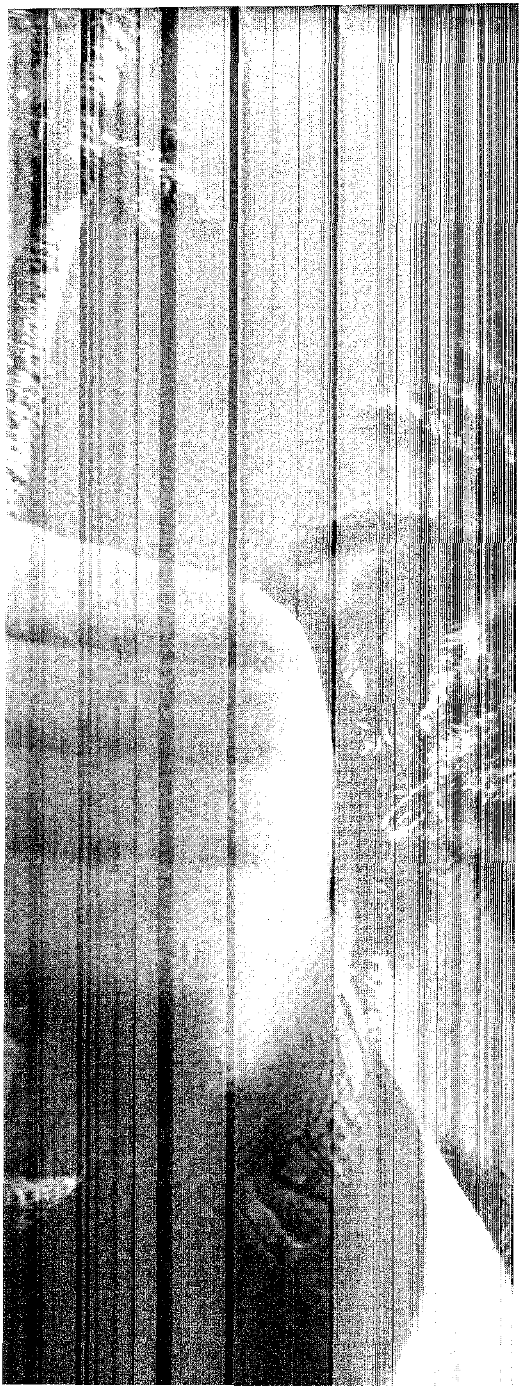
WEATHER-GRAINED

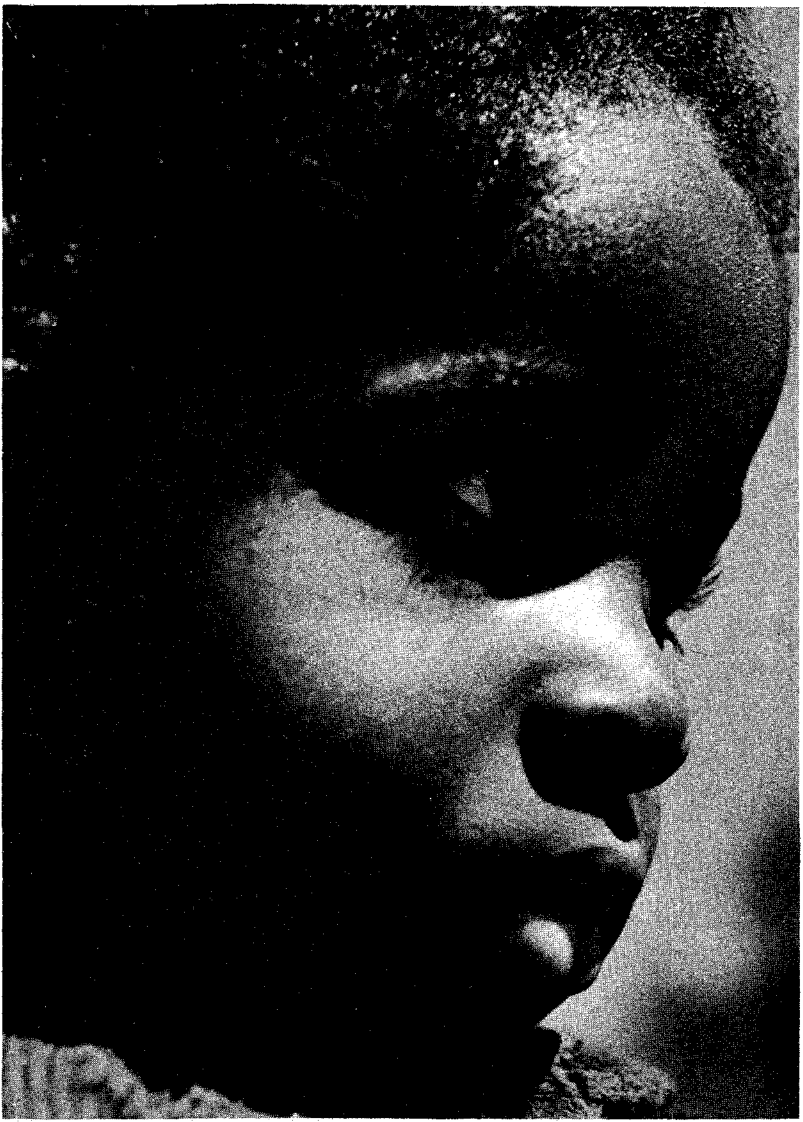
JULY, 1939



JOHN MILLS FROM CROWN

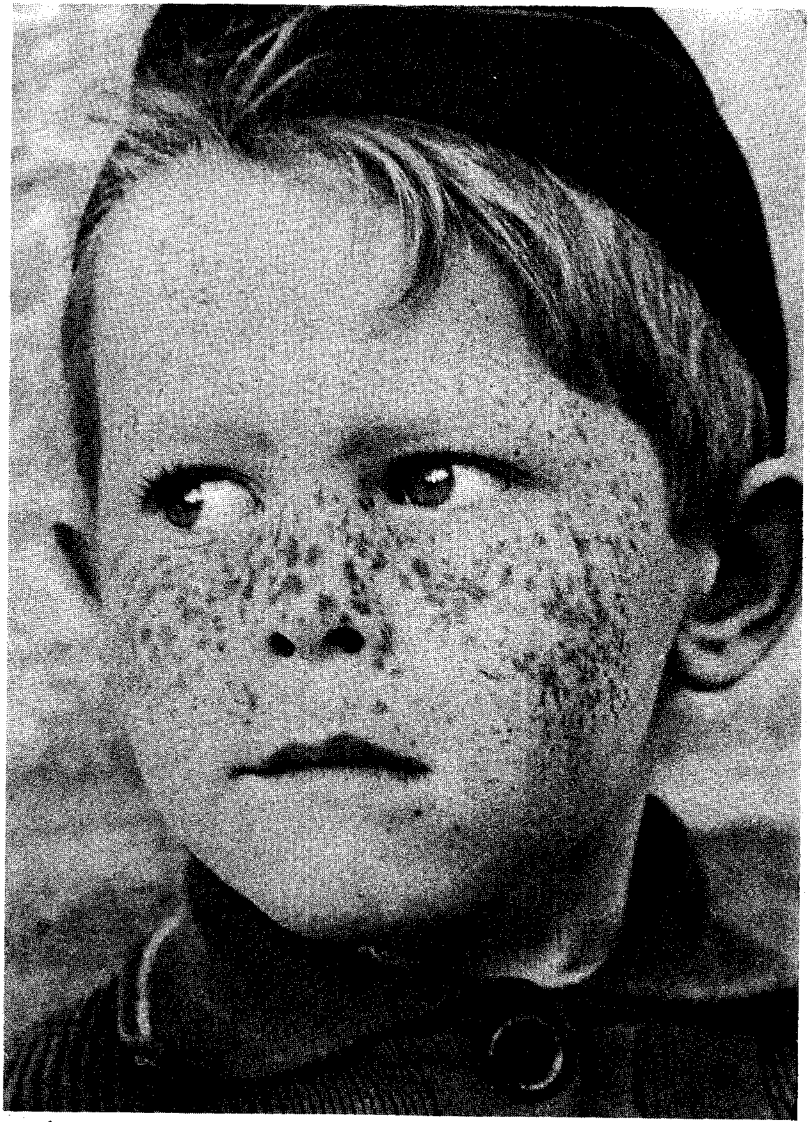
UNDER THE EL





ANDRÉ DIÈNES NEW YORK

HARLEM



ERGÉ

FROM EUROPEAN

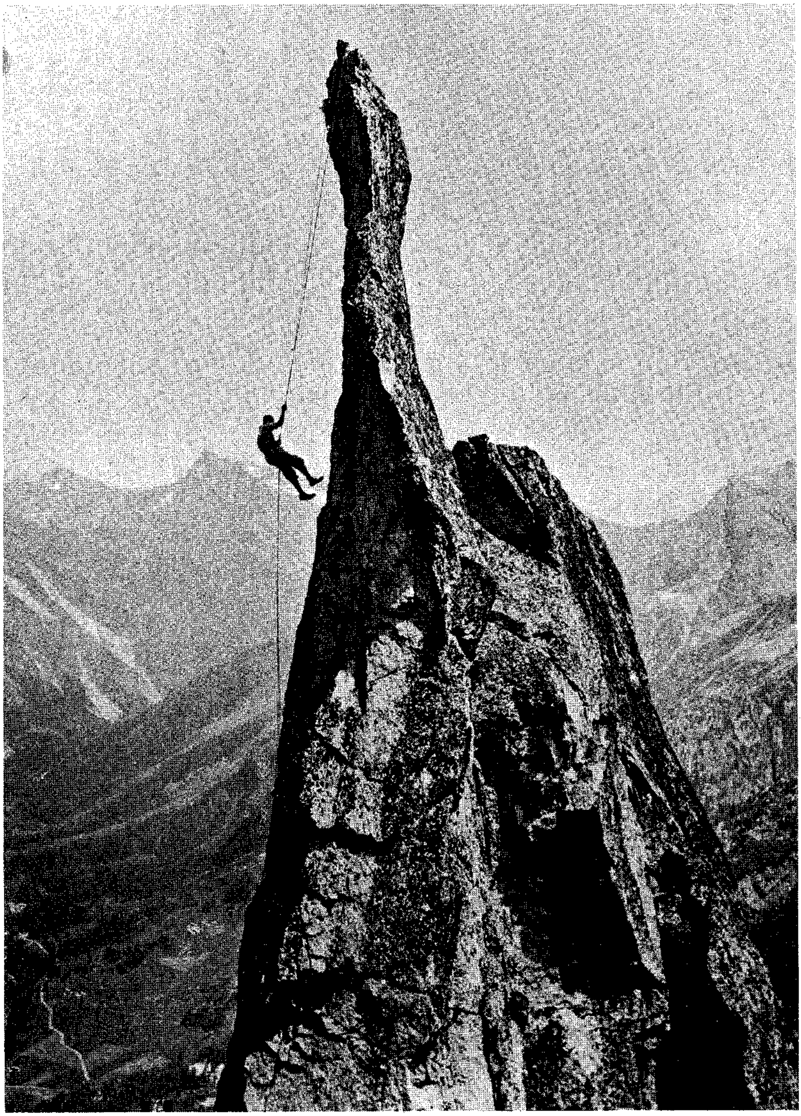
SHANTY

JULY, 1939

CHELTENHAM FROM AMERI-CANDID

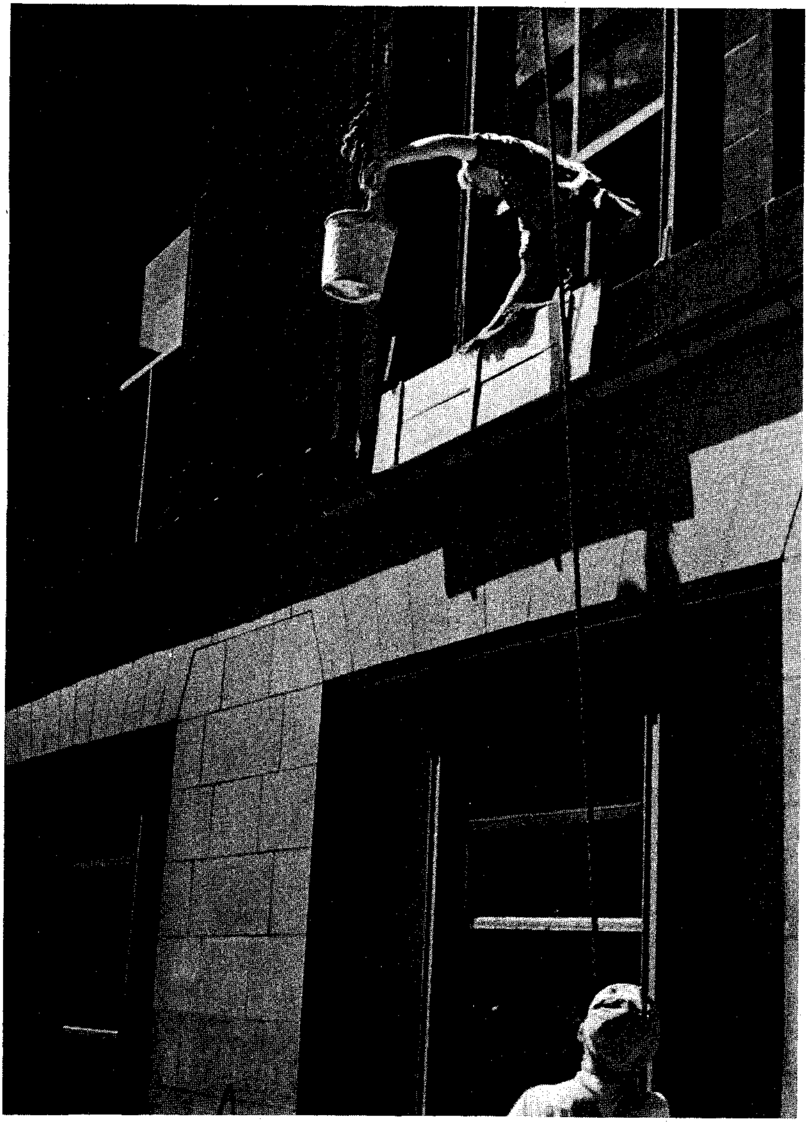
INDIAN SUMMER

JULY, 1939



A. PEDRETT ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND

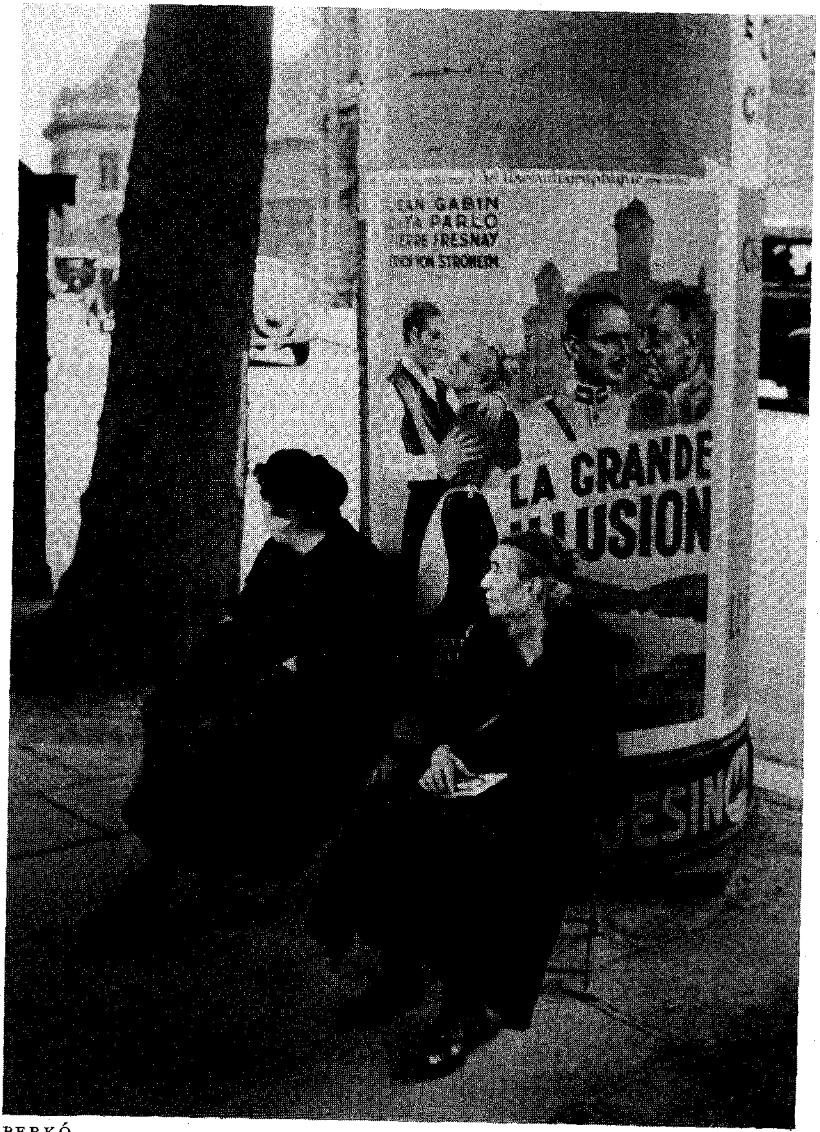
THREADING THE NEEDLE



MAURICE LACLAIRE GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

BUCKET AWEIGH

JULY, 1939

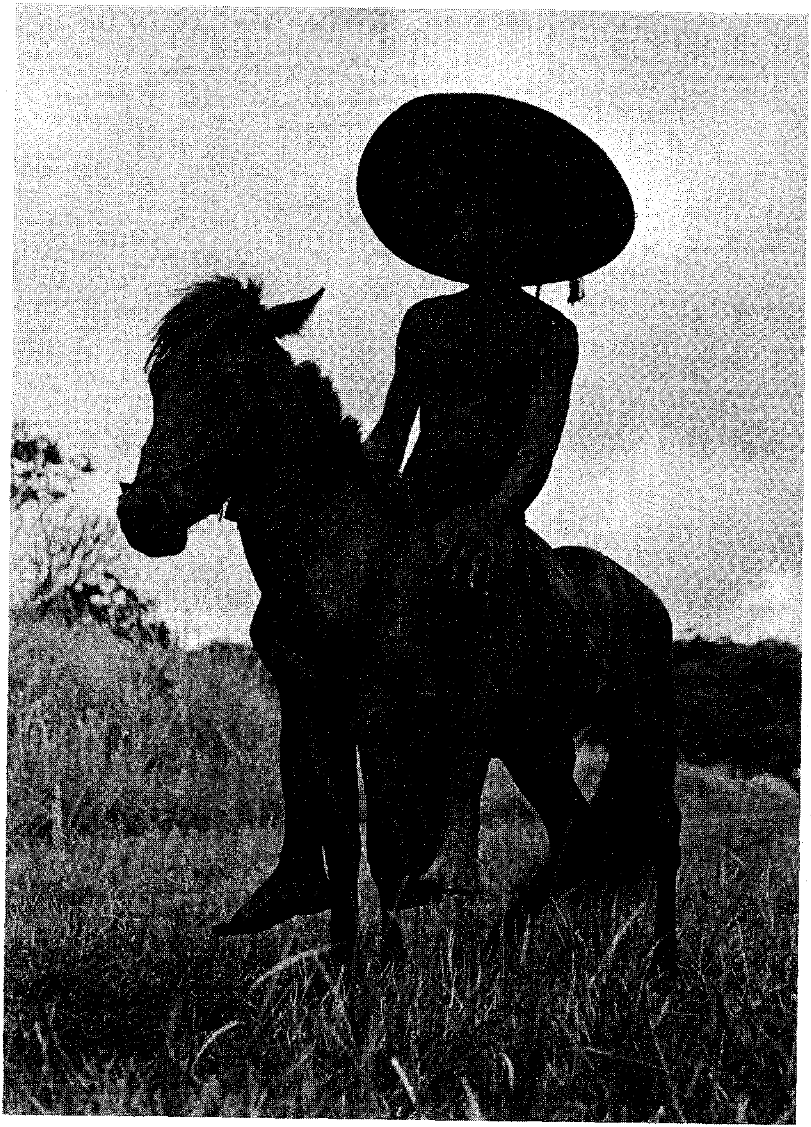

JEAN GABIN
DITA PARLO
PIERRE FRESNAY
ERICH VON STROHEIM
LA GRANDE
ILLUSION
ESIN

BERKÓ BOMBAY

DISILLUSIONED

DESIDER HOLISHER NEW YORK

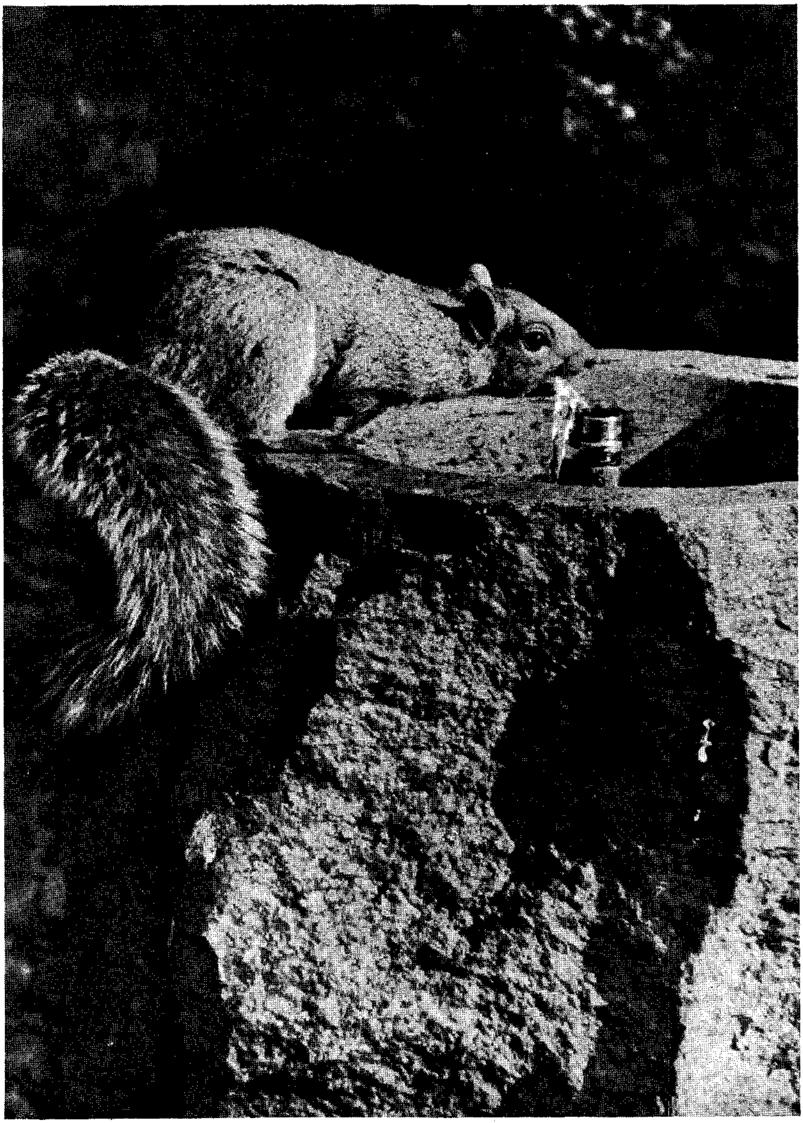
VATICAN BANDSMAN



PIERRE VERGER FROM C. ANDERS

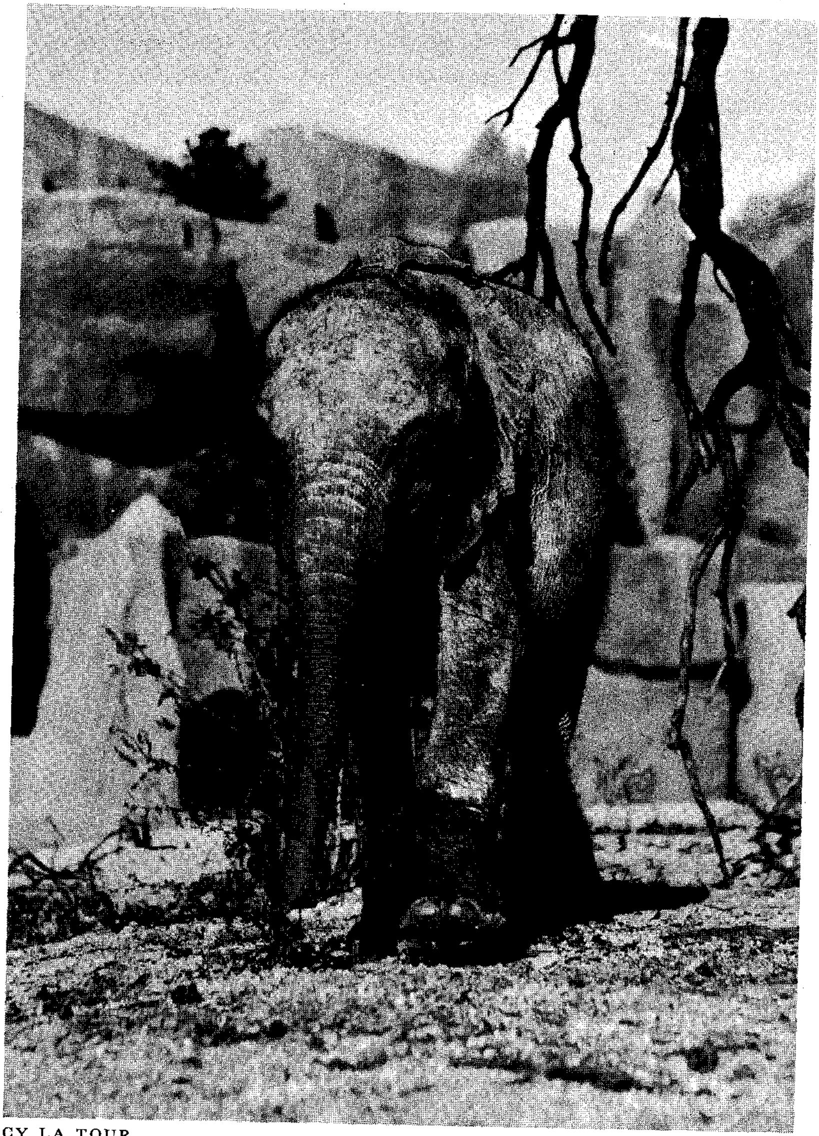
UMBRELLA HAT

JULY, 1939



CAROLA FROM MONKEMEYER

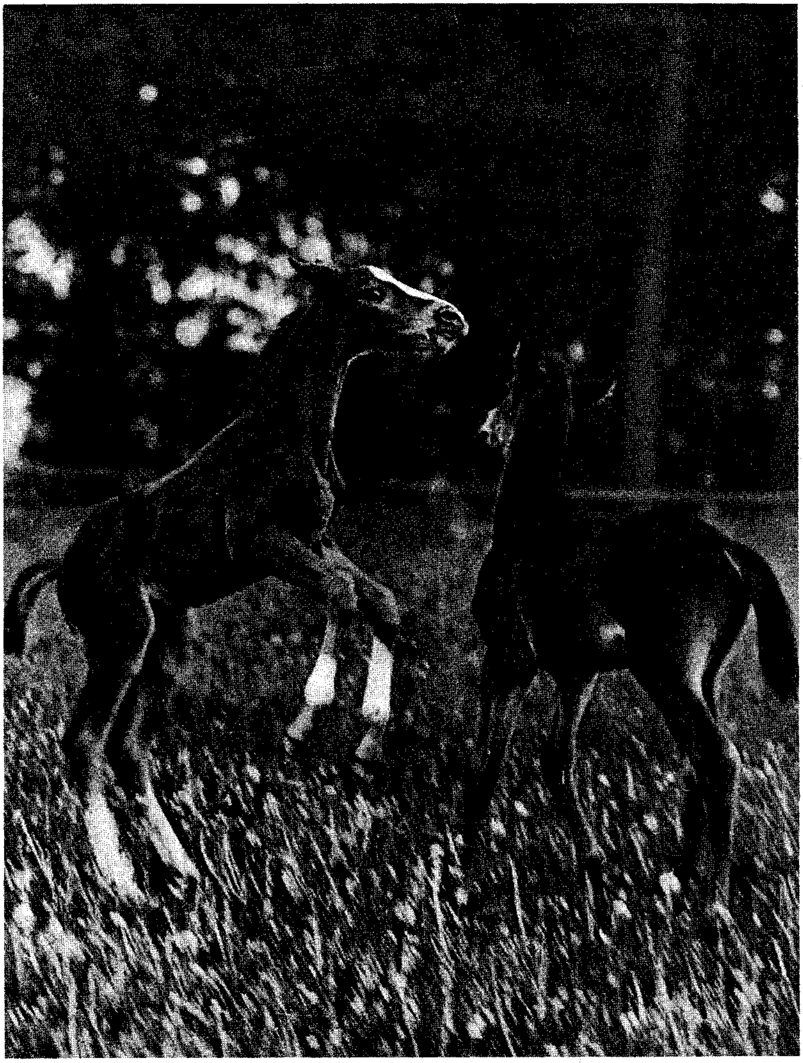
OPPORTUNIST



CY LA TOUR ALTADENA, CALIF.

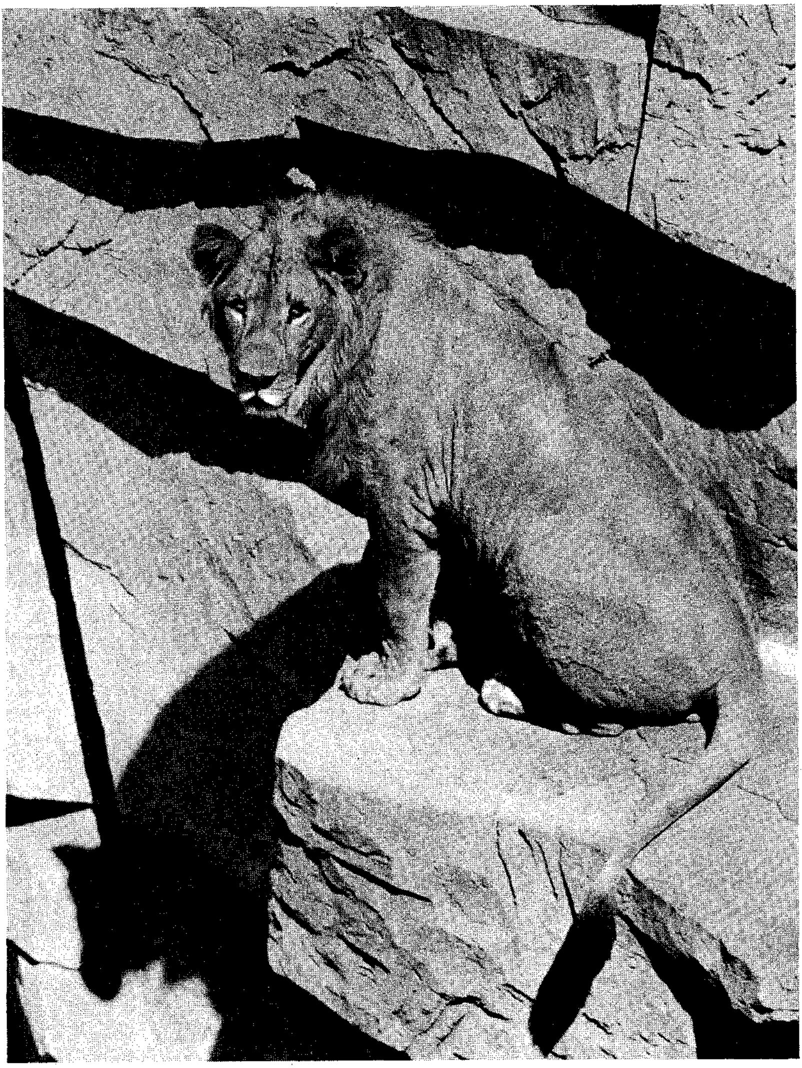
ANTEDILUVIAN

JULY, 1939



HEIN GORNY NEW YORK

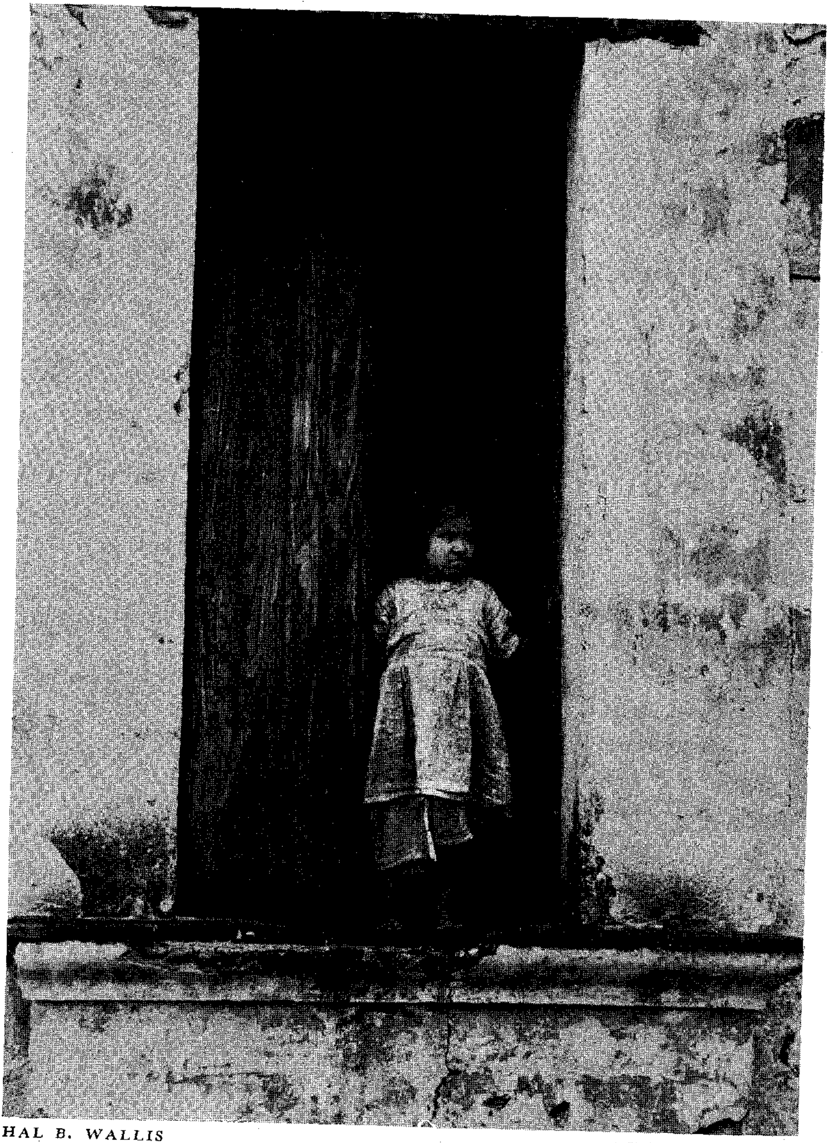
COLT PLAY



CY LA TOUR ALTADENA, CALIF.

KING IN EXILE

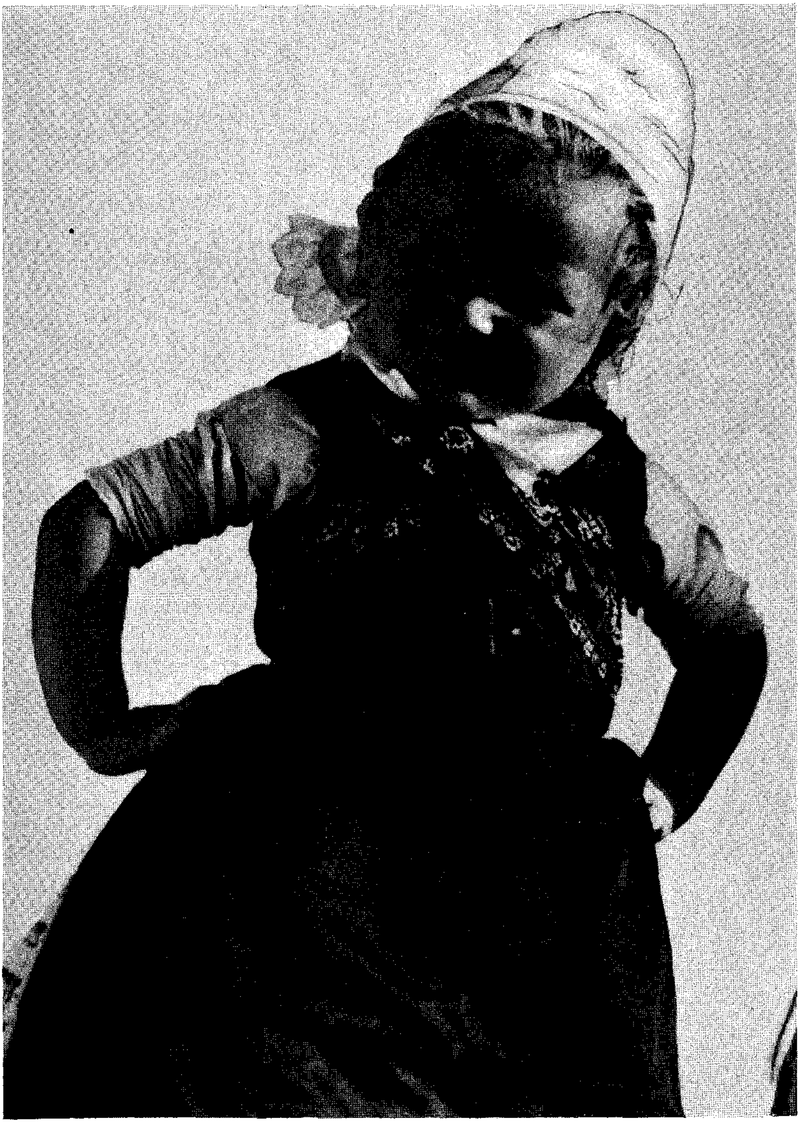
JULY, 1939



HAL B. WALLIS

BURBANK, CALIF.

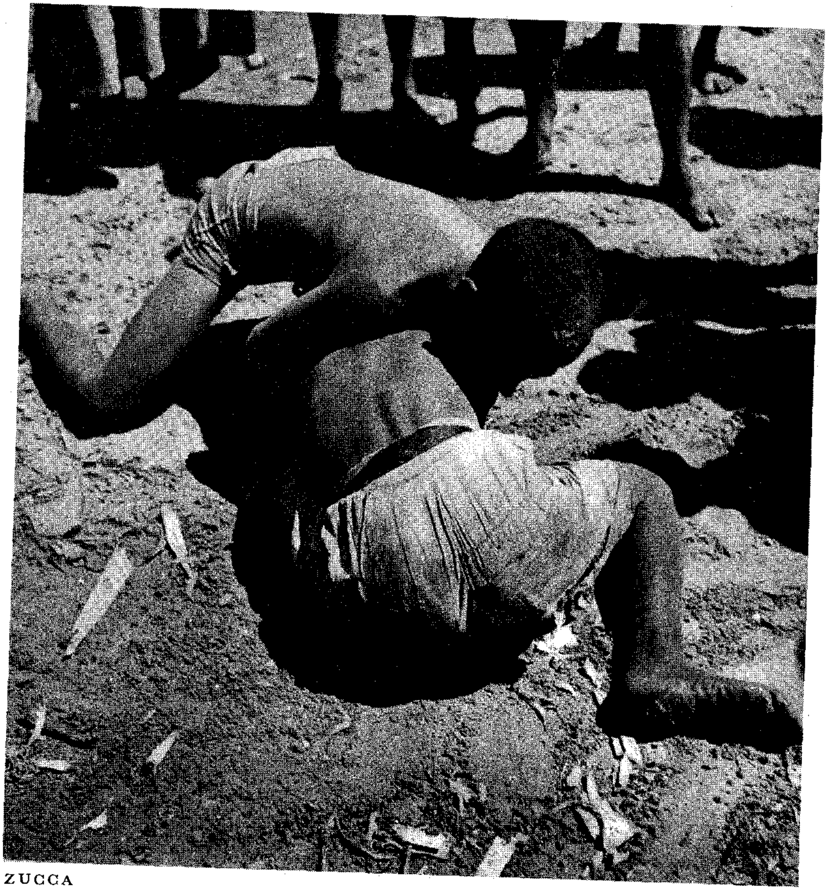
BLEAK PROSPECT



VADAS FROM SCHULZ, L. I.

POLLYANNA

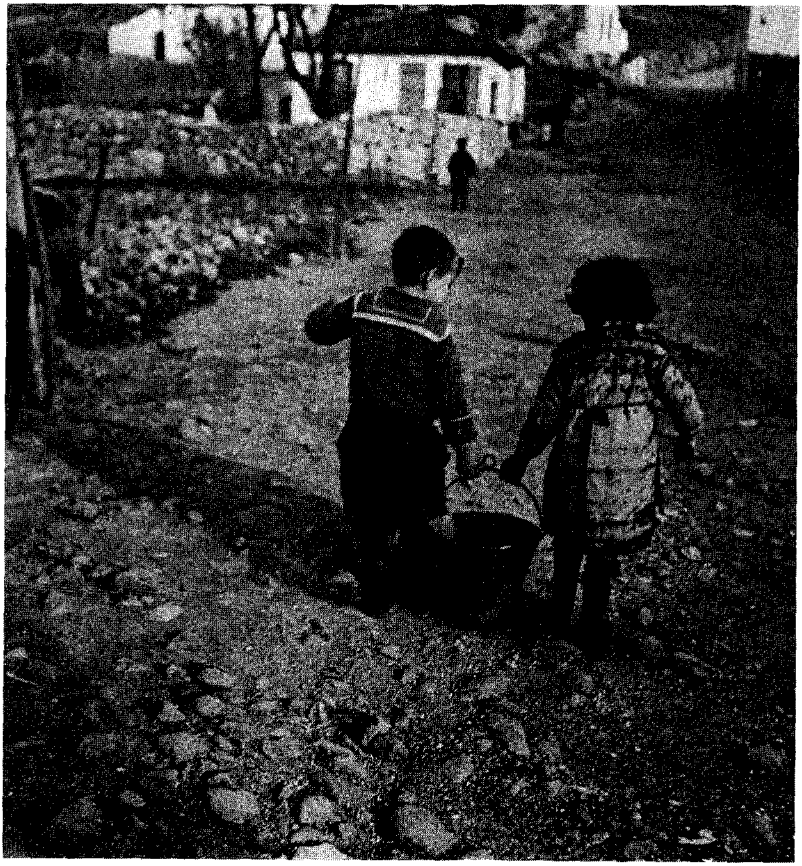
JULY, 1939



ZUCCA

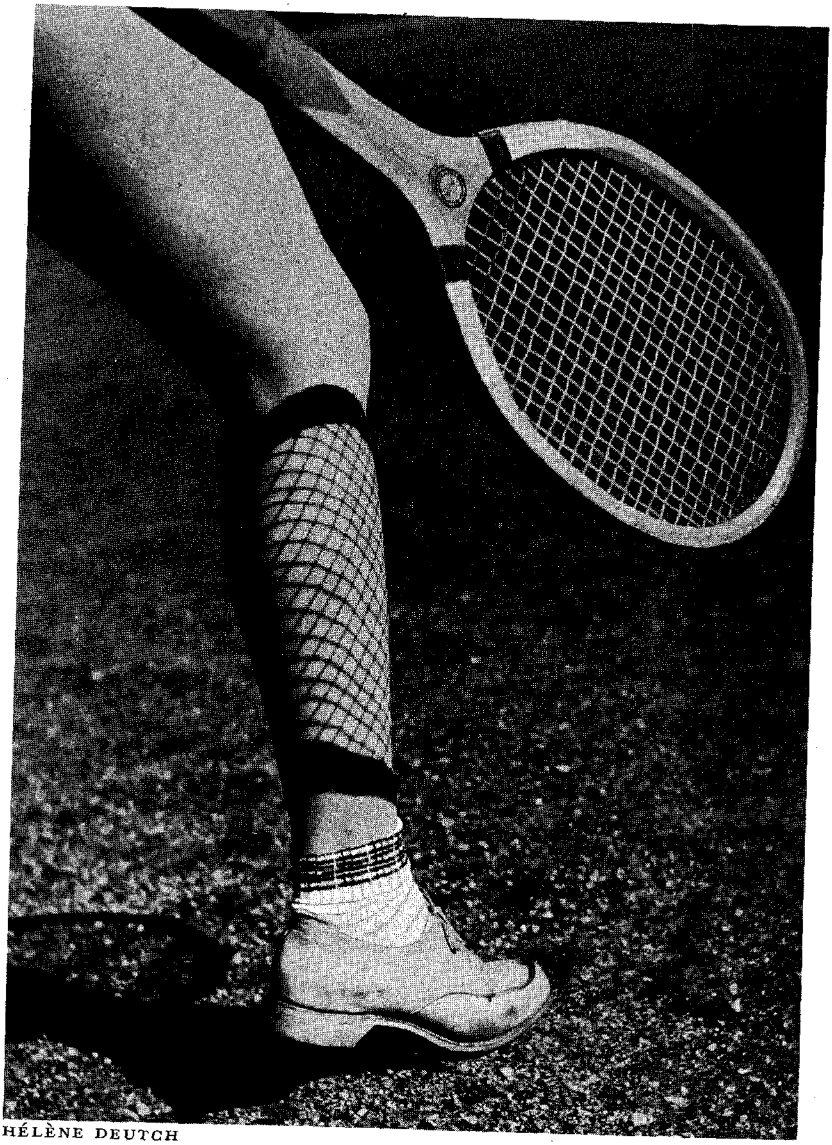
FROM C. ANDERS

COMPETITIVE



ZUCCA FROM C. ANDERS

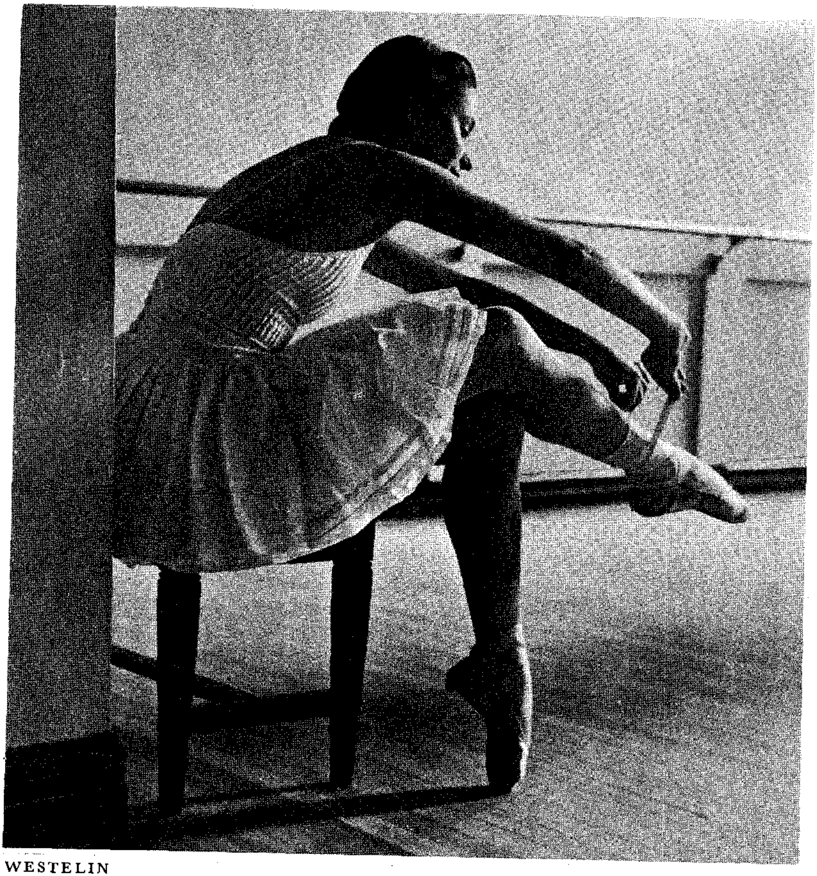
CO-OPERATIVE



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

CHICAGO

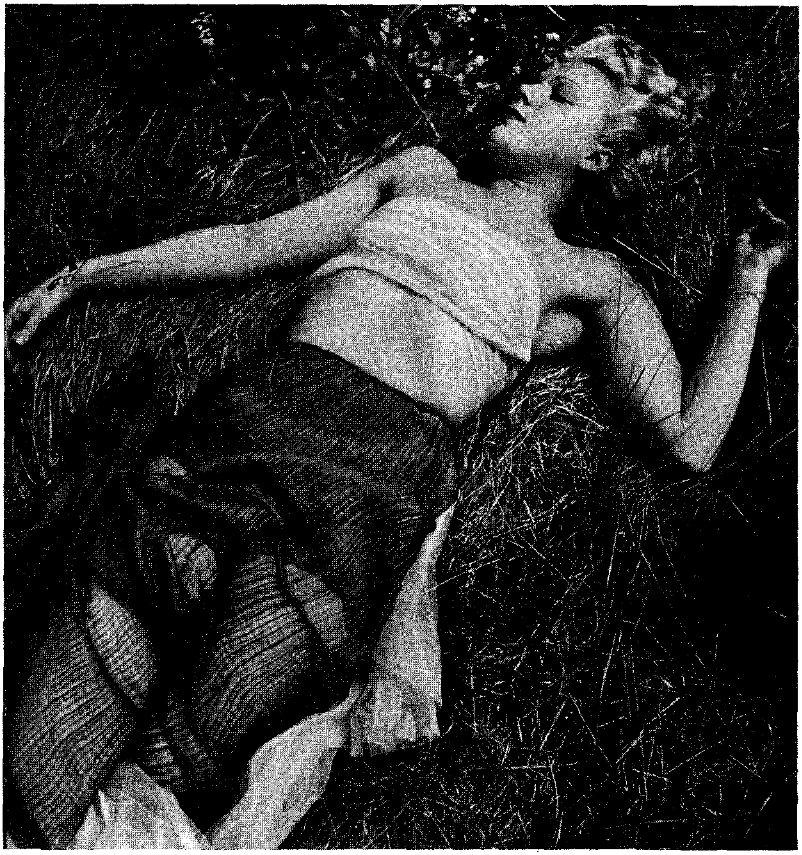
HALF-VOLLEY



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

DEGAS GIRL



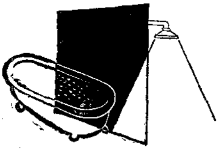
FÉHER FROM C. ANDERS

ALOUETTE

BLUMENFELD PARIS

UNRESOLVED

IT MATTERS LITTLE WHO WINS THE DEBATE WHEN ONLY ONE SIDE CAN WIN THE DECISION



BEFORE a small and unappreciative audience Mr. and Mrs. Henry Q. Jeever opposed each other in an informal debate, the subject being "Resolved: That the shower is immeasurably superior to the bathtub as an efficient and pleasurable method of achieving cleanliness." Mr. Jeever, upholding the affirmative, started the proceedings by remarking he wished to blazes they had a shower like the swell ones at the golf club.

Mrs. Jeever promptly retaliated by declaring that how anybody could stand an uncomfortable shower that always got water in your eyes and ruined your hair was more than *she* could see. To this her spouse objected on two counts: (1) There's no law against wearing a bathing cap, is there? (2) You get your eyes under water when you swim, don't you?

The negative replied that she didn't care, and anyhow showers were unsanitary. Men never got clean in them. They just thumped their chests loudly, and bellowed like bulls when they turned on the cold water. This nearly caused the affirmative a stroke of apoplexy, after which he shouted with considerable fervor that anyone who used a bathtub was a *fine* person to call showers unsanitary.

Mrs. Jeever, maintaining admirable composure if not consistency, replied that she didn't care whether tubs were sanitary or not. There was nothing more restful or relaxing in the world than sitting in a nice hot tub full of perfumed water for half an hour or so. Before Mr. Jeever could finish his statement about this practice being obviously enervating, the debate was declared closed, and a verdict was rendered by the judge, Mrs. Jeever. The verdict was that, what with Junior having completely outgrown all of last year's school clothes, no shower bath would be installed in the Jeever home *this* year.

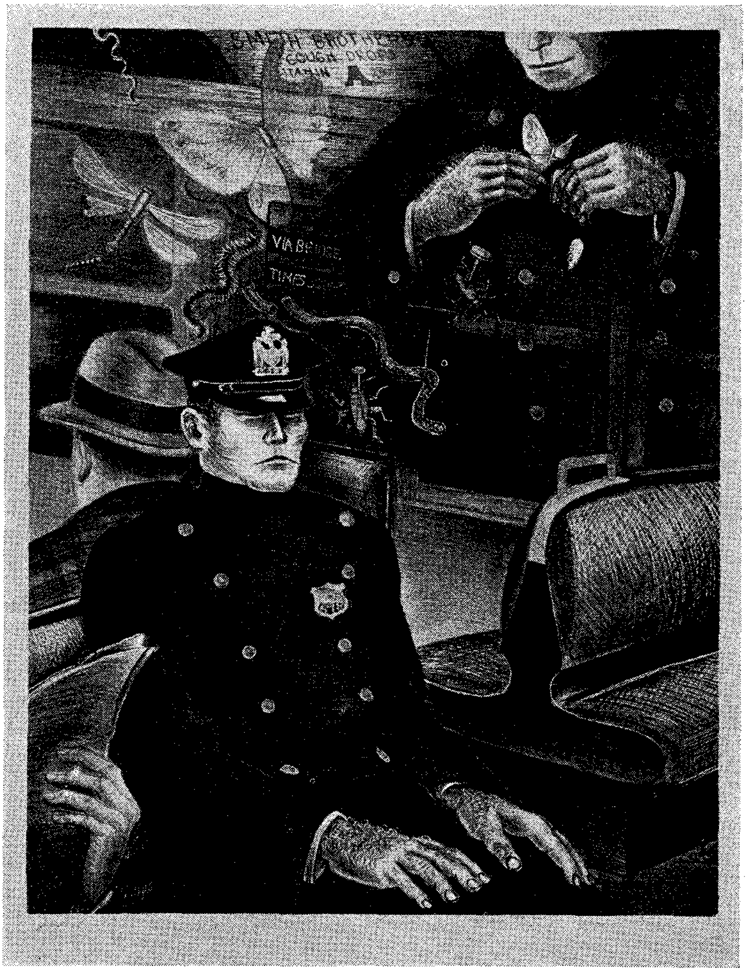
—PARKE CUMMINGS

VILLAGE ICONOCLAST

A Portfolio of Lithographs

by Lamar Baker

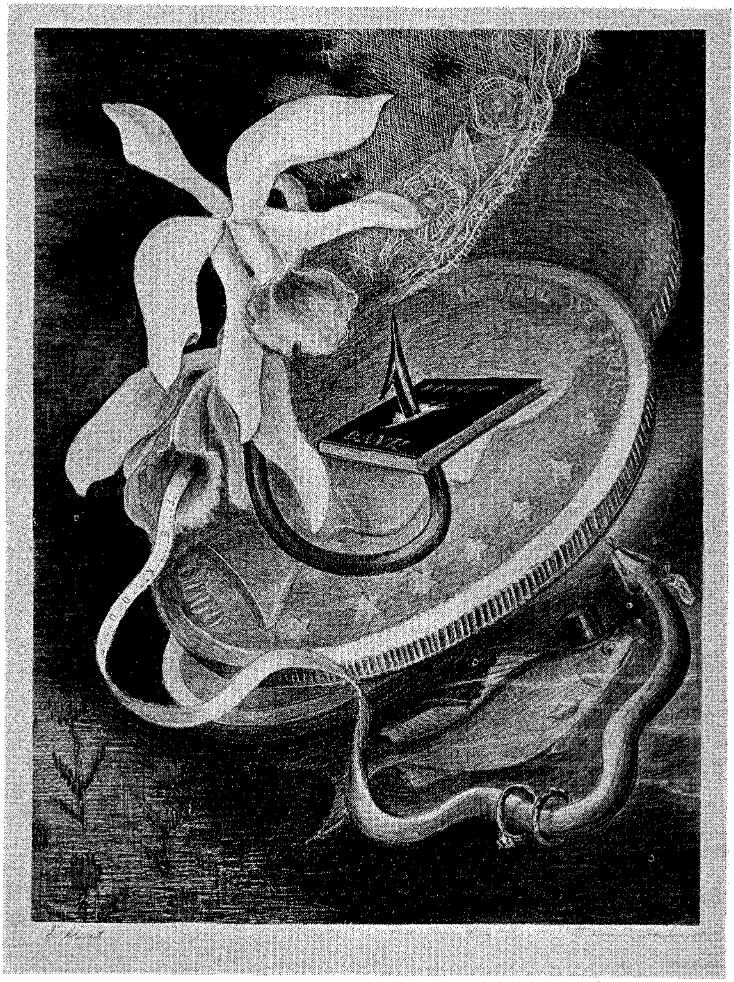
HETHER through inertia or ambition, or a personal mixture of both, Lamar Baker insists on being an art student long after he seems to have achieved the status of an artist. Perhaps it is just as well, since it keeps a sharp edge on his curiosity about the world and what he can do with it on paper. In these pages, we see him taking a flyer in recording a few of his more irreverent perceptions. Mr. Baker is not a polished iconoclast, but he has a reasonably well developed contempt for the foibles of mankind and possesses both facility and ingenuity in expressing it. At the Art Students' League in New York, Mr. Baker has been an avid course-taker. He is thirty and looks like an undergraduate. He will pass through illustrating before he becomes an artist.



WEYHE GALLERY, NEW YORK

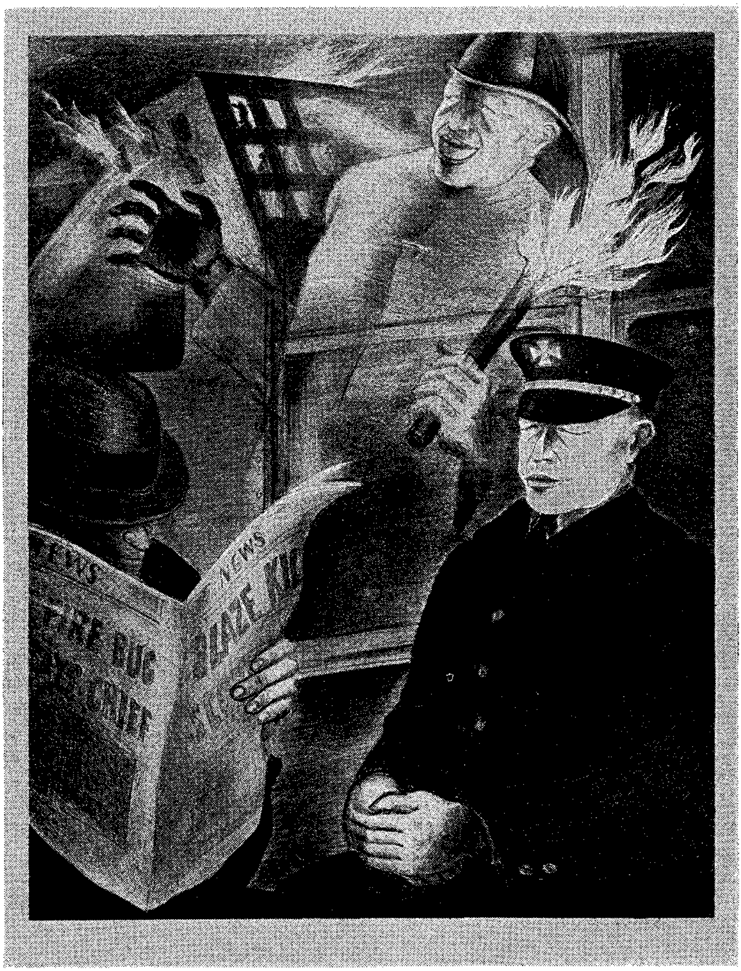
SADIST

Mr. Baker is something of an amateur psychologist. He has read about hidden motivations, and he has looked at people. *Sadist* is one of a series called Aberrations, but the artist calls them his Subway Psychopathics. Mr. Baker does not hold that every policeman is a sadist, but he does believe that the man who likes to inflict pain tries to authorize his brutality and legalize his status.



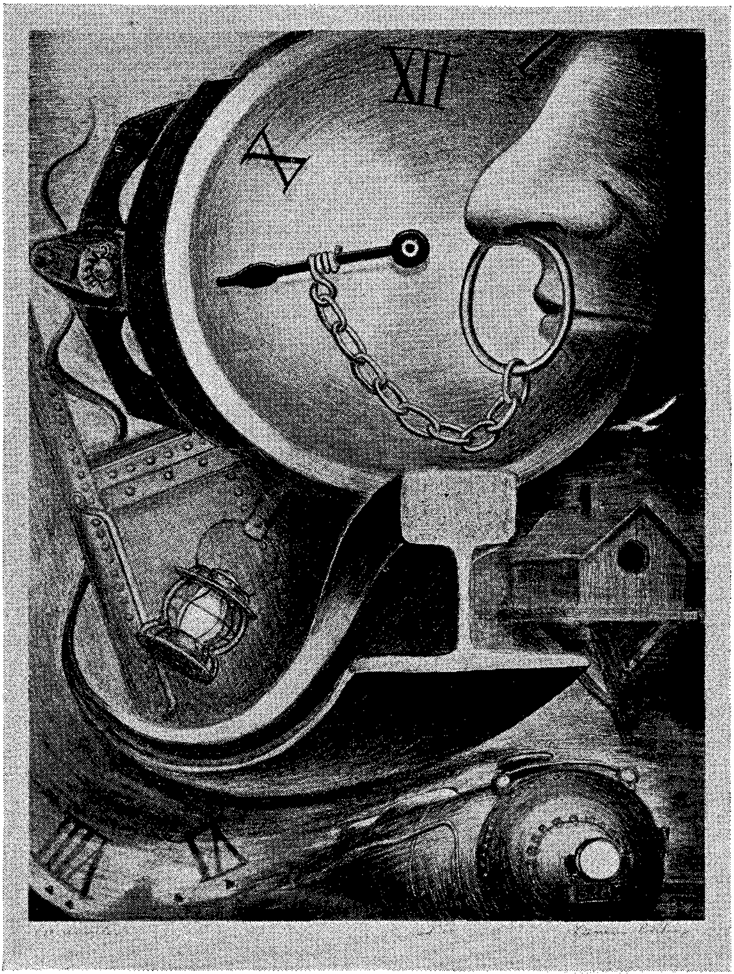
DEBUT

This is one of Mr. Baker's Fantasies, in which he has juxtaposed various objects which suggest the general idea. It is not difficult to gather that Mr. Baker despises the social setup of which the baited orchid and the serpent with the engagement and wedding rings around his middle are the symbols. And he has succeeded in expressing the measure of his derision in nimble and cutting terms.



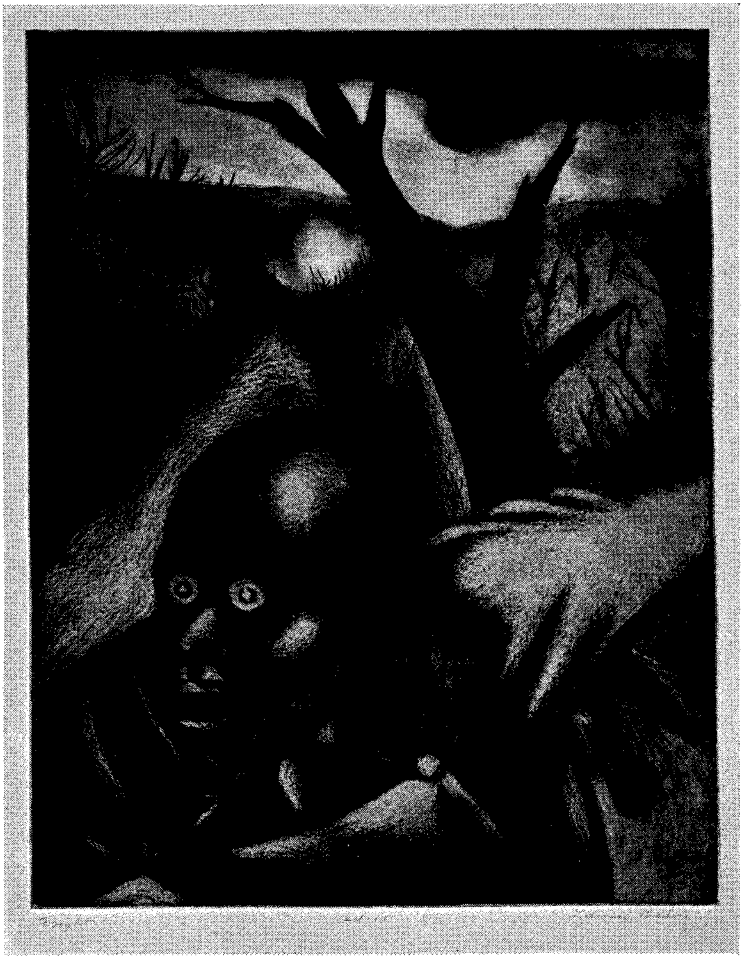
PYROMANIAC

The man with the torch and the uniformed subway rider are the same, in active and passive mood. This lithograph, in the series of Aberrations, is based on the artist's notion, picked up somewhere in the course of random reading, that pyromaniacs are usually found in the ranks of volunteer firemen. Like *Sadist*, it regards a uniform as both a sublimation of and a disguise for anti-social impulses.



COMMUTER

Commuter is a collage in lithography suggesting its general subject. Mr. Baker has centered this lithograph around the dominant theme of the clock, with subordinate factors helping to support the central idea. It is all based on direct experience. For three years, from 1935, the artist commuted to New York from New Rochelle, and he estimates that he has spent the equivalent of nine solid days on trains.



FRIGHT

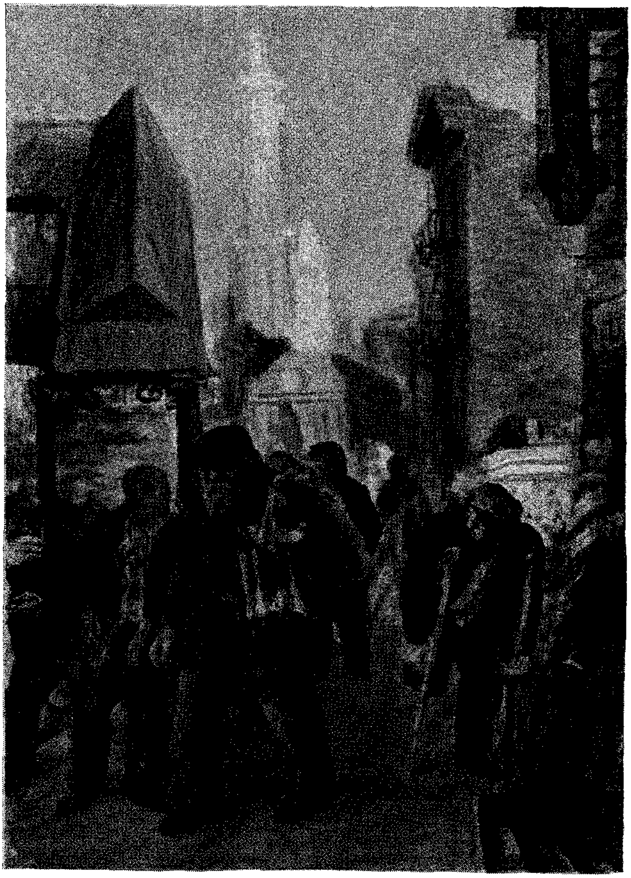
This is most nearly a work of art, standing above illustrative and storytelling elements. It isn't the best Mr. Baker will do, assuming that he has capacity for development, which isn't a rash assumption, but it shows him moving in an admirable direction. There is in it an attempt to communicate, with some degree of impact on the observer, a personal attitude, feeling and emotion.

ABOUT PHILIP REISMAN

HIS ELOQUENCE IS NOT THAT OF THE ORATOR BUT OF THE MAN WHO HAS SOMETHING TO SAY

THE chief difference between the average painter and Philip Reisman is that, whereas the average painter paints a picture in order to have something to offer for sale, Reisman paints a picture because he wants desperately to say something in it—although his need of the sale price may be just as urgent. By drive, by intention, by motivation, Reisman belongs with the masters. He belongs with the masters by virtue of the intensity with which he seeks to use the tools of art to make a statement about life. He never took up a brush idly, casually, or with his mind elsewhere preoccupied. His technical means, his skill, may not always have been equal to the passion with which he has wished to make his statement, but one cannot look at a series of Reisman paintings without feeling that the man who did them was transcending the trivial and the pretty in the art of painting. Artists do not as a rule say in pictures what Phil Reisman strives to say; in that sense, he is a pioneer. His art is a personal statement of a social conscience built on the living experience of the artist and limited by his knowledge of the means. Reisman is an artist of integrity, he is a young man with fire in his belly.

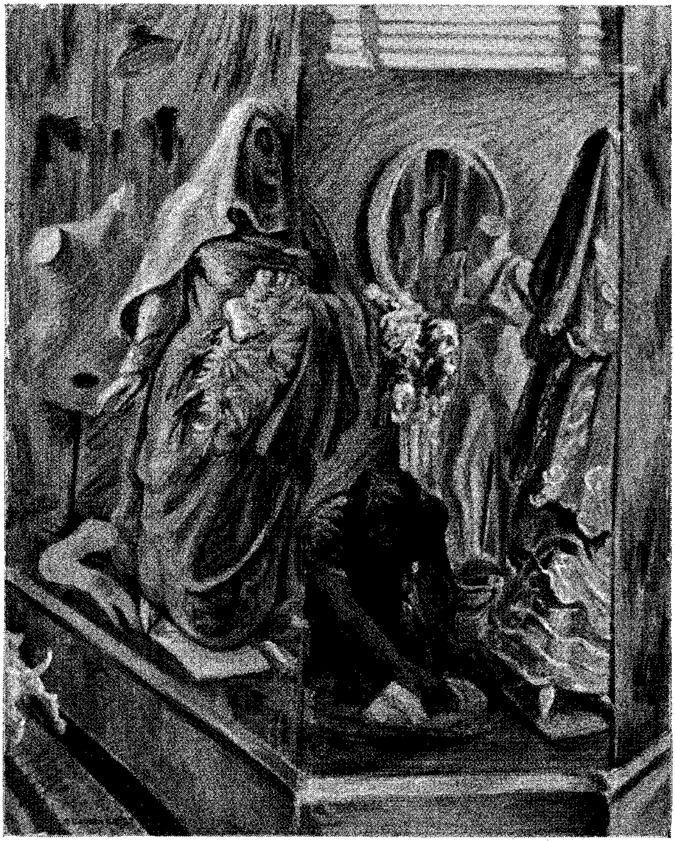
Reisman's subject matter is chiefly concerned with men at work in the city, or men hungry, homeless and jobless. His art is a trumpet blast against oppression, against man's inhumanity to man. He gives you glimpses into the lives of the neglected and the discarded. Look, for example, at *Morning Washup*, a reminiscence of the time when the derelict homeless made their morning ablutions in Central Park after a night in the open. You have in Phil Reisman an artist who strives to restore social function to the artist, in line with his recognition of the fact that the business of painting little pictures in your



FOURTEENTH STREET

studio and selling them to individuals for their parlors and their sitting rooms is obsolescent, if not already dead.

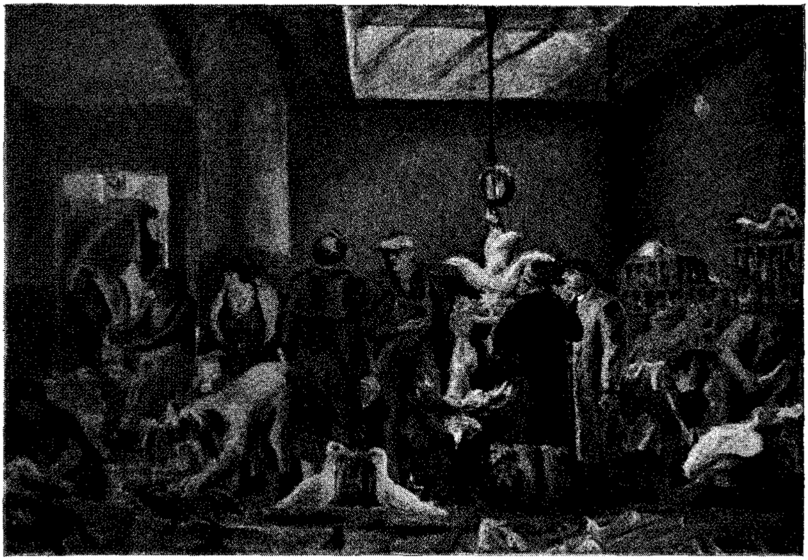
It is for the bums, so called, that Phil Reisman wants to paint pictures and he is working on a mural, to be called *Rehabilitation*, for the wall of the Municipal Lodging House. It is a noble conception which lifts the derelicts of the city into human, as well as social, significance. His painting, *Fourteenth Street*, which is repro-



TROUSSEAU SHOP

duced, gives you a rough idea of the attitude and the human feeling. He is a proletarian artist who, with no effort to escape consequences, can yet give to a place so "common" as a fish market or a poultry market a sense of spacious human and architectural dignity.

He was born into a home of poverty. He did not give up, he did not flee. He used that world which he came to know so well in order to lift it into significance. He learned to keep his eyes open and not to wander off into the dreamland of romantic landscape.

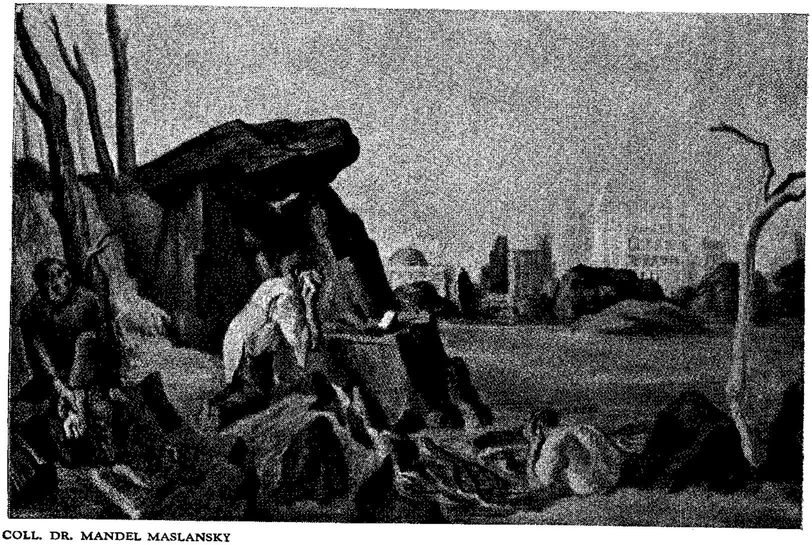


COLL. CECIL BELL

POULTRY MARKET

His early etchings give us unashamed glimpses of a boyhood spent elsewhere than among the amenities and refinements. His formal education was limited, but in fundamentals he is a better educated man than most college graduates.

He became a soda jerker by day and an art student by night. George Bridgeman and Harry Wickey were his teachers, and the Art Students' League his alma mater. He studied at the League on and off for four years. He worked in restaurants and soda fountains for something like ten years, rising to the post of night manager in the Happiness Stores. In the meantime he was making sketches, for he was living in the middle of life. At the age of twenty-two he was illustrating for *Collier's Weekly*. But it was through his etchings that Phil Reisman first introduced himself to the world as an artist. He began working in the process in 1927 and gave it up as an unsatisfactory medium in 1933. But within those six years he produced plates which lifted the eyebrows of museum curators and



COLL. DR. MANDEL MASLANSKY

MORNING WASHUP

private collectors, a number of whom bought his prints.

He began to paint in 1930 and floundered around for at least a year until he discovered (for himself) the tempera method of underpainting. He has never painted a picture without a human being in it who represented the lower classes. Painters have been among the most intense admirers of his work. They have even bought his pictures. Were Philip Reisman otherwise organized and otherwise motivated, he would have made satisfactory terms with a society which has not shown itself entirely unmindful of his personal talents and qualities. But he has identified himself with a struggle for which the prize is something more than personal prestige or a private bank account. He has read a book.

As this is being written, Phil Reisman is completing a set of illustrations for the Random House edition of Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*, in black and white and in color. The drawings he has made are full of nervous energy and have been declared among the best illustrations done in America today.

—HARRY SALPETER

HEY WROTE IN JAIL

FROM DEFOE TO HITLER, IRON BARS HAVE CAST THEIR SHADOW ON MANY A MANUSCRIPT

Now that again the authors are running for their lives in several countries of the habitable globe—at any rate for their liberty—while the world grinds on toward God knows what new indignities for those who dabble in ink, the mind turns easily to prison literature. One is reminded that the jails of history have produced perhaps as many masterpieces as the colleges.

But it is always a little surprising to find an author in the toils. Had any small boy of our time, brought up on *Robinson Crusoe*, chanced to stroll past the London pillory one morning late in the eighteenth century, I think he would have been dismayed to discover in that shameful instrument—his neck and wrists clamped between wooden blocks—the very man who wrote that glamorous tale of adventure, surrounded by a howling mob. Yet there he was, Daniel Defoe in person: "a middle-sized, spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark brown-colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." That was the advertisement, at any rate, praying for the author's apprehension, which ultimately brought him to the predicament in which we find him. However, it is difficult to see how this encounter between the hypothetical small boy and his favorite novelist could have come off, since—in point of fact—Mr. Daniel Defoe had not then got around to writing *Robinson Crusoe* for small boys of the future to admire; he was serving his disagreeable sentence for having written a more savage and less popular pamphlet called *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, one of the most devastating political satires ever penned.

Defoe thumbed his nose and, lying in Newgate Prison, composed his *Hymn to the Pillory*, which in some fashion he caused to be printed and distributed about London. When he was haled forth and locked into the "wooden ruff" crowds gathered to cheer him and pelt him with flowers. He laughed and jested with his friends. On the third day the crowd was roaring drunk in his honor. Indeed, he made such popularity out of his persecution that his enemies in the government were glad to hurry him back to Newgate, where he continued to write and publish with great gusto for more than a year. A newspaper, founded by him in jail, actually flourished for nine years and is remembered today as the great-grandfather of the modern daily. It is an interesting reflection that the first columnist of journalism—and perhaps the first editorial writer—began his career in jail.

Defoe was badly pressed for money when he encountered Captain Roger's narrative of the strange exile of Alexander Selkirk, and had his great idea. Indeed, another jail experience was looming—the debtor's prison was opening its doors for him. But *Crusoe* turned the trick; it was an instant success and is today, after more than two centuries, well up among the best-sellers of the ages. Thereafter, for ten years, his prison experiences stood him in good stead; his subsequent n are crowded with the miscell and outcasts he kne literature is richer by outlaws as *Jonathan Wild, Mol* and *Captain Singleton*, and the a ingly realistic *Journal of the* *Year*. None of these books written in prison. *Robinson Crusoe* was not written in prison. But one fancies it has been often read there.

The most confirmed prison inmate on the literary rolls probably was François Villon, lecher, pickpocket, housebreaker, and murderer—and withal the first great poet of France—who swaggered the streets and alleys of Paris three hundred years earlier; or, when swaggering was dangerous, hid himself away in its malodorous inns and brothels.

François was no better and no worse than many others of his time, except in the miraculous circumstance that he was a genius and a poet. One meets him first about nine o'clock on the evening of Corpus Christi Day, in the year 1455, sitting quietly enough on a stone bench beneath the belfry of Saint Benoît le Bientourné, with the She-Mule tavern conveniently across the road. He is in the company of a priest called Gilles and a young woman of whom all that is known is that her name was

Ysabeau—although it may be hazarded that she was no prude. A second priest appears, with whom the poet previously had quarreled, and a blow is struck that stretches François on the pavement. Daggers are then drawn and, in the resulting hostilities, Villon is wounded in the lip and the priest in the groin. Finally, the poet—disarmed—knocks down his adversary with a paving-stone.

Thus is the story told in old documents, and there is no reason to doubt the essential facts. Probably nothing would have come of the incident—a common enough brawl of the times—if the priest had not died of his wounds. This brought the police into the case, and Villon fled the city to escape prosecution. Happily for the world, and for the poet, the dying priest told the truth about the episode, or François would have been pursued and hanged for manslaughter, and we should now be doing without some very admirable poetry. As it was, he was pardoned and enabled to return to Paris, where—in the natural order—he was quickly in trouble again. Subsequently he is discovered lying under sentence of death in the prison at Orleans; although what offense brought him again behind bars is not now known.

What the Bishop of Orleans had against Villon has never been discovered; but what Villon thought of the bishop and his dungeons may be read in his *Grand Testament*, much of which probably was written during this confinement. "May God," he prays, "do by him as he by me." Among other punishments he was subjected to the torture by water and perhaps even the rack. At all times he was kept in a dungeon under the moat—dark and airless—dripping with water—infested by rats and toads—chained by his ankles to a staple. His diet, for the entire summer that he stayed there, was stale bread and water. It seems incredible that some of his finest verse was composed under these conditions; but so it would appear: the lovely ballad calling upon his friends for help, the *Epitaph in Form of a Ballade*, asking "Prince Jesus" to forgive the gallows-birds, the great ballad "crying all folk mercy." There was charity and humility, as well as hate, in the stormy soul of François Villon.

Nobody knows what happened at the last to François Villon. "How or when he died, whether decently in bed or trussed up to a gallows, remains a riddle for foolhardy commentators," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson, in a famous phrase. He was thirty years of age, toothless and prematurely bald, with a gashed upper lip and a hacking prison cough that threatened early tuberculosis. A sinister dog; but still jaunty and a bit defiant, one thinks, as he walked out for the last time upon the Orleans road. Perhaps, somewhere, at long last, the gibbet got him; but it is more likely that he coughed his lungs out in some stinking dungeon, writing in his head *ballades* more beautiful and terrible than any that have come down to us.

In any muster of the great books written in prison, usually the first title set down is Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. As a picture of the difficulties and triumphs of the Christian life, the immortal allegory is excellent; but as a fairy tale it is superb. Its lines come to mind like some of the simple, singing stories of the Bible . . .

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep; and, as I slept, I dreamed a dream."

The "den," of course, was Bedford Jail; but Bunyan—who was born in 1628—was some years in reaching it. He was a product of the spiritual ferment of an age bewildering for the number of its strange sects; and all his life his soul was heavy with a consciousness of sin and haunted by visions of hell-fire. No doubt he saw the very devils of the pit dancing in the flame and smoke of his father's forge, where he learned his trade of tinker. After some years of spiritual struggle, almost nightmarish in its quality, he found himself and became an open-air preacher whose influence was felt through all of England. His power must have been considerable, for on the return of Charles II to the throne, Bunyan was the first man prohibited to hold public meetings. When he refused to obey he went to jail.

His imprisonment lasted for nearly twelve years, and cannot be said to have been severe. In prison he made tagged shoelaces to support his family, which he was frequently allowed to see, and at times was even allowed to leave the jail and preach in the regular Baptist Church. He wrote at least two-thirds of his *Pilgrim's Progress* in jail although the book was not published until some years after his release. The first edition—of which eleven copies are known to survive—is dated 1678, and was "printed for Nath. Ponder at the Peacock in the Poultrey near Cornhil." That is to say, in London.

Whether or not the *Pilgrim's Progress* was, as one supposes, the most pious romance ever produced in prison, the most scandalous by all odds was the incredibly indecent *Fanny Hill*, which many men believe to be the most entertaining work of its kind in the English language. Its sub-title—*The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*—suggests its kind; the late Anthony Comstock once called it the most obscene book ever written. As between the two suggested appraisals, one can only observe that it is perhaps the one classic in English erotic literature that appears destined to permanent survival. It has maintained its clandestine celebrity for nearly two centuries now; although the precise date of first publication appears to be uncertain, it was no later than 1750 and may have been as early as 1745. It is, of course, against the law either to print or sell it; but rumor has it that the volume may still be obtained—although not the first edition, of which, I believe, only two copies are known.

John Cleland, who wrote these extraordinary "memoirs" of an eighteenth-century prostitute—either out of his imagination or synthetic experience—was the son of Addison's "Will Honeycomb," that is, of Colonel William Cleland, a roystering fellow whose dissipations left his offspring penniless. For a time the young man held a government position in the Indies; but a quarrel with his superior sent him back to London where, shortly, he was in a debtor's prison. Happily for Cleland and for admirers of *Fanny Hill*, he had a small reputation for literary ability; and while he was in prison a publisher approached him for a book. He suggested a book that would sell so widely as to put Cleland out of debt. The result was *Fanny Hill*, which I am afraid has sold outrageously ever since. For this masterpiece, Cleland is said to have received twenty guineas, while his publisher is believed to have made ten thousand pounds. It should be added that the licentiousness of the novel so shocked even the eighteenth-century authorities that Cleland was summoned before the privy council, where he pleaded his poverty as an excuse and was given his freedom. A bookseller named Drybutter, who some years later was accused of altering the language of the story for the worse, was made to stand in the pillory. It is only fair to say that Cleland, in later life, wrote a number of other books of unexceptionable dullness.

The fiery ordeal of Oscar Wilde

is too well known to require much comment. To the end of literature he will be remembered, by those who have not read him, as the poet who went to jail for a flagrant offense against the public morals. More people know the circumstances of his disgrace than ever will read his poetry or see his plays. For two years he was imprisoned in Reading Jail (or *gaol*, as he preferred to write it), for sodomy, after a brilliant career as dramatist and poet; but his famous ballad—contrary to popular belief—was not written until after his release. It is no strain upon credulity, however, to imagine that many of its most poignant stanzas, such as the one quoted, occurred to him while the bars were still strong around him:

> *I know not whether Laws be right*
> *Or whether Laws be wrong;*
> *All that we know who lie in gaol*
> *Is that the wall is strong;*
> *And that each day is like a year,*
> *A year whose days are long.*

It is a long roll, that of the men of letters who wrote in prison, and it is far from exhausted. Outstanding in the muster are Cervantes, Camoens and Raleigh, and one notes the names of Boethius and Friar Bacon, Lydiat and Hugo Grotius, John Selden and Sir William Davenant—the profligate Richard Savage—Diderot and Mirabeau in France—Cobbett and Montgomery in nineteenth-century England—but the list is too long either for print or comfort. Let it be closed with a name that is at present written large across the map of Europe, and probably muttered in Hell, although to call the author a man of letters is rather stretching a point. Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf* is said to have been written in a prison camp in Austria, and so it falls within our category. A first edition (Munich, 1925-27, two volumes, original boards) was recently offered for sale by Mr. George Bates, the well-known English dealer, at £55, which is about $225 from Maine to California. "Whether regarded as a lamp to lighten our darkness or as a first edition of the devil with annotations by Beelzebub, the importance of the book cannot be denied," asserts the bookseller. "It must rank with titles such as Karl Marx's *Kapital*, More's *Utopia*, and Plato's *Republic*."

It is always possible that this author may have an opportunity to do another book in prison; perhaps his *Memoirs*. A considerable sentiment exists, one fancies, for making the opportunity immediate. —VINCENT STARRETT

HE GREAT

ALE ASCETIC WAS JEAN DE B
ARTYRED GIANT OF THE CANADI

IN FORTY thick volumes, comprising the *Relations des Jesuites*, are recorded the heroic and painful tales of the Jesuit attempt to bring Christian civilization to the Indian tribes of Canada. Writing from wigwam or crude mission-house, on paper or on bark or beaverskin, with gunpowder-and-water ink and even with their own blood, the undaunted missionaries year after year reported their adventures and achievements to their superiors. In these letters and informal essays the fathers set down the minutest particulars of Indian life. Between the lines which they wrote posterity has found an indelible picture of these self-abnegating apostles of their faith.

Skimming through the pages of history, one often thinks of the Canadian Jesuits as pale individuals, struggling weakly with the devils of the wilderness. But that is far from the truth. The Society of Jesus had always been successful in attracting into its ranks men of stern fiber, in many cases personalities who would have been marked as leaders in any field. Their struggle, like the patriarch Jacob's match of strength with the angel of the Lord, was a heroic contest with great odds against them.

Among the fathers assigned to toil in the Canadian vineyard was a number of unusually fine characters. Outstanding among these was Jean de Brebeuf, physically a giant, intellectually well suited to cope with the difficult task of bringing the Christian creed to the benighted red tribes of New France.

★ ★ ★

Of noble stock, Jean de Brebeuf was born in a little town in Normandy on March 25, 1593. From his early youth his ambition seems to have been to become a lay brother, but when he was twenty he entered the Jesuit order as a scholastic.

Although he was a man with a

ame, his health
when he was twenty-
d he did not continue with
is theological studies. On June 19, 1625, he and several other Jesuits arrived at Quebec to engage in missionary work among the red tribes in the vast territory of Canada, then New France.

From the day he landed he plunged actively into the work that had been assigned to him. At once he secured a site for a residence for the mission. Then he left to spend his first winter in the wigwams of the Algonquin tribes. Perhaps more than any of his companions, because of his strong, impulsive nature, he found it necessary to impose a rigid discipline upon himself. To live out the dreary winter amid the filth and the vermin, the smoke and the cold of the Indian shelters. He endured complete gamut of abuse from banter and ridicule to physical torments.

During his first spring in the new world, Brebeuf and a single white companion made a canoe trip with the Indians to Lake Huron. On the entire journey his life was in constant danger. At every step the Indians seemed to try to reach the end of Brebeuf's endurance.

But Brebeuf persisted and in time won
preciation
panions. W
Georgian Ba
first Huron
Jesuit associate
he was left enti
Huron wildernes
continued with hi
ving ap-
mained on Georg ay until Quebec, confronted by a hostile English expedition, summoned him to return.

On July 17, 1628 he was back in Quebec. Two days later Samuel de Champlain surrendered the tiny colony to the English and the missionaries returned to France.

Four years later the colony was again restored to France, and in May of 1633 Brebeuf, with two companions, was back to renew his labors. Once more he planned to go to the Huron country. The distance was roughly nine hundred miles. Most of the way they traveled by canoe, but there were nearly three dozen portages where both canoes and baggage had to be carried. A number of times they had to dare swift currents and rapids. In the past year the Hurons had been visited by a severe epidemic and by Iroquois war-parties; in a dozen cruel ways they now avenged themselves on their uncomplainguests. Brebeuf's companions ere lost and turned up at their estination much later on. Bre- euf himself went through so many angers that he felt he had lost the ability to fear. His zeal and devotion alone kept him moving forward.

Within twenty miles of their goal his Indian guides deliberately abandoned him and, bruised and ragged, he had to make his way through the forest with no help but his faith and his little knowledge of the terrain. At last, however, thirty days out of Quebec, he arrived at Ihonatiria, a new Huron town on Georgian Bay.

Soon his companions came in and the Indians were prevailed upon to erect a mission house for them.

Once more the work was begun—the arduous task of mastering a language that was woefully deficient in words for abstract terms, the constant preaching of the spiritual beauty and the efficacy of Christianity, and the thousand and one little services which the fathers had to give freely to win the good will of the savages. Brebeuf in particular strove to learn the Indians' customs and habits and cleverly employed them when he could in stressing the points of his religious message.

The dangers of the mission had not disappeared. The Indian medicine-men saw in these "black robes" a powerful challenge to their authority and strove in every way to thwart them. But the priests, though they were careful to avoid giving offense, walked boldly in the village and in the forest, trusting in their faith and its saints to keep them.

All winter long they witnessed an endless round of feasts, ceremonies and antics. To win the aid of the "black-robes" against the epidemic, then taking a severe toll from the Hurons, the savages offered to build a new chapel. But Brebeuf and his companions would not compromise. They inveighed against the idolatry, the occasional cannibalism and the promiscuous practices and would take nothing less than a complete disavowal of the tribal heathenism.

At Ossossane the villagers accepted the priests' conditions. As the Jesuits were praising God for their victory a new medicine-man, dwarfed, humpbacked but satanically persuasive, came in to thwart the missionaries. But in 1637, when a plague of the smallpox ravaged the Hurons, they were still toiling on with little regard for their own safety, ignoring every obstacle laid in their path.

In 1640 Brebeuf and Chaumonot set out from their residence at Sainte Marie on the Wye River for the country of the Neutral Nation where they hoped to found a new mission. After five days the priests reached the Neutral Nation and there visited eighteen villages. But the Hurons, having failed to rid themselves of the priests, had incited the Neutrals to kill them on the charge that they were spreading the pestilence. But the lives of the Jesuits were spared and after four months of hardship, they returned to Sainte Marie, having had no success at all with the Neutrals.

Meantime, despite the growth of a strong heathen party which was strenuously opposed to the missionary efforts, Sainte Marie had become a great mission center. In one year, six thousand converted Indians were fed and lodged here. From the cultivation of the land the fathers gathered a large store of provisions. From Quebec livestock and even a few fowl were brought up. At the beginning of 1648 the mission had provisions for nearly three years, and eleven minor missions had been established in the vicinity.

Then came the Iroquois, hereditary enemy of the Algonquin tribes and the most ferocious warriors on the continent. So zealous were the Iroquois for Huron scalps that war-parties would sometimes linger for weeks and months on the fringe of the Huron country, lying in wait for victims. "Not men, but wolves," their victims said of them, for the fear of the Iroquois reached nearly a thousand miles from the Mohawk Valley.

On July 4, 1648 the Iroquois storm burst upon the village of St. Joseph, located near the present site of Barrie, Ontario. St. Joseph was a well-fortified town, but most of its warriors were absent when the Iroquois fury swept up against it. Seven hundred Hurons were captured or killed.

Eight months later one thousand Iroquois warriors again invaded Huron country. In a series of quick marches they reached St. Ignace and, quickly attacking, captured it. The next move was on St. Louis, where among the rest, Fathers Brebeuf and Lalemont were seized. A march of another six miles—and Sainte Marie was taken: technically the Huron mission ended with its fall.

At St. Louis the Jesuits could have fled when the word came that the Iroquois were approaching. But they stood their ground with the Hurons and with them were taken prisoners. At St. Ignace on March 16, 1649 Jean de Brebeuf, the tall "black-robe" with the mustache and beard, was bound to a stake and was slowly, with unbelievable tortures, put to death. In a fiendish ceremony he was scorched from head to foot. His captors cut away his lower lip and thrust a red-hot iron down his throat. They hung a collar of red-hot hatchets about his neck.

To mock the baptismal rite the Iroquois poured boiling water upon his head. They cut strips of flesh from him and mocked the dying priest by devouring them before his eyes. He was still breathing when they scalped him. Then the fiends tore open his breast, drank of his blood and, when he finally expired, ate his heart in peculiar tribute to his courage. Thus, at the age of fifty-six, died Jean de Brebeuf, the giant of the Canadian Jesuits. Father Lalemont was tortured to death that same night.

Their colleagues attempted to save the Huron mission by re-establishing it on the Isle of St. Joseph, but from the mainland the Iroquois still dogged their enemy. When a remnant of the nation was hurried into Quebec the refugees were not safe even there. In the end the last of the Hurons were dispersed as far as possible among other nations in the northwestern country, away from the hellish fury of the Iroquois.

The mission had failed and the Jesuit work here was ended. But the story of the heroic labors and, particularly of the martyrdom of Jean de Brebeuf, remained to inspire countless others, layman as well as priest, who came to brave the wilderness after him.

—PHILIP PAUL DANIELS

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 45-49

1. A
2. C
3. B
4. C
5. A
6. A
7. B
8. C
9. B
10. B
11. A
12. A
13. B
14. B
15. C
16. A
17. C
18. B
19. A
20. B
21. A
22. B
23. A
24. B
25. B
26. A
27. B
28. C
29. A
30. B
31. C
32. A
33. A
34. A
35. C
36. A
37. B
38. C
39. B
40. A
41. A
42. A
43. B
44. C
45. C
46. A
47. B
48. C
49. C
50. C

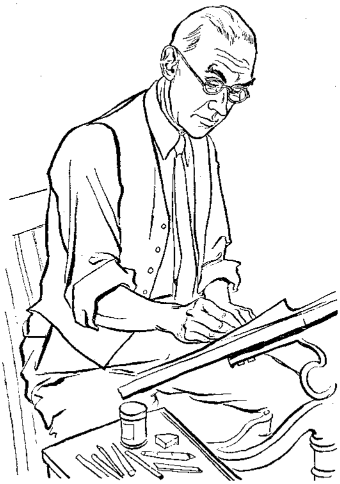
RETIRED LIBERAL

KIRBY LET MR. HOWARD PAY HIS SALARY—AS LONG AS HE COULD SUPPLY HIS OWN OPINIONS

ROLLIN KIRBY is the best-known political cartoonist in America. He is also one of the last lineal descendants of that vanquished race, the Liberals. Today, he is in the position of Poe's victim in the *Pit and the Pendulum*. The walls are slowly closing in on him. Soon they will turn on the heat.

Kirby relentlessly lampooned reaction, big business, corruption, intolerance. With biting good humor, he reduced Prohibition to an absurdity and boiled the Republican Party down to the shell in a pea game.

He fought the Harding administration for its Musica morals. He fought Coolidge as the Charlie McCarthy of Wall Street. He fought for Nicaragua, which Coolidge wanted to save in the same way that Japan is saving China. He stuck a pin in Hoover.

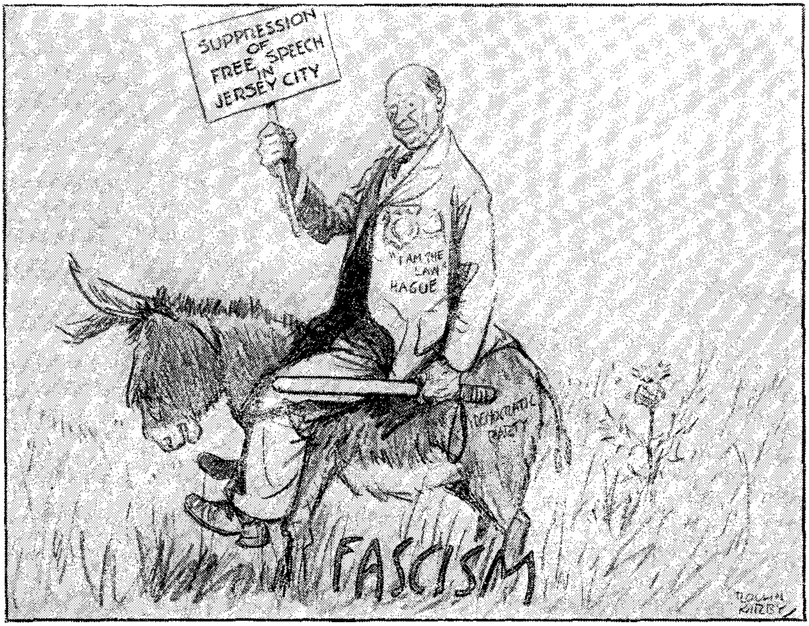


Rollin Kirby

But it so happens that Kirby goes after the Left almost as vigorously as he goes after the Right. And that leaves him out on a thin limb . . .in a world that is rapidly cutting down its trees.

It is a noble perch; and if the tree goes, he will float in blessed memory, like his confreres from the German *Simplicissimus*. So long as it stands he will have nothing of compromise.

A few months ago he was astride the *New York World-Telegram*, one of Liberalism's last withering


SUPPRESSION OF FREE SPEECH IN JERSEY CITY
"I AM THE LAW" HAGUE
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
FASCISM
ROLLIN KIRBY

IT'S A PATIENT BEAST THAT CAN STAND THAT LOAD

limbs. When the sap ran out, he left with it.

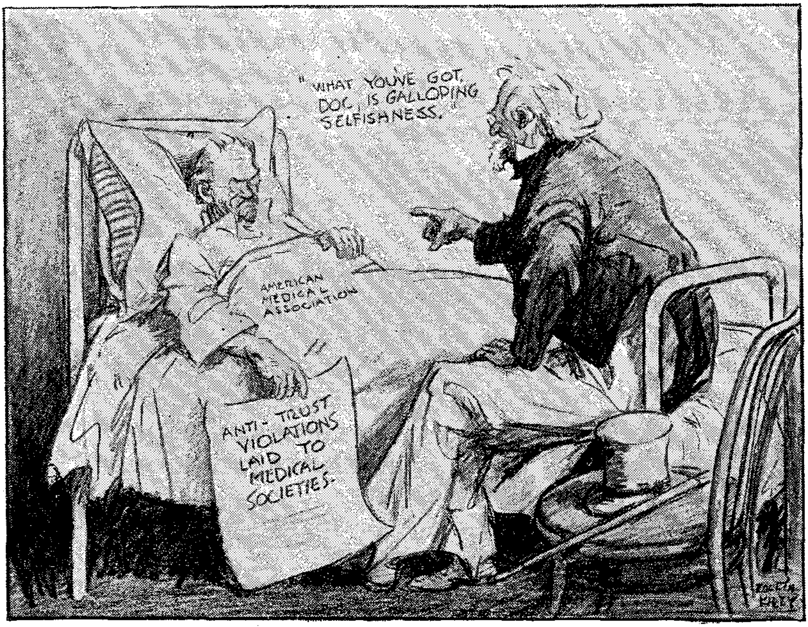
Kirby was born September 4, 1875, in Galva, Illinois. At 8, he was moved with his family to Hastings, Nebraska. Here he got in a few grades of his only formal schooling.

Mrs. Kirby had been a painter; and her influence was strong. At 18, Kirby was sent to New York to study at the Art Students League. Two years later, when he was showing promise, his mother again went to bat for him. The result was Kirby going to Paris.

In 1900, Kirby returned to New York. Then followed two decisive steps. He set himself up as a painter. He married a talented actress—Miss Estelle Carter, of Lebanon, Tennessee.

With both feet and his right arm on reality, Kirby turned from painting to magazine illustrating. "But," says he, "I was probably one of the worst illustrators that ever lived."

He went downtown to see Franklin P. Adams, then a col-


"WHAT YOU'VE GOT, DOC, IS GALLOPING SELFISHNESS."
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
ANTI-TRUST VIOLATIONS LAID TO MEDICAL SOCIETIES

DIAGNOSING THE DOCTOR'S DISORDER

umnist on the old *New York Mail*. F. P. A. took him to an inner office and introduced him to Theophilus N. Niles, the editor, who hired him at once as political cartoonist.

Soon he was fired.

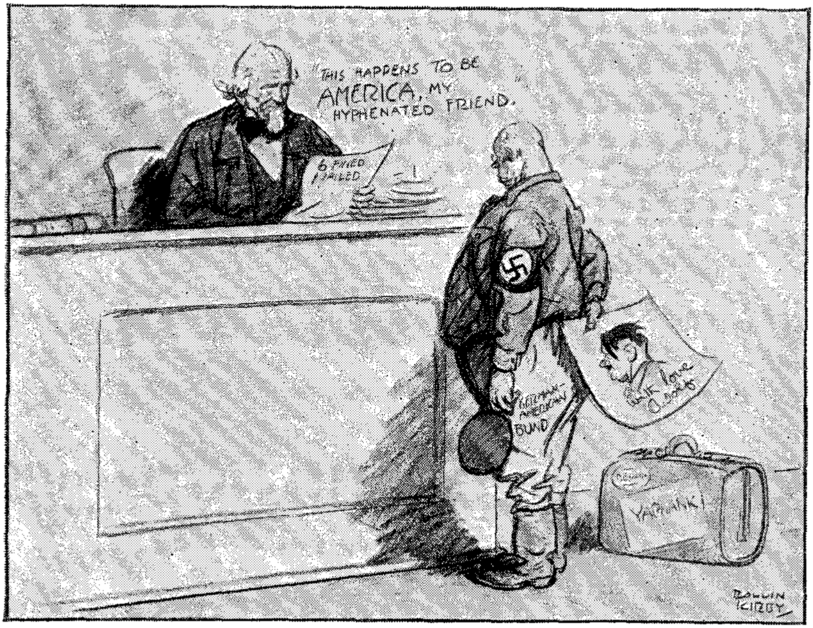
In 1912, he got a job on the *Sun*. "There," said he, "I was fired almost before I could get my hat off."

Then came the *World*—1913. At last he had a paper, and a mind for an editor, Frank I. Cobb . . . "One of the most influential and one of the ablest men of his time."

"Before this," said Kirby, "I had had no convictions in politics. It took me a long time to straighten out and have convictions." On the old *World*, he quickly "straightened out." He became what he calls a full-fledged "glandular liberal." His job was not political. He was a "pictorial reporter."

Kirby began to mull things over. One day he drew a social cartoon.

He showed it to Charles M. Lincoln, the managing editor. Lincoln said: "Can you do any more?"


"THIS HAPPENS TO BE AMERICA, MY HYPHENATED FRIEND."
6 FINED
1 JAILED
GERMAN-AMERICAN BUND
YAPHANK
ROLLIN KIRBY

SWATTING THE SWASTIKA

"Can I do any more?" said the energized Kirby. "I can do one a day."

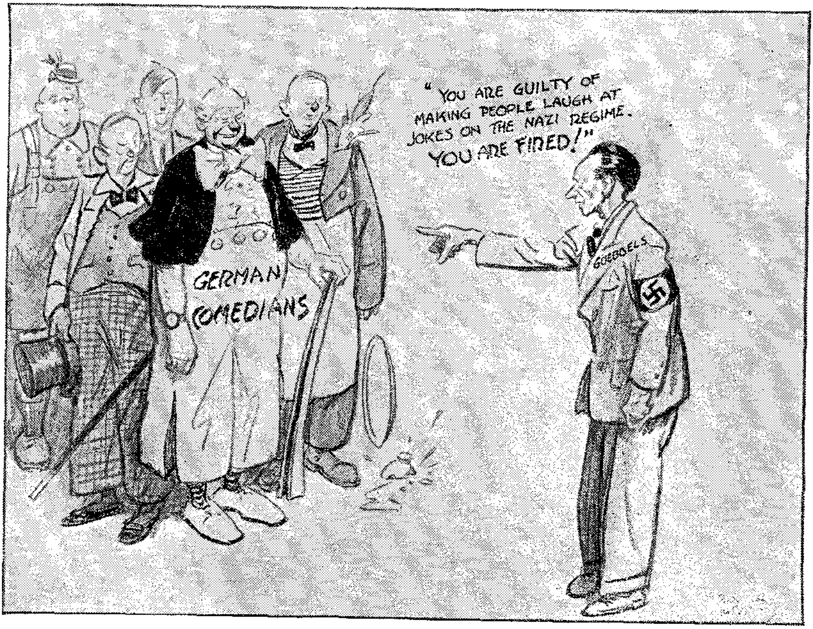
Thus was born Kirby's first official job of graphic social criticism. A series began called "Trials of the Rich."

He soon sensed that the subject he had set up was too limited. Material would run out. He decided to expand—let in the foibles of all Manhattan. A greater series was crystallized under a new title, "Sights of the Town."

The *World's* political cartoonist, at this time, was MacCauley. The calendar spun around and MacCauley was fired. Kirby moved into his place.

Kirby was now set to throw a typewriter as well as a crayon into the political arena. He took a deep breath, and turned out seventeen years' worth of editorials, book reviews, syndicated articles, and features—as well as cartoons.

When the old *World* collapsed, Kirby joined the coalition *World-Telegram*. Roy Howard, head of the new setup, put on liberalism's


"YOU ARE GUILTY OF MAKING PEOPLE LAUGH AT JOKES ON THE NAZI REGIME. YOU ARE FIRED!"
GOEBBELS
GERMAN COMEDIANS

HE CAN DISH IT BUT HE CAN'T TAKE IT

sheep's clothing and seemed to see the world with Kirby, eye to eye.

As years passed, a loosely-concealed fang began to jut out of Howard. He turned against the New Deal, he attacked the Left without cease, he began to growl with the "Interests."

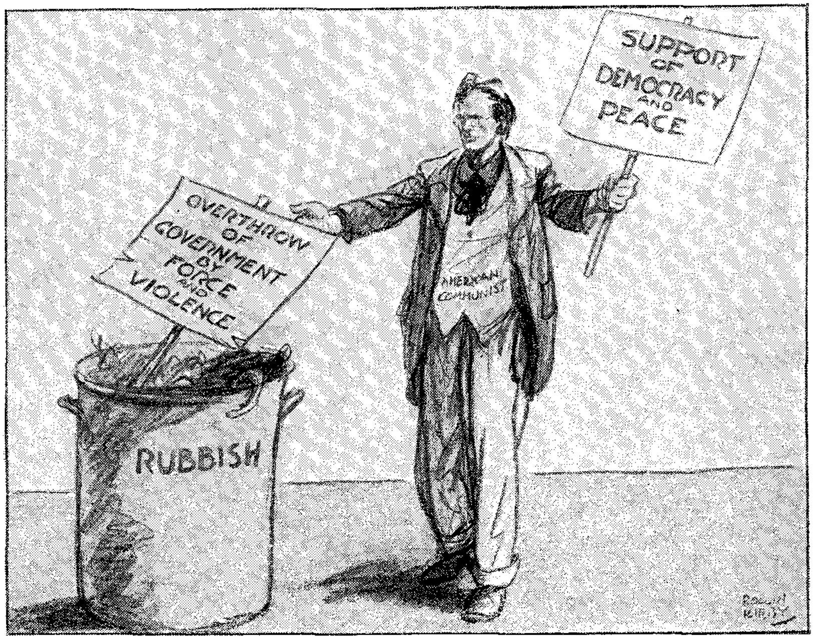
In 1938, Howard dropped the cloak. Twice Kirby was called on to lampoon a New York Borough president's assistant because this assistant was said to have Leftist convictions. Kirby strenuously fought him and the feathers flew.

On December 31st, the *World-Telegram* management delivered the *coup de grâce*. Kirby had drawn the 1939 New Year's baby sad and wan. When the paper appeared, he discovered that his cartoon had been redrawn, and the baby made plump, fun-loving, and fatuous.

"It looked," said Kirby, "like something out of a bottle."

Kirby took his hat and walked out of the office. A month later, Howard made a short-lived peace.

On April 1st, Kirby's contract expired. Two weeks before, he


SUPPORT OF DEMOCRACY AND PEACE
OVERTHROW OF GOVERNMENT BY FORCE AND VIOLENCE
AMERICAN COMMUNIST
RUBBISH
ROLLIN KIRBY

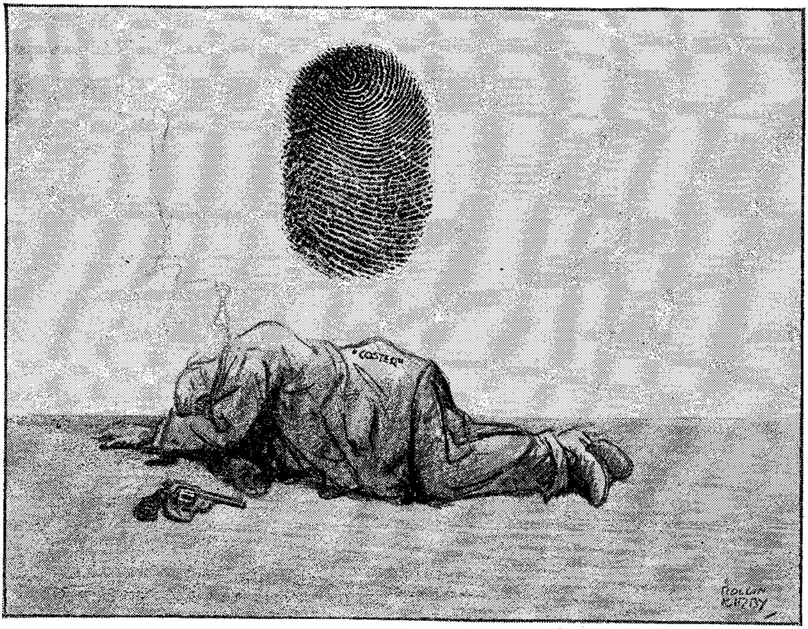
CHANGING BANNERS

took up a piece of copy paper and penciled this statement: "Barring periods of illness and my regular holidays, I have gone each day for twenty-seven years to a newspaper office and made a cartoon. On April 1st, I am leaving the *World-Telegram*. The reason for my so doing is my reluctance to support a point of view which seemed many times to be unfair, and the resultant dissatisfaction of the *World-Telegram* with my convictions . . ."

To get at the core of Kirby's cartooning, it is necessary to probe his personal and psychological setup.

He is a pleasant, easy-going man, without malice, bitterness, affectations, or apparent temperament. He wears an air of wiry, nervous tension, gloved in the velvet of good living.

At 62, he is still slender and active; still crowned with a relatively full head of neatly-slicked grey hair. He is a brisk, clipped talker, who has a great deal to say . . . and prefers to say it from be-



NEMESIS

hind a highball in a Park Avenue apartment.

Yet he is dead set against reaction in any form, against violence, intolerance, and the symbols of the Park Avenue he likes to live on . . . or does live on.

He has fought violently with his editors. He bluntly refuses to illustrate an opinion on which he dissents. He has contempt for the cartoonists who are butlers to their editors.

"I couldn't work for the *Herald Tribune*," he said, "if they were to offer me $100,000 a year."

He takes satisfaction, today, in the fact that he is well on in years —and has money salted away. "Otherwise," he claims, "I could never get away with my particular stand."

In technique, he feels that most cartoonists fall into one of two camps: those stemming from the best French tradition, the tradition of Daumier and Forain; and those in the comic strip class — a class he labels "The illegitimate children of John McCutcheon."

His own work falls into the former camp. It is severe, economical; the characters look like real people . . . and can tell their story without ticker-tape. The McCutcheon style is one of stereotyped symbols—Uncle Sam, John Bull, Congressmen with side-whiskers, the meek, bespectacled Taxpayer. The meaning is conveyed by a bargain sale array of labels, streamers, and pennants.

Since the essence of a cartoon is caricature, and since caricature is necessarily a form of attack, Kirby maintains that all yes-saying cartoons are weak. Or to put it in his own words, "the cartoon of approbation is rarely successful."

Fortune has spared him the need of much approving. During most of his years on the *World*, two targets rarely withdrew from range: Tammany in New York, the Republican Party in Washington.

The Harding administration was practically a twenty-four-hour shooting gallery. And Coolidge—although we speak softly of the dead—was an archer's temptation. Mr. Hoover, over-fed to start with, was practically designed by nature for Kirby's express delight.

Capping the period was the era of prohibition—what the Republican department often held up as "a noble experiment." Cartoonists could ask little more. Kirby created the funereal long-chinned, long-nosed specter to deal with Prohibition—a figure that is now as familiar as Uncle Sam . . . or a taxpayer in a barrel.

Then came the berserk decade. The old saw, "This is a mad world my fool" became a classic of understatement.

All the materials for great caricature climbed up on Kirby's board—and begged to be drawn.

Kirby has published a great deal. In addition to editorials—and the general run of newspaper chores—there has been verse, *New Yorker* stuff, the article on cartooning in the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and two one-act plays.

The record should say that Kirby is a fine spirit, strayed somehow, from the nineteenth century. He belongs in the company of Ruskin and Arnold; William Morris and Thoreau. His mettle is harder, it is true, his indignation higher.

But arm in arm with contradiction, what can he do? Protest, satirize, refuse to compromise, and retire. He can attack the extreme Right today, the extreme Left tomorrow, his job the day after. In the end there is little but a highball and the culture of the chrysanthemum. —MARK ASHLEY

A NOTE ON GILBERT & SULLIVAN

THE WORDS MAY BE OLD, THE TUNES MAY BE TRITE, BUT THEY GO BLITHELY ON AND ON

EITHER you have it or you don't. Either you are or you aren't. It's a disease you catch. When you have it, you don't know where you got it nor how to get rid of it. Like the common cold, there's no cure for it.

It's hereditary. Fathers give it to their sons, mothers to their daughters. A cruise on *H.M.S. Pinafore* is a family affair, in which "the ruler of the Queen's Navee" is usually attended by "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts" in the audience as well as on the boards. The schools spread it. Children are infected before they know it. Junior warbles "Tit-Willow," impersonates the Duke of Plaza-Toro and Sir Joseph Porter, brandishes Ko-Ko's broad blade before he gets out of high school, and to his dying day imagines himself

A wandering minstrel, I
A thing of shreds and patches

What is it that gets into our blood? What is it that makes our spines tingle and our feet tap year after year? What is it that causes people to pour out of theatres in Sydney, Cape Town, London, Vancouver and New York joking and humming snatches of melody to one another?

It can't be the words. The sly, Gilbertian poke of satire became old-fashioned decades ago. The 1939 brand of humor jabs, punches, jars, and strives for a knock-out with a gag, a leer from an unabashed reference to the facts of life—something that was not mentioned in Victoria's reign. We demand belly-laughs and guffaws, not smiles and chuckles.

It can't be the music. No longer are we convulsed at hearing the bassoons laugh out while the Three Little Maids are singing, or the oboe's villainous shriek in the High Executioner's solo. Both Carnegie Hall and Fifty-second Street have given us stronger stuff. In fact, there's hardly a progression or a melody in Sullivan's music that is not the worse for wear today.

And yet they live—Gilbert and Sullivan. Though they were said to be old hat in the days of Disraeli, they're still doing service in the era of Neville Chamberlain—to original, swing and hot companies alike. Quips that never mention television, radio, skyscrapers, elevator, the Rolls Royce, the Schuberts, Shirley Temple, Hollywood or Geneva still persist. Tunes that are grey-bearded and moth-eaten go merrily on.

Certainly, there have been other English composers the equal of Sullivan and librettists and lyric writers better than Gilbert. Yet, of them all, Gilbert and Sullivan alone command allegiance wherever English is spoken. The *Mikado* is the single theatrical equivalent in English of *Trovatore* in Italian and *Freischutz* in German. Gilbert and Sullivan's success is not alone due to the fact that the basic characteristics of the human race are the same as when Gilbert was taking lyrical cuff-notes on them fifty years ago . . . that he observed them so accurately and embodied them so deftly in the puppets of his many mythical kingdoms that we see our own selves mirrored in them. Nor is it due to the melodic gift of Sullivan.

If anything will account for their unique fame, it is the ideal matching of two talents—the wedding, not of identities, but of complements. Gilbert inspired Sullivan with satire. Sullivan soothed Gilbert with sentiment. Their offspring is the one perfect blend of words and music in the history of the English theatre: a fusion of things that ordinarily do not fuse: a synthesis that is as natural and fresh as

The flowers that bloom in the spring,
Tra-la . . . .

The product is the achievement of two Irishmen who battled it out. In their best collaborations the score between words and music stood six to six at the halves.

Their ambition in the beginning was to burlesque Grand Opera. They were tired of "Roshian and Turk and Prooshian and Eye-talian." They wanted something in English, something that was not an insult—as most opera librettos are—to the eye and ear. They were tired of fat prima donnas and screeching tenors.

Gilbert was the dominant partner in the collaboration and, according to Hesketh Pearson, Sullivan's admiration of his librettist had something almost feminine in it. The two were opposites and complemented each other. Had Sullivan been a woman, they would have made a successful marriage. That being impossible, the alternative was a union in arts. Says Pearson: "Gilbert was the Svengali who drew out the melodies he wanted from Trilby-Sullivan, who gladly gave himself to the magnetism of a personality that made him do what otherwise he could not."

Gilbert, peacock that he was, grew jealous of the music he had inspired, jealous of the position Sullivan attained. Wherever he went he heard people whistling Sullivan's tunes but seldom singing his words. He knew that except for them the music would not have been written. He was envious of Sullivan's tours with people of prominence and his casual acceptance of the praise of emperor and khedive.

Sullivan took it all in his stride. Alert, obliging, full of deference for his superiors, he could ingratiate himself with anyone. His personal popularity plus his sentimental songs paved the way to the throne. Victoria asked for a complete set of his works and even had him correct the musical efforts of her Prince Consort. Pearson writes: "No other English composer ever received so many evidences of royal favor, and none ever was as faithful or as devoted. From the moment when the Prince Consort tipped him half a guinea, he never looked back, and the tipping became mutual. They bestowed honors and decorations on him; he wrote marches and *Te Deums* for them."

With his easy adaptability and his position, it was no trouble for Sullivan to humor Gilbert. Moreover, he had great respect for his librettist. Gilbert, for his part, enjoyed being a czar. To him, life had been a struggle, a grievance. He was in the habit of fighting his way. He was not at ease with people, preferred the company of dogs and children because they did not criticize or contradict him.

In his theatre he would brook no opposition. He issued his orders as if he were a general on parade, and when they were not obeyed he stormed and shouted.

Though women were his chief interest and he had a room in his house called the Flirtorium, he insisted on the strictest propriety in the theatre. Dressing rooms of the actors were on one side of the stage, those of the actresses on the other; no lingering about the corridors or on the stage, no gossiping in one another's dressing rooms was allowed, according to edict.

Gilbert dominated the production. He took his libretti seriously, regarded them as a conductor regards a symphony that can be wrecked by the playing of a single false note, and he determined from the outset to achieve perfect harmony from his orchestra of actors. Every word had to be said with a certain inflection, every movement had to be made in a certain manner, every position had to be judged to a square inch, every piece of "business" had to be considered in its relation to the scene.

Only one thing he couldn't control and that was the pirates in America. They proved to be a far more serious band than those of Penzance. He and Sullivan and D'Oyly Carte came to New York, Gilbert announcing: "I will not have another libretto of mine produced if the Americans are going to steal it. Not that I need the money so much, but it upsets my digestion." Some friends thought of sending a torpedo boat to meet them. Upon arrival, both composer and librettist took pains to make it known that he had done far better work before he met the other.

They gave the world premiere of *The Pirates of Penzance* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on December 31, 1879. The composer, immaculately attired and with white kid gloves, monocle in his right eye, and red silk socks peeping over his British dancing pumps, led the music. All sorts of attempts, including bribery of the orchestra, were made to burgle the music, and Sullivan announced that if anyone in the audience were observed to be taking notes, he would promptly be ejected.

Sullivan returned to America to produce the *Mikado*, and traveled to the West Coast. He stopped in Salt Lake City to play the organ in the Mormon Tabernacle, and was pleased to be mistaken for his famous namesake, the pugilist.

Whether he would have been pleased had he lived to hear his music swung, nobody knows. Which he would have voted for—"Hot" Mikado or "Swing" Mikado—remains a mystery.

The public apparently takes it all ways. They patronize the D'Oyly Carte museum-pieces, preserved intact in the original. They go for the jam session Hassard Short offers. The "Hot" version has made Katisha's sleepy solo a sock hit, and Harlem's got Gilbert and Sullivan trucking. But it doesn't seem to matter in this land which still believes

The Noble Lord who rules the State

The Noble Lord who cleans the plate
The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate
They all shall equal be!

Gilbert and Sullivan's position is secure. Their characters dance gaily on in a world without boundary lines, in a century without end. Of that, at least, there is

No manner of doubt
No probable, possible shadow of doubt
No possible doubt whatever.

—Carleton Smith

ANSWERS TO TASTE TEST ON PAGES 10-14

1. B is preferable. The flowers and leaves emanate from a central point in a natural-growing manner, and the use of foliage endows this arrangement with a better proportion and a softer, more pleasing effect. In A, the following principles of good taste in flower arrangement are violated: stems should not cross one another, no two flowers should be at virtually the same height, larger flowers should be placed toward the base and the buds at the top.

2. A is the better arrangement of the two, the branches following a natural and graceful line. In B, the branches are thrust into the container too rigidly and the total effect is lacking in rhythm and style. B also runs counter to the principle that taller branches should be placed toward the back and shorter branches toward the front, and that conflicting lines should be avoided.

3. The distinctive simplicity of B, with its use of Chinese evergreen at the base to relate the flowers to the container and to add balance, is preferable to the jumbled arrangement of A. In A, there is little sense of design, the stems of the flowers cross and a number of flowers are at the same height, which detracts from interest.

4. B has a slight margin of superiority over A. The arrangement of the flowers in A keeps the rounded form of the container, which is a point in its favor, but the addition of tulips and clivia spikes to B endows this arrangement with more life and distinction without destroying its form.

5. A is better than B, having a better defined and more graceful line, although the snapdragons fail to follow the line of the tulips as harmoniously as they might. B, however, is almost completely lacking in design, with flowers stemming off at all angles. The addition of geranium leaves to the base of A helps blend the flowers and container into a pleasing unit. Note how the flowers in B lack any logical relationship to the container.

6. B is preferable. A container of this size requires a certain amount of height in the flowers to produce a unit of pleasing proportions. Both the design and liveliness of B are enhanced by the addition of the white pine branches, as well as the touch of grape vine. The flowers in A are merely thrust into the container, producing a squat, much less decorative unit.

THE FIRST COMMERCIALS

THE ENTERTAINMENT PAUSED FOR A DASH OF ADVERTISING EVEN IN ELIZABETHAN TIMES

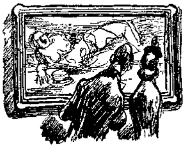
SPONSORED programs—programs combining entertainment and advertising—are not an invention of radio. Everyone who has attended an old-fashioned medicine show can tell you that. But not everyone knows that some of the early dramatists wrote actual advertisements into the speeches of their characters.

An amusing example of this sort of thing is found in one of Middleton's plays, *Your Five Gallants*, performed in Elizabethan times. When one character asks, "Where sup we, gallants?" another answers, "At the Mermaid." But the first speaker won't hear of it, declaring, "Why, the *Mitre*, in my mind, for neat attendance, diligent boys, and push, excels it far!" These lines must have proved a valuable asset to the Mitre; but what mine host of the Mermaid thought of the playwright is not recorded.

Another oral advertisement, this time of the *ad lib* variety, laid the foundation of a substantial fortune. The hero of this success story is John Hardham, who kept a humble snuff shop in London, near Drury Lane Theatre, then under the management of David Garrick. In the evenings, Garrick employed him to count the occupants of the pit, as a check on irregularities at the box office. Hardham did his counting so faithfully, that Garrick desired to help him. And when the help came, it was surely effective: every time Garrick played a part which admitted the use of a snuff-box, he would take a pinch of snuff and remark that it was the brand of snuff he particularly liked—"Hardham's Number Thirty-Seven." The results were almost instantaneous; Hardham's little shop became crowded with customers; and, in the quaint words of an old chronicler, "in a few years his very moderate trade was converted into a source of opulence." —ALEXANDER McQUEEN

ART WITHOUT BOREDOM

ANYONE CAN CULTIVATE AN APPRECIATION OF ART—BUT WHY DO IT THE HARD WAY?



THE aftermath of a modern education is usually a solemn and respectful dislike of art. Your average Bachelor of Arts feels that an afternoon in the museum would be a creditable and cultural experience but that, God willing, he will play a few rubbers of bridge instead.

Such an attitude towards the arts is deplored, naturally enough, by those who paint and deal in canvases. They believe that the purpose of a painting is to amuse and please the public. They point out that the ancient Greeks, an exceedingly artistic people, took their arts as simply and enjoyably as we take Walt Disney's movies or Tommy Dorsey's music, and they urge us to return to the boisterous zest of the Renaissance, when a man could enjoy a painting with no uneasy doubts as to whether it was "good."

Let us, in the interest of tact, introduce a mythical Mr. John Smith, a modern illiterate in all things artistic. Mr. Smith knows nothing about painting, nor does he know what he likes. He slinks into a museum, in the wake of his wife, on those rare occasions when it cannot be avoided. Asked to look at a painting, he walks three paces backward, squints respectfully, and concentrates on a remark which will sound adequate, but will not commit him to either approval or dislike.

For Mr. Smith, who would cheerfully admit his ignorance of the fine points of backgammon, dance music or political discussion, is happy and at ease when engaged in any of these activities—but he dares not confess a healthy dislike of any work of "Art."

Mr. Smith may continue this unhappy course; he is under no obligation to learn the vocabulary of art appreciation and he may, if he wishes, steer clear of all exhibitions, without being a less worthy or admirable man. But he will be missing a lot of fun if he does.

Various painters, dealers and critics, asked to recommend a course of art enjoyment for Mr. Smith, agree that there are several things he should *not* do: he should not prepare himself by attending a lecture course—art is to be seen, not learned about. He should not fill his mind with words like "chiaroscuro" and "pre-Raphaelite" culled from books about art.

He should, quite simply, drop into a gallery alone, and begin to look at the pictures.

What pictures? Certainly not the important paintings of past periods, according to those who deal in living art. No, John Smith could not make a worse beginning than by trying to cover the Metropolitan Museum in New York or the Art Institute in Chicago: this is like tackling literature in an enormous public library which includes bad and outmoded books, as well as good and congenial ones.

It is both possible and pardonable that Smith, Esq., will always be bored and irritated by the work of Titian, say, or Michelangelo. He had better give the arts a chance by starting with something close to his own day.

Somewhere in the city where John Smith lives he can find a few canvases belonging to the ultra-modern and surrealist school. These have been executed by men who belong to his own century and who, to some extent, share his way of looking at the world—which is one good reason for beginning with them. Another is that these paintings occasionally simplify the problems of composition down to the kindergarten level, and lay bare the laws underlying all good art.

In every modern group, for instance, there will be at least one abstract painting. Mr. Smith may, if he likes, roar with laughter at it—so long as he isn't bored, the painter won't mind. But he may find out what it tries to accomplish if he will try a very simple experiment: let him take a sheet of white paper and divide it in half by a horizontal line. On this line, halfway to the center from one edge, let him place a red dot. On the line halfway in from the other edge he will now place a blue dot. If he stares at the paper, he will see the paper begin to turn slowly towards the red side. Why?

The answer is that red, by the laws in optics, is a "heavier" color than blue—it drags the attention to itself and exerts "weight." Therefore, to bring the sheet of paper into balance, it would be necessary to move the red dot, like the heavier child on a see-saw, closer to the fulcrum.

Such problems in balance which appear as stark geometric representations in any modern show are really a continuation of the work done by the Cubists. Their school says to Mr. Smith, "Not only can we express the laws of good painting in formula form, but the formulas themselves have an esthetic value." That is why he will find variations of his red and blue dots hung in the galleries, as well as arrangements of dark and light areas of different sizes, arranged so that the eye is not unduly attracted to the larger mass.

Painters today consciously play around with such mechanical problems, establishing the position in which colors must be placed to give a picture balance. The laws which their abstract drawings illustrate apply equally well, if less obviously, to any good painting: these rules are fundamental to "composition."

Already, you see, Mr. Smith has discovered that a painting has not the same purpose as photography. He will not, ever again, let out those injured laments that the twentieth-century Cézanne's women are "distorted." Of course they are distorted: so, indeed, are the fifteenth century Botticelli's women. But Botticelli distorted for the sake of extreme beauty, exaggerating the size of the eyes and improving the shape of the human mouth. Cézanne and his school attempted, by distortion, to express the weight of the objects painted, and the vibration of the light shining upon them. Cézanne's paintings may enchant or displease Mr. Smith's eye. But he will no longer condemn them because they do not represent an object as the camera would.

But Le Smith will probably get more real pleasure from surrealism than from abstract art. The basic belief of the surrealist painters is this: that the camera can, very adequately, picture the real world, and that reproduction of scenery and pretty women is no fit job for the artist. He can, instead, portray the imaginary world, which is interesting, important and has a psychological reality recently exposed to us by the work of the psychiatrist. Touches of prophetic subconscious painting can even be found in Renaissance works which are, otherwise, "even duller than realism," in the words of Mr. Julien Levy of the Levy Galleries.

That realism is, indeed, a dull task for a painter has probably been known to artists for many centuries, but the public has been generally unaware of it. Perhaps our public today has even more difficulty in apprehending art in a spirit of happy levity than preceding generations had. And the fault for this sad condition—which drives Mr. Smith to the golf links and the cinema in preference to the museum—should be laid at the door of the artists and art-propagandizers of the late nineteenth century.

For that was a period when the literary world went mad about art, and turned it into Art. It was a time when Walter Pater and William Morris and Oscar Wilde talked a great deal of highfalutin nonsense about the Artist. They gave us to understand that the appreciation of painting was the difficult possession of the connoisseur and that the Philistine, as they unkindly named Mr. Smith, had better leave it to his superiors. Not only did they do this great disservice to the cause of painting, but they sometimes propagated the idea that a painting must resemble Mr. Smith's visual impression of the outside world. As painters have always understood, nature is only related to art by the same slender chain as the paint-box or the palette: it provides the artist with his materials, but how he uses them is strictly his own affair.

The younger painters of today have made an introduction to their art easy for Mr. Smith, for they have, to some extent, returned to the recognizable for their themes. The literary influence in modern art is very strong—there is no talk today of "art for art's sake" or such confusing claptrap. The painters who present the content of their brains to us on canvas are aware that men do not think in hazy seas of color but, for the most part, in sharp, simple, everyday objects.

When Mr. Smith gets over his preliminary stage fright at being alone in the actual presence of a group of paintings, he is well on the way to an unaffected enjoyment of art. Various painters have suggested that such a man first make the tour of a small collection, deciding which of the paintings he likes, and why. At a later date, he may return and look only at the ones he chose on his first visit. He will find it entertaining to see whether he still finds pleasure in them, and whether he has new and better reasons for doing so.

A similar exercise, no less enlightening, can be obtained by cutting half a dozen good reproductions out of one of the art magazines and thumb-tacking them onto a wall in the home. After a while, some of them will lose their interest and be taken down. The others may become lasting friends.

For the process is a little like attending a large, incoherent gathering of people in a city like New York: the personalities which stand out, at first, are probably the spectacular celebrities, the obviously beautiful chorus girls, the noisy conversationalists. Their charm, however, is a transitory thing. The man who has been to a hundred such parties is able to discriminate and to select guests of less obvious appeal, whose fascination will last and grow.

The first reasons for liking a picture, particularly if one is untrained and inexperienced, are usually the worst, and the most fleeting. Mr. Smith may be charmed by a portrait because it represents so handsome a girl. Later, he will either discard the painting as trash, or find that what is really admirable in it is the balance of masses and color. Later—much later for Mr. Smith—he may derive a purely technical pleasure from seeing that the artist has accomplished something which is extremely difficult to do—as a music-lover may delight in the dexterity with which a virtuoso executes a passage he knows to be a scorcher. But this is a pleasure quite aside from the normal esthetic enjoyment to be derived from a painting.

It is, actually, for Mr. Smith that the artist has taken such pains. He is not engaged in painting for other painters, but for the untrained public—it is with them that he hopes to establish contact. The artist, after all, is simply a man with a particular gift for communication who offers you the cream of his own experience, without giving you the trouble of living his life, as he has done.

The future career of Mr. Smith as a picture-fancier may take many forms, depending entirely on his interests and whims. He will find it an extraordinarily interesting experience to get a palette, some oils and a few canvases and to try to paint, himself. At first this may be a chastening and discouraging experience, but a little later it will become fun and a great help in the understanding of good work.

Or Mr. Smith may become entranced by a particular school of the past. He will wish to learn more about it and may turn to the library for help. Here he will be wise to start with the most popular and readable books, and to limit himself to a single, small group at a time. This is on the same principle which would make it advisable for the tyro in ancient history to try his teeth on *I, Claudius* before he tackles Gibbons' *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Leonardo's notebooks will probably prove more helpful and entertaining to Mr. Smith than Vasari's *Lives of the Painters*.

At every step of J. Smith's progress into a museum-founding connoisseur, the effort must be to keep the subject alive, interesting, related to the problems and hilarities of the modern world. More potential lovers of art have been lost to the movies through dry-as-dust pedantry than through any lack of innate sympathy for art. As program-notes often frighten the concert-goer into a morbid distaste for music, so enormous museums intimidate the novice into a feeling that the whole business is incomprehensible. The value of such small collections as the Modern Museum in New York and the Wadsworth Athenaeum in Hartford, Connecticut, is that their collections have been chosen with the purpose of establishing contact with the untutored public.

When Mr. Smith develops from a picture-lover into a picture-buyer, he can apply the same technique of appreciation which he learned on his first enjoyable museum tour; let him choose a painting for any reason, good or bad, which makes it attractive to him, take it on approval and live with it for at least two weeks. If he finds that it gives him a thrill every time he enters the room, then it is probably a sound buy for him. And if the picture continues to satisfy him for seven or eight years after its purchase, it has been a good investment.

For after that length of time Mr. Smith, subconscious and all, has inevitably become a different person. If his interest in art is living and honest, his tastes will demand a different kind of fare. No painting is "good" in a vacuum: when its last admirer dies, its value dies with him.

It is Mr. Smith, in the last analysis, who will determine the mortality and tenure of popularity of every artist whose paintings hang in the museums today. He need not slink so miserably through the galleries: he is the final judge on whose sentence all artists, living and dead, depend.

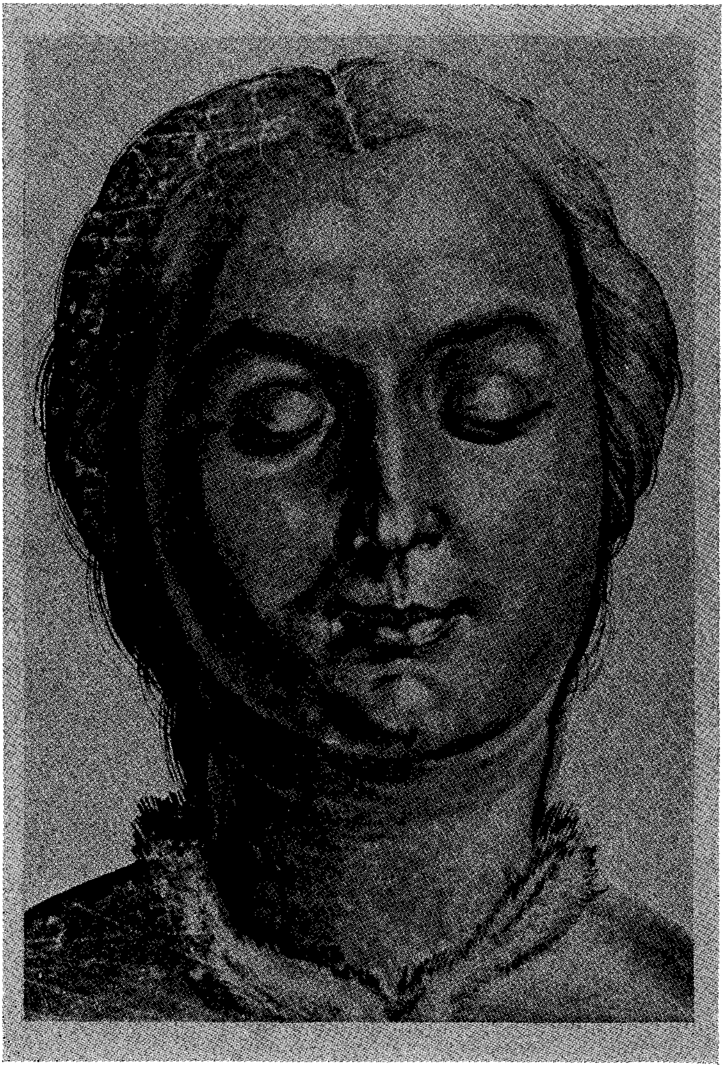
He might as well get some living fun out of his unsolicited role of Ultimate Critic of All Art.

—GRETTA PALMER

ALBRECHT DÜRER

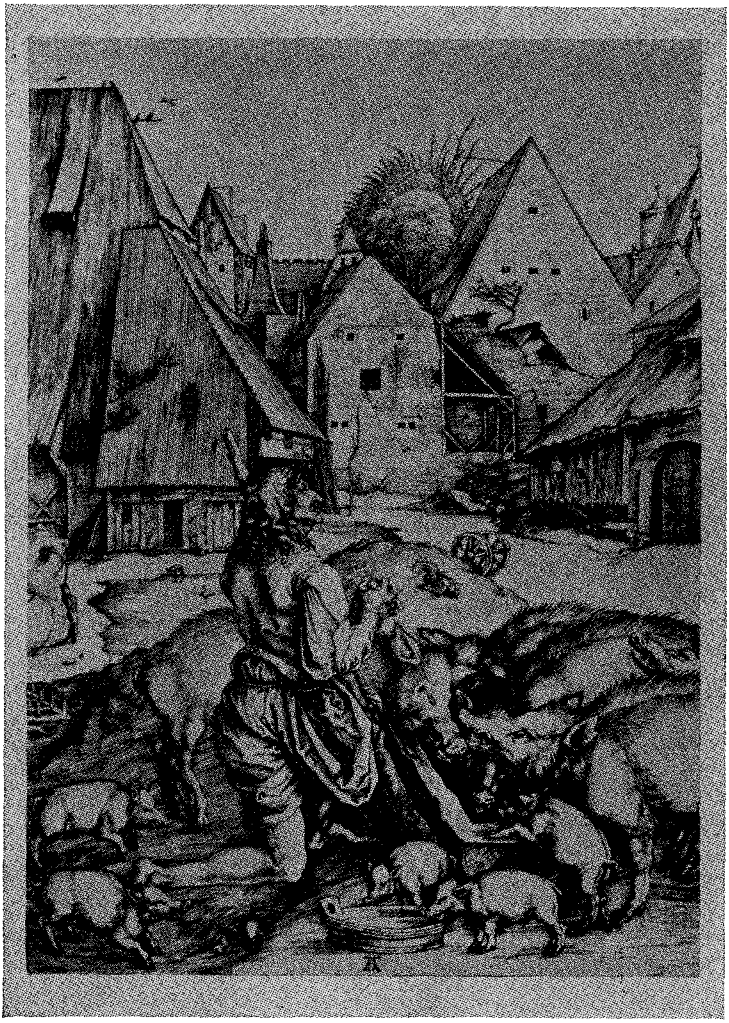
A Portfolio of Drawings and Engravings

The temptation to rate the paintings of Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) among the world's masterpieces arises perhaps more from the awesome reputation of this Gothic genius than from the testimony of the paintings themselves. Actually, the closer his paintings come to being drawings the closer they come to greatness. It was here, in his sketches and in his engravings, that Dürer was truly unexcelled. He was craftsman, poet and philosopher all at once, encompassing in fluent line the totality of existence and of the spirit that animates it. These are flamboyant words, but they are nothing more than another way of saying that once in a century an artist comes along with the talent to depict people and objects so that we can not only see their reality but sense their spirit—and that Dürer, by any reckoning method, was such an artist.

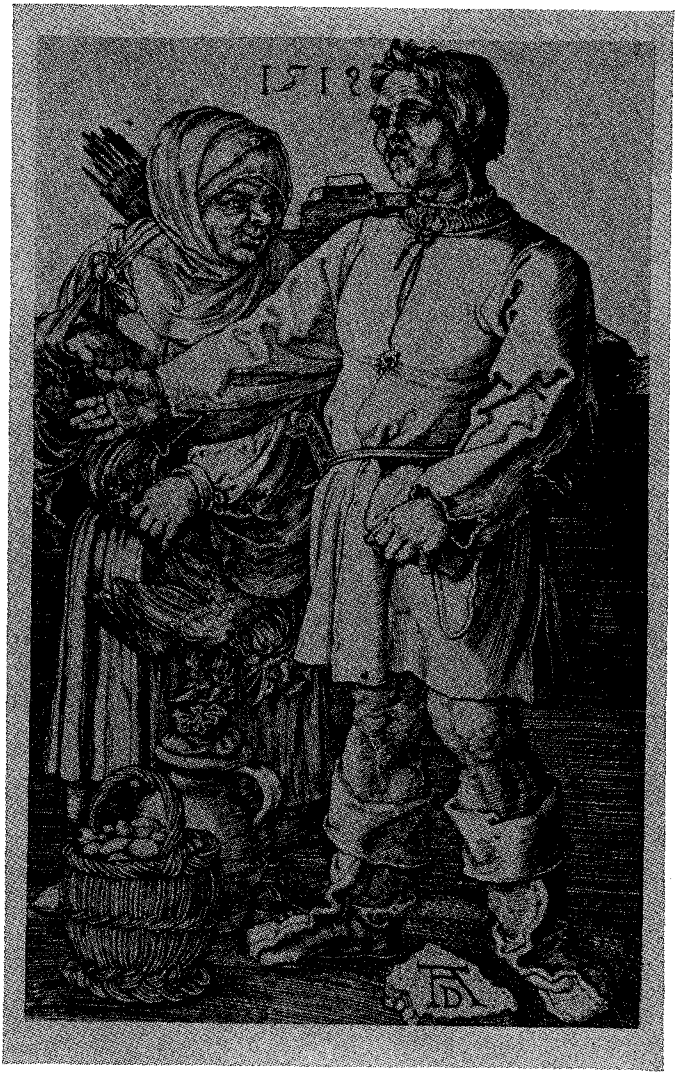


BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

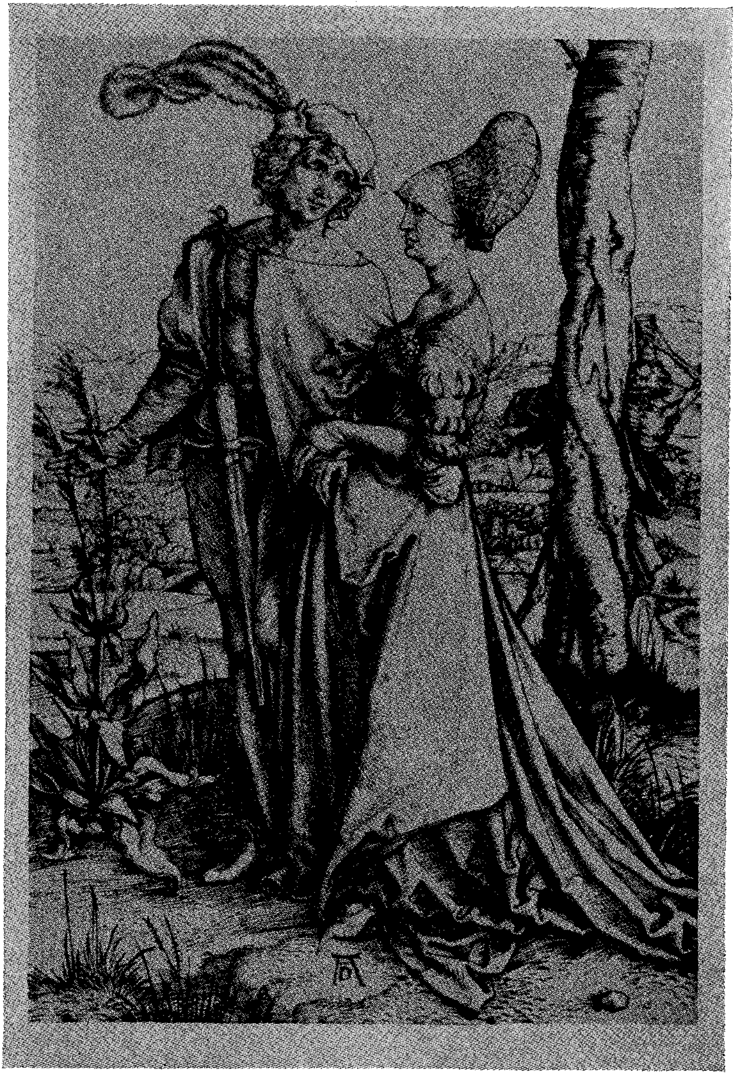
HEAD OF A WOMAN



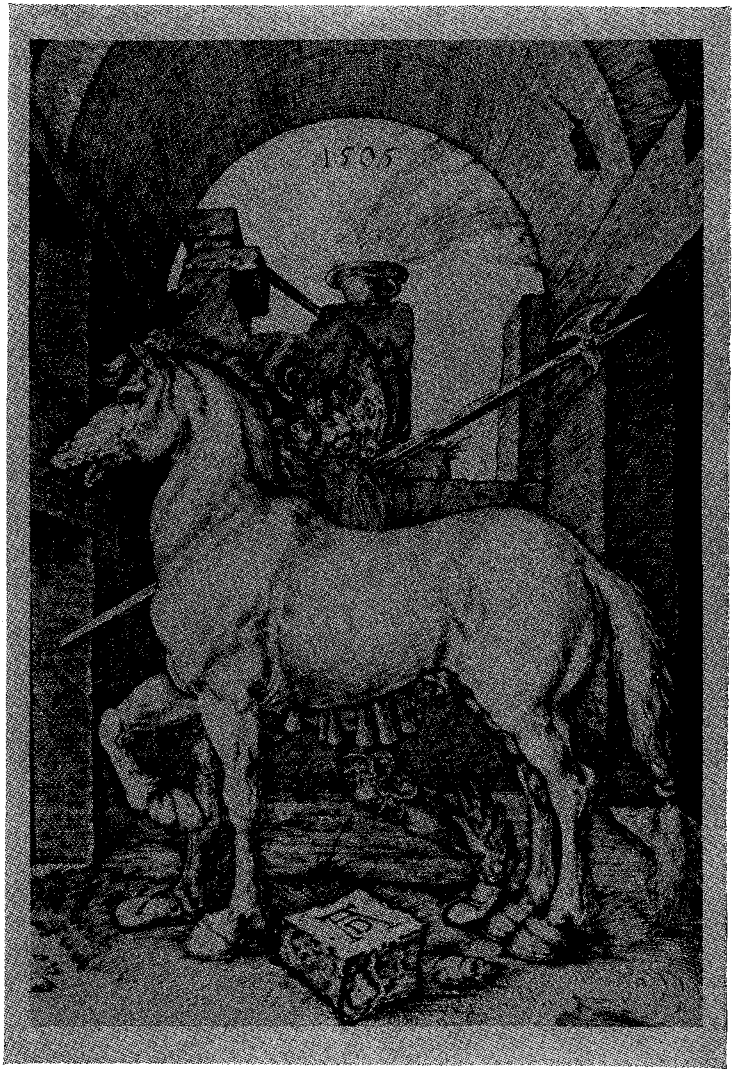
THE PRODIGAL SON



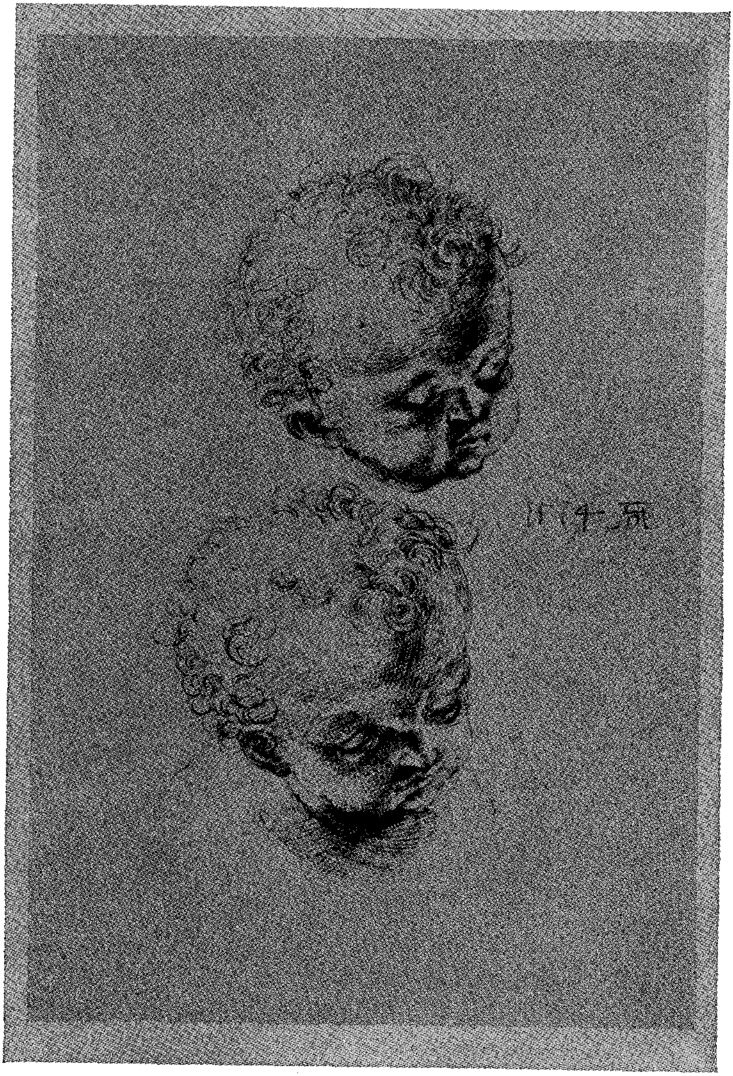
TWO PEASANTS AT MARKET



THE PROMENADE



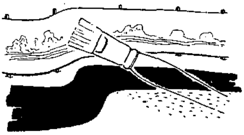
THE LITTLE HORSE



STUDIES FOR HEAD OF A CHILD

THREE-MILE PAINTING

IT TOOK TWO HOURS TO SEE THE PANORAMA, AND MOST PEOPLE CONSIDERED IT TIME WELL SPENT



If the size of a picture determines its merit, John Banvard is the greatest painter who ever lived. Banvard painted what is still the largest picture of all time. His *Panorama of the Mississippi* measured three miles. This is 15,840 feet, or the equivalent of thirty city blocks.

When, starting in 1847, Banvard exhibited his picture, he used two upright revolving cylinders, operating in the manner of a player-piano roll. In this fashion, it took two hours for the *Panorama* to be fully viewed. In addition to being the largest painting, it was thus, in a sense, the first American-produced motion picture. From admissions charged the public in the United States, Europe and Asia, Banvard realized close to $200,000. In the commercial sense, at any rate, the *Panorama* is of classical stature.

Banvard was just twenty-five when he started work on the *Panorama of the Mississippi*. One day he happened to pick up a foreign periodical and read a statement in it that was to give direction to his life: "America has some of the most picturesque scenery in the world but there is no American artist adequate to the task of giving a correct and faithful reproduction of it." His patriotic and artistic loyalties aroused, Banvard was stimulated to undertake a Gargantuan task. Immediately he set about his plan of painting Banvard's *Panorama of the Mississippi*. It was to be done "on three miles of canvas, exhibiting a view of country 1,200 miles in length, extending from the mouth of the Missouri River to the city of New Orleans. It was to be by far the largest picture ever executed."

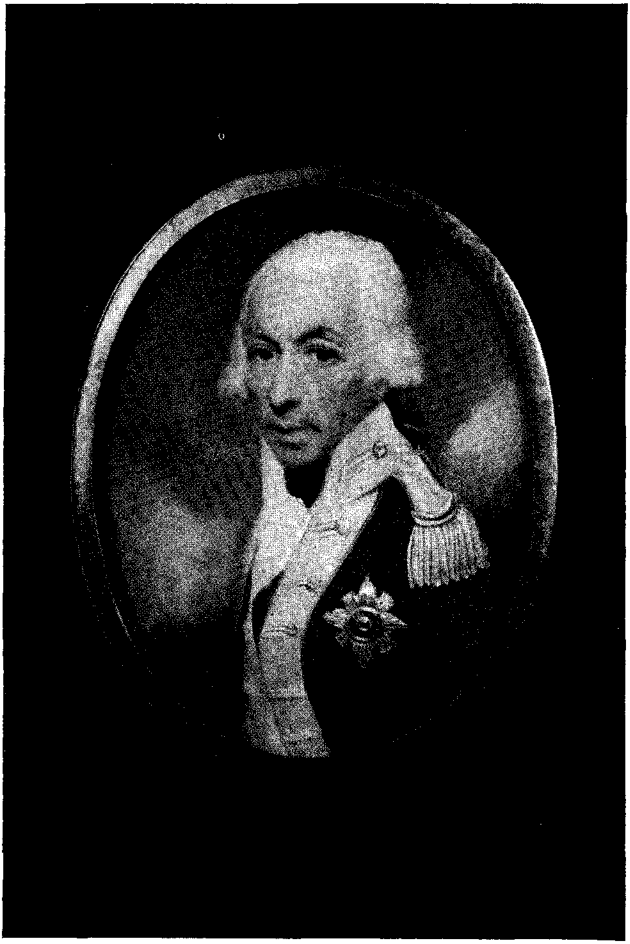
Banvard made his first sketch in the fall of 1840. He was an extremely quick worker, the massive undertaking requiring only six years to complete. But first he spent four hundred days in a trip down the Mississippi, in order to prepare his sketches. Sketches finished, he returned to Louisville to start serious effort in an immense building which he erected as his studio. Surrounded by innumerable pots, brushes, paint-tubes and artistic equipment of every description, he unfurled 5,280 yards of canvas especially woven for him. Toiling eighteen hours a day, the monumental undertaking was completed in 1846.

Excitedly, Banvard announced the premiere in Louisville the same year. It began unpromisingly. The first night was rainy and not a single person showed up. Banvard was in despair. It looked as if he had thrown away six years of his life. The second night was equally disastrous. Then Banvard became determined and started to promote the exhibition, single-handed. He gave tickets to the rivermen. Using his powers of persuasion, he told them it was *their* river he had painted, faithful in every detail, that their loyalty to the river put them under the moral obligation of witnessing what he had done.

The following night a few of them showed up. What they saw astounded them. Banvard, lecturer's pointer in hand, gave a running talk as the *Panorama* unfolded before their eyes. As it slowly unwound, the impression upon the audience was that they were quietly streaming down the Mississippi. Its accuracy was remarkable although it was no great shakes as art.

When it was over, the rivermen were impressed. They told their friends. The next night, hundreds crowded into the Louisville auditorium to glimpse the world's largest painting. By the time the exhibition was over, it was such a success that Banvard decided to take it East, to Boston. There, in April, 1847, the *Panorama* had its first really important exhibition. Governor Briggs and many state legislators gave it official endorsement by turning out to see it at Armory Hall. The railroads were forced to run special trains to accommodate the crowds. During its first seven months at Boston, Banvard collected $50,000 in admissions.

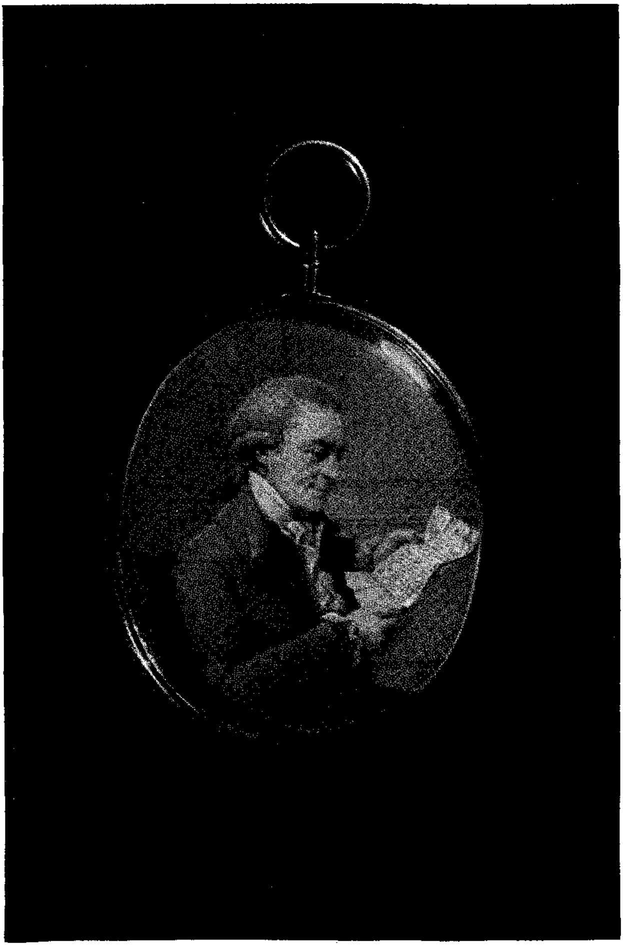
In the years that followed the *Panorama* exercised considerable influence on American art of the period. It created a great vogue for panoramic pictures all over the United States. When Banvard died he not only had the satisfaction of being the D. W. Griffith of his day and of having painted the largest picture ever executed; he was also father of the American panoramic picture. —KERMIT KAHN



VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM, LONDON

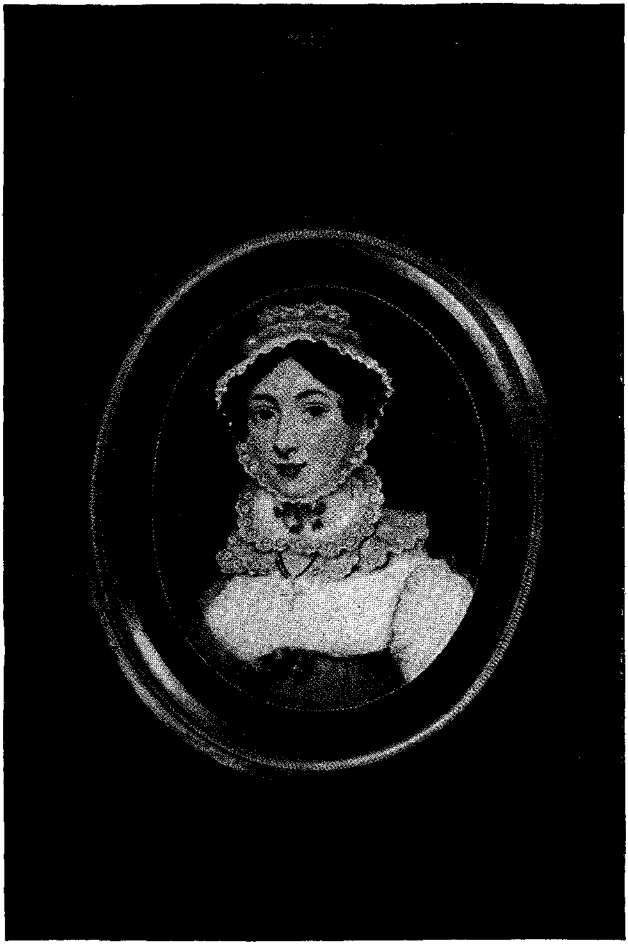
FOUR PORTRAIT-MINIATURES

One of the minor arts that the modern world is too busy, or too inept, to practice, miniature painting flourished grandly from the 16th through the 18th century. Above is the Duke of Gordon, wearing the Star of the Order of the Thistle, painted by George Place in 1796.



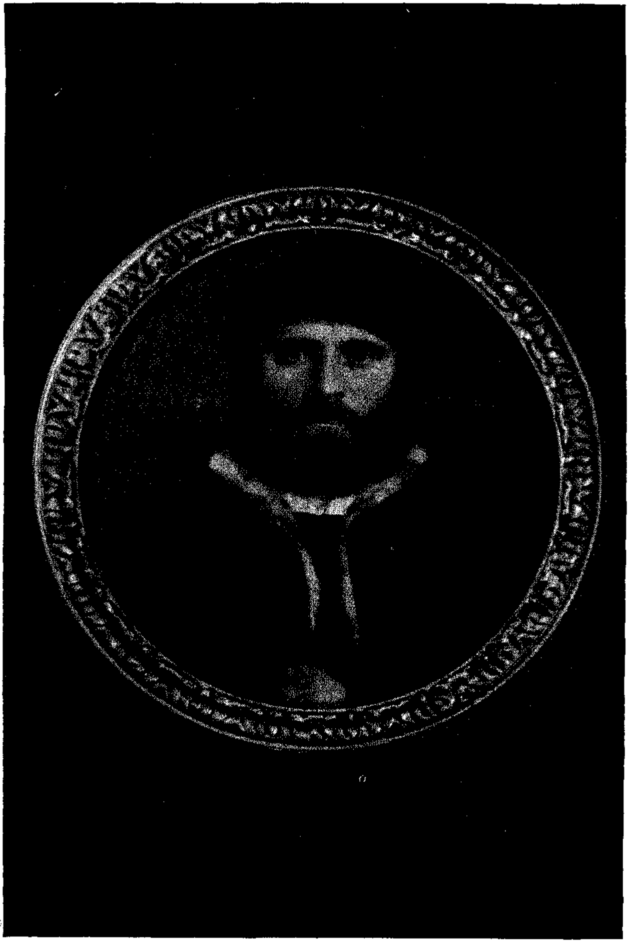
THE DUTCH GOVERNOR BY JOHN BOGLE

Originally painted on the backs of playing cards, more permanence was later lent to the miniatures by the use of vellum, ivory or enamel as a ground for the tiny likenesses. This portrait of the Dutch Governor of Trincomalee, painted in 1780, is reproduced actual size.



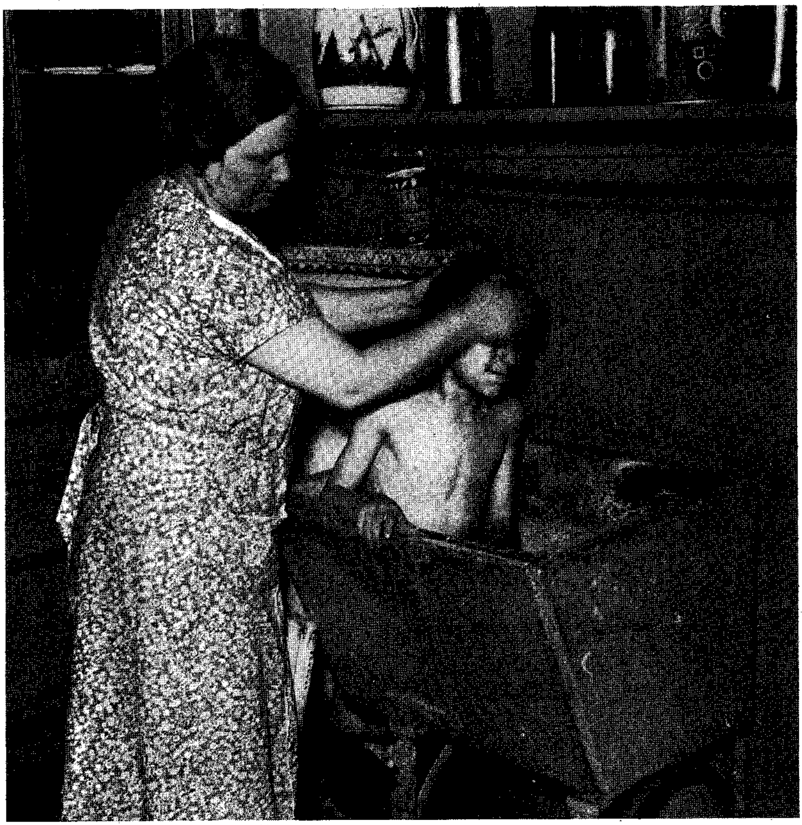
A LADY BY JOSEPH FRANCIS BURRELL

Burrell (1770-1834), along with Place and Bogle, was among the host of lesser knowns who met, with varying talent, the insatiable demand for miniatures. More famous were the names of Richard Crosse, Richard Cosway, the Plimers, John Smart, Peter Lens.



PORTRAIT OF A MAN BY HANS HOLBEIN

Hans Holbein (1497-1543) was easily the greatest of the miniaturists, as indeed he was one of the foremost painters on any score. It was Holbein who inaugurated the vogue for portrait-miniatures in England, and none came along in later centuries to excel him.



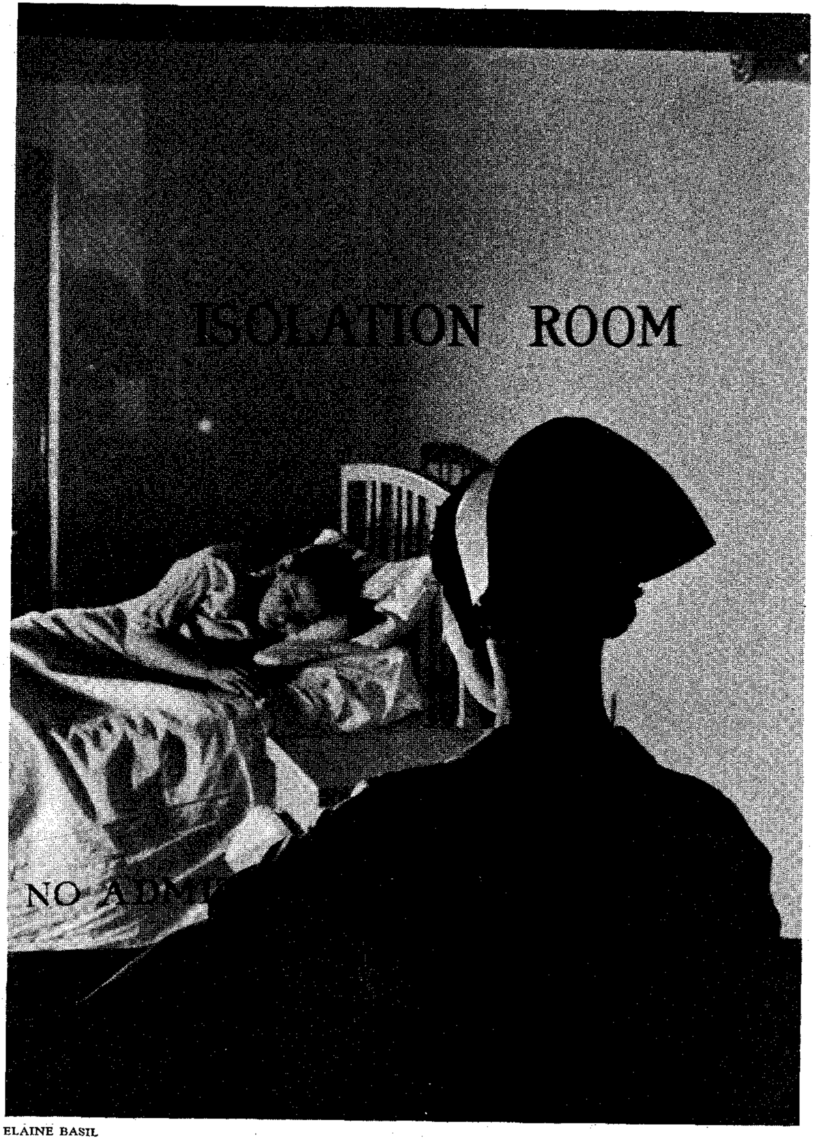
EAGLE-ROBBINS

East Side, West Side

A New York Portfolio

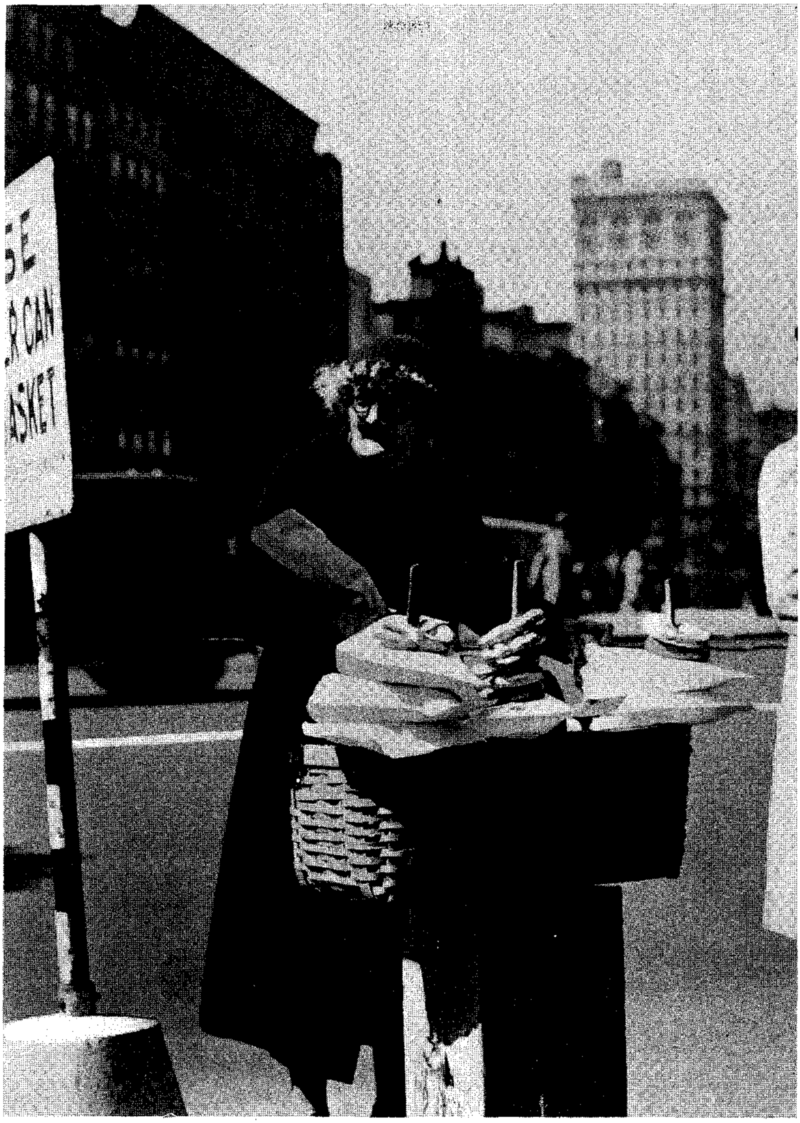
By Members of the Federal Art Project

JULY, 1939

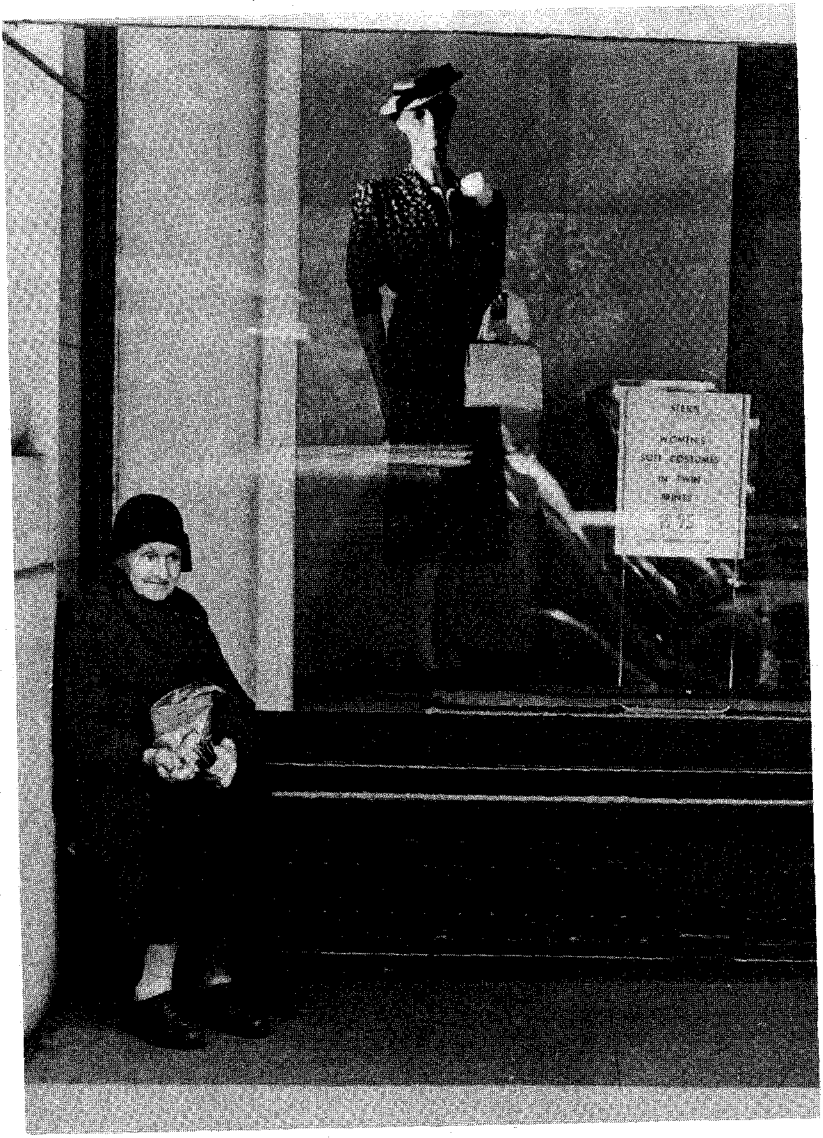

ISOLATION ROOM
NO ADMI

ELAINE BASIL

BRONX HOSPITAL

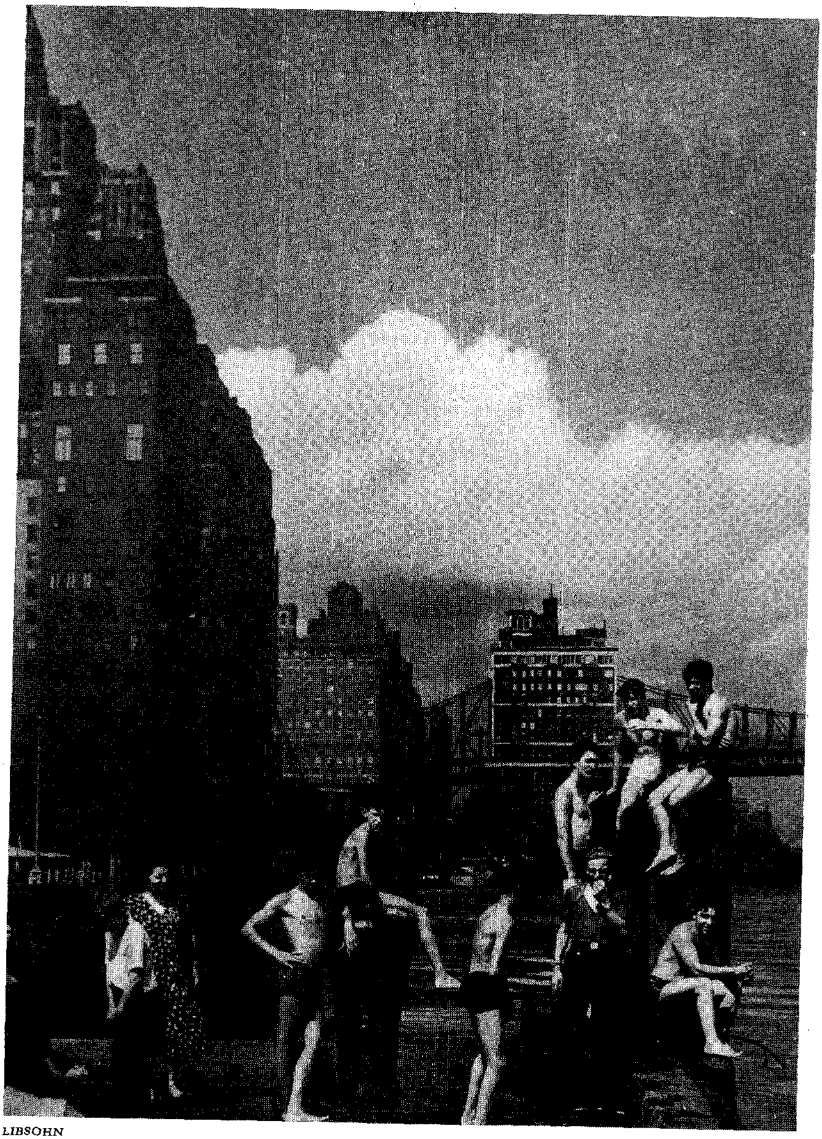

SE
R CAN
ASKET

PRETZEL VENDOR


WOMEN'S
SUIT COSTUMES
IN TWIN
PRINTS

EAGLE-ROBBINS

LADIES' FASHIONS



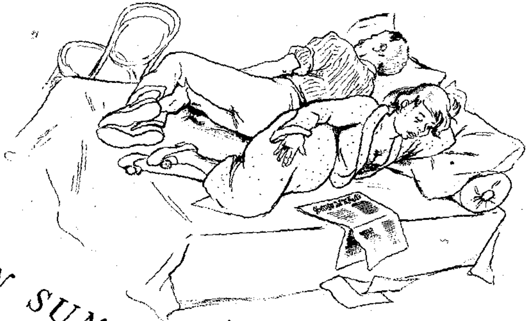
LIBSOHN

DEAD-ENDERS

JULY, 1939

ELAINE BASIL

PUBLIC HEALTH

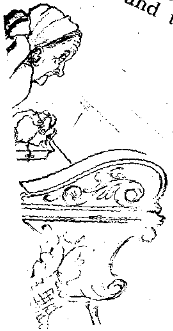


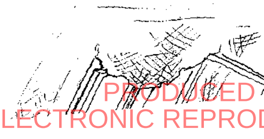
THE DROWZERS

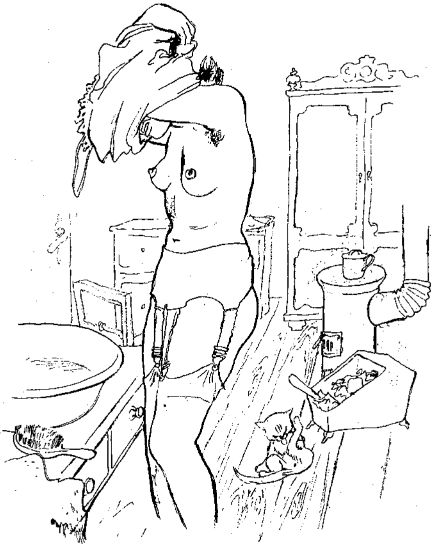
EUROPEAN SUNDAY

By Trude Richter

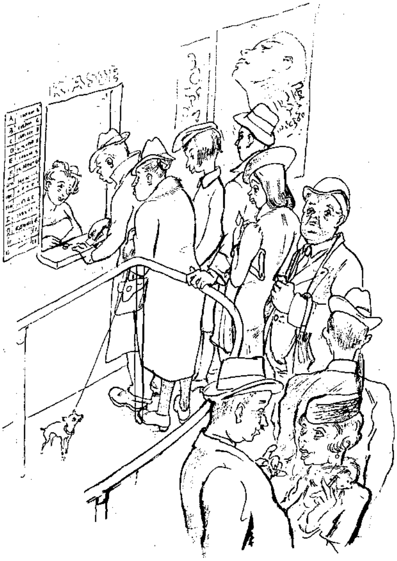
ryone is more himself on Sunday than on any other in the week, presumably because when left to their levices, people, like water, seek their own level. And nice, peaceable, homey level, at that. Witness these by Trude Richter, formerly a prominent artist was formerly Czechoslovakia and now in the ites. Here is a cross-section so broad that it ond its locale and takes in the whole world.



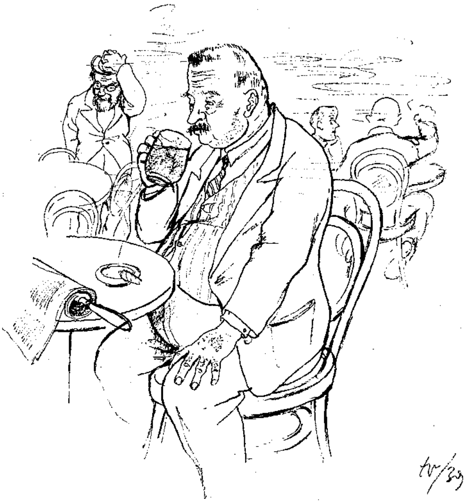




THE SHOP GIRL



THE MOVIE-GOERS

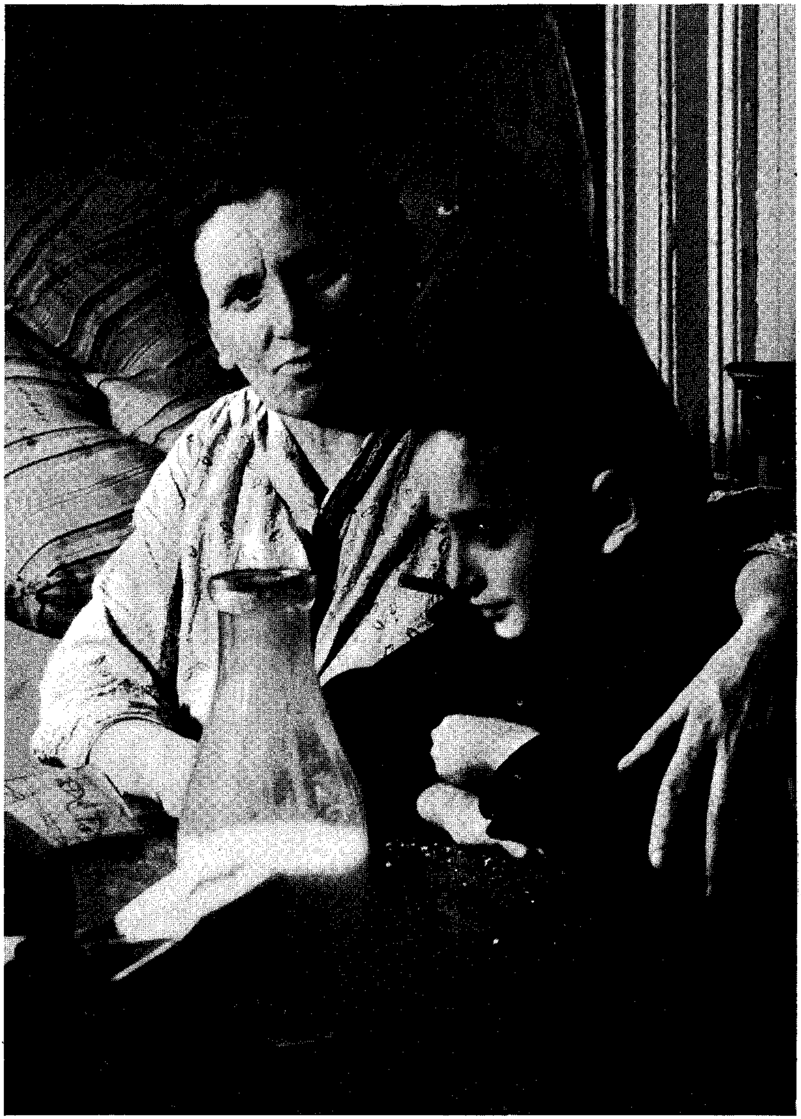


THE BEER-DRINKER

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

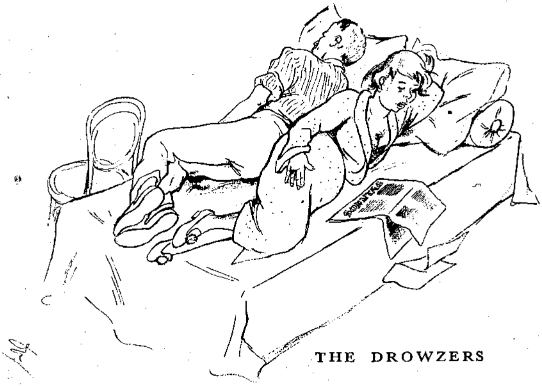
PAUL STARK

LUTHER BURBANK, the greatest horticulturist of them all, said of Paul Stark, "A man after my own heart. Not yet 35, he knows more about trees and plants than most scientists at 65." This confidence led to the founding of the Stark-Burbank Institute which carries on the work of the famed plant breeder. Stark's explorations have yielded, to name but three, a giant peach, grapes as big as plums, and a peach tree so tiny it will grow in a flower pot in the center of the table yet bears full-sized fruit. Once he chanced upon a tasty yellow apple. He had only uncertain clues but started immediately from his headquarters at the town of Louisiana, Missouri, and traced the origin of the fruit to West Virginia. After a long horseback trek into the mountain wilds he found a lone tree festooned with yellow Delicious apples amid an orchard of red-apple trees. For this freak he paid $5,000 and now grows rich quantities of the well-known Golden Delicious medico-repellants in the Stark Brothers' nine nurseries. Another time Stark bought for $6,000 a true bud sport—a single large limb bearing fruit different from the rest of the tree. Experiments with this bud sport led to a new era in fruit improvement. Mainly through his efforts, the Federal Plant Act became a law, giving to originators of new trees, flowers and plants the protection accorded inventors of mechanical devices. His brother is Missouri's governor and political applecart upsetter.



EAGLE-ROBBINS

ONE-THIRD OF A NATION

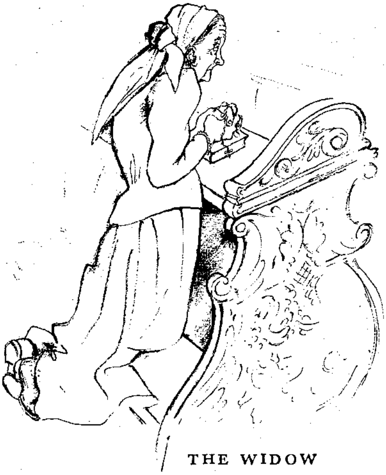


THE DROWZERS

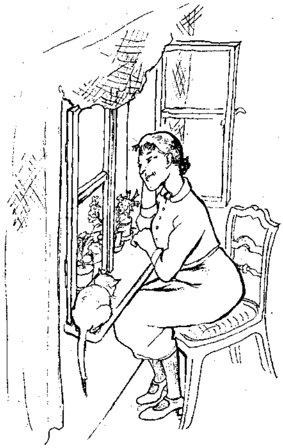
EUROPEAN SUNDAY

By Trude Richter

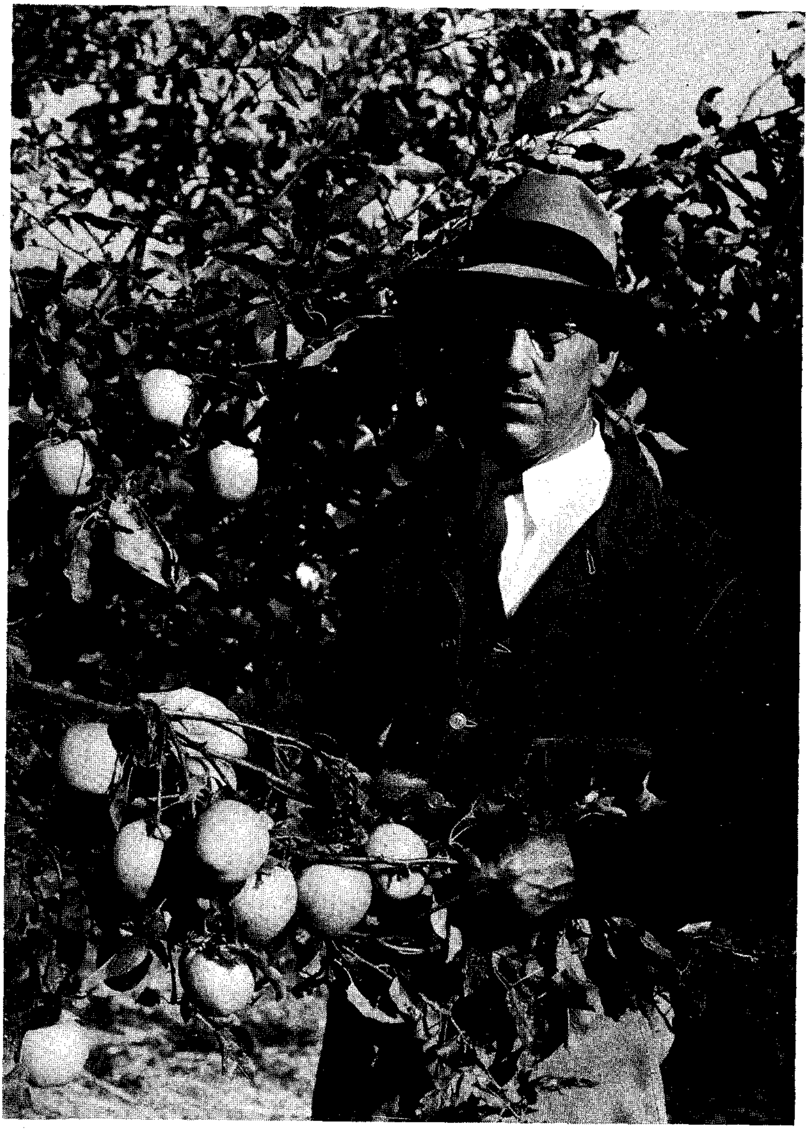
Everyone is more himself on Sunday than on any other day in the week, presumably because when left to their own devices, people, like water, seek their own level. And it is a nice, peaceable, homey level, at that. Witness these sketches by Trude Richter, formerly a prominent artist of what was formerly Czechoslovakia and now in the United States. Here is a cross-section so broad that it reaches beyond its locale and takes in the whole world.



THE WIDOW

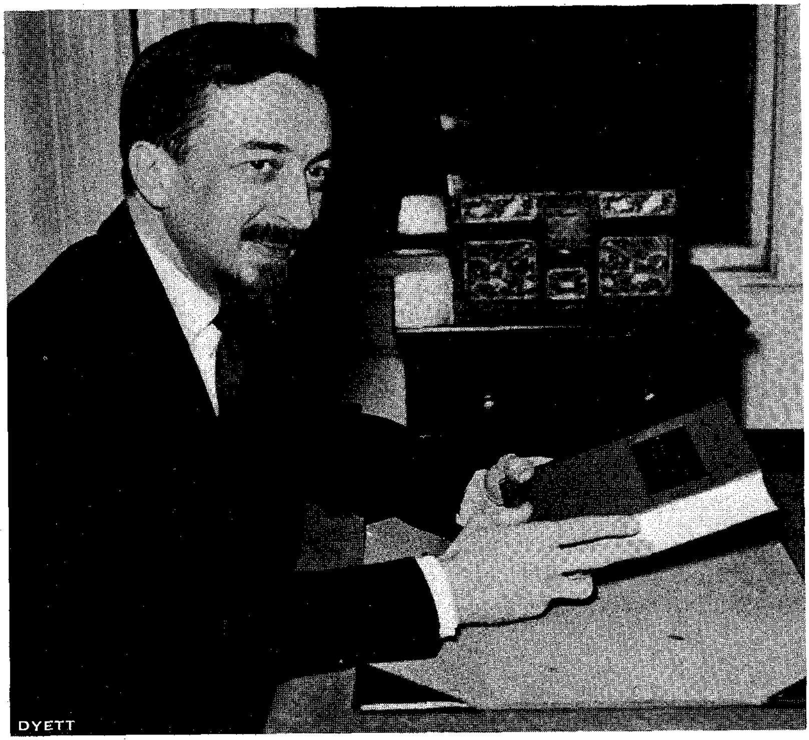


THE SPINSTER



HARVEY-WILLIAMS

PAUL STARK



DYETT

JOHNSON O'CONNOR

WHO IS A HUMAN ENGINEER, TESTING PEOPLE FOR THEIR TALENTS

WONDER as to whether humans couldn't be classified by aptitudes just as matter is broken into elements by chemists, started Johnson O'Connor, an engineer, devising tests to isolate and measure potentialities. Now he has laboratories in three cities, tests thousands of folk yearly. In looking for structural visualization, for instance, he uses a "wiggly block" to find natural engineers and architects. A vocabulary test is part of examinations, with 150 words listed in order of their difficulty. O'Connor knows how many people will recognize any one word: *maim* will be unknown to 10%; *ogle*, 28%; *rectitude*, 50%; *rococo*, 60%; *bedizen*, 71%; *refulgent*, 93% and *inchoate*, 99%. A testee will know, say, every word before 60% and not more than two after 70%. Everyone has a definable borderline.

BEULAH HENRY

WHOSE UNCANNY INVENTIVE SKILL PUZZLES ORTHODOX SCIENTISTS

"LADY EDISON" is what people in the U. S. Patent Office call Beulah Louise Henry, one of their best customers. Miss Henry looks more like Mae West than a lady scientist, but has 52 workable inventions to her credit, ranging from a football inflating device to a bobbin-less sewing machine. Engineers are baffled by her skill, for she knows nothing of the laws of physics or dynamics and apparently picks her theories from the air. Inspirations come when she least expects them. An electric movie sign gave her the idea for a sewing machine with a new lock stitch. From her Swiss music box came the principle of an instrument for a complicated billing process the business world had long sought. She makes her first models with odd bits like paper clips, pipe cleaners, and chewing gum.

KARSTEN

RUTH BERNHARD

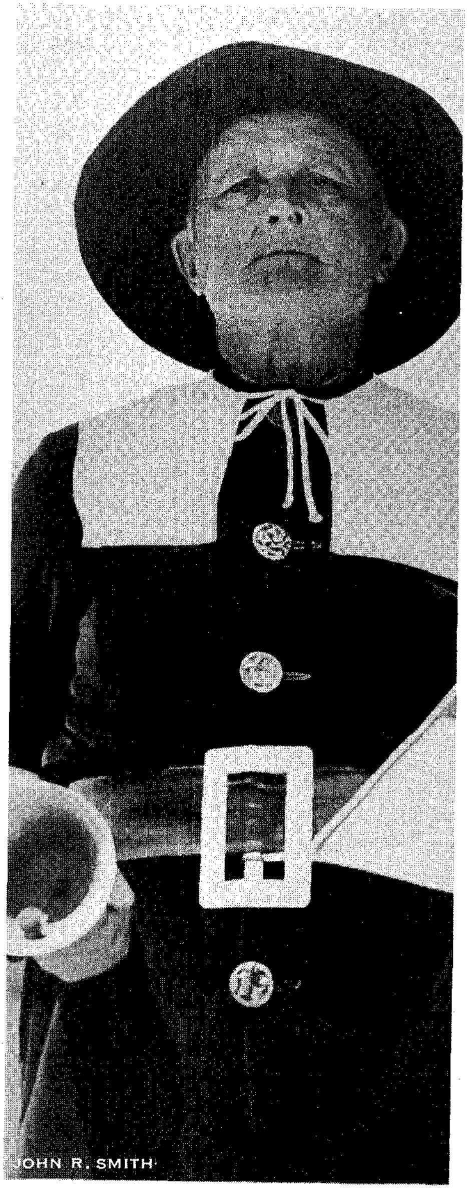
WHOSE APIARY MAKES A HANDSOME PROFIT SELLING BEE STINGS

THIS is the story of a small-town girl who made good in the city—when she went back to the country. Ruth Bernhard was a New York stenographer—from the country—who had a rather bizarre hobby for a Manhattan office girl. She kept bees. When she learned that doctors had difficulty in getting properly cured honey for patients whose lives depended upon their following a ruthlessly precise dietary regimen, she began taking courses in apiculture, developed select hives and confidently quit her job to start specializing in the production of medicinal honey. Soon medical supply houses all over the country began ordering her honey. This started her on another vocation—supplying hives of bees for doctors who use bee stings in the treatment of arthritis sufferers. Now the care of two million bees and the cultivation of flowers for them keep Miss Bernhard humming.

AMOS KUBIK

WHO EARNS A LIVING BY BEING TWO HUNDRED YEARS BEHIND TIMES

AMERICA'S last town crier (*no genuflections to Mr. Woollcott*) is Amos Emanuel Kubik, who swings a four-pound dinner bell and paces the streets of Provincetown, Massachusetts, calling out public and private notices, thus keeping alive a town tradition more than 200 years old. He is appointed by the selectmen who commission him to call citizens to Town Meeting and to notify inhabitants of civic matters requiring immediate attention. Mr. Kubik, who often can be heard for three blocks, declares that neither newspapers nor radio can inform the public as quickly as he does. He receives $2 per notice when his crying is confined to the main street, $4 when side streets are included. A former national rowing champ, Kubik is a vigorous 68 and a bachelor, living alone in a little shack. When his hands blister from swinging the big bell he washes them in salt water at the harbor shore.


JOHN R. SMITH

JACK JOHNSON

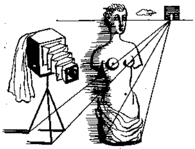
DR. FREDERICK S. HAMMETT

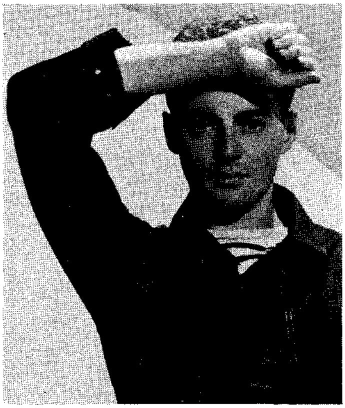
WHO PROVES THE OLD SAW ABOUT THE PATH AND THE MOUSETRAP

SCIENTISTS all over the globe follow closely the findings of Dr. Frederick S. Hammett, who lives at the remote end of Cape Cod. The diminutive research hermit fiddles interminably with microscopic sea animals to learn secrets of the mystery of growth. "By a better understanding of growth we hope to have a better understanding of cancer," he says. Two major accomplishments of his laboratory hideout at North Truro are creation of sulphur compounds now used at Mayo Clinic to speed healing of ulcers, and the first movie ever made depicting the complete life cycle of an animal—the marine *obelia geniculata.* Every summer Dr. Hammett hosts European and U. S. researchers who discuss developments in cancer lore. For entertainment, he treats his learned confreres to a Cape Cod clambake.

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE LYNES

ONE OF GERTRUDE STEIN'S YOUNG PROTEGES, HIS CAMERA NOBLY REINFORCES THE DADA TRADITION





George Platt Lynes

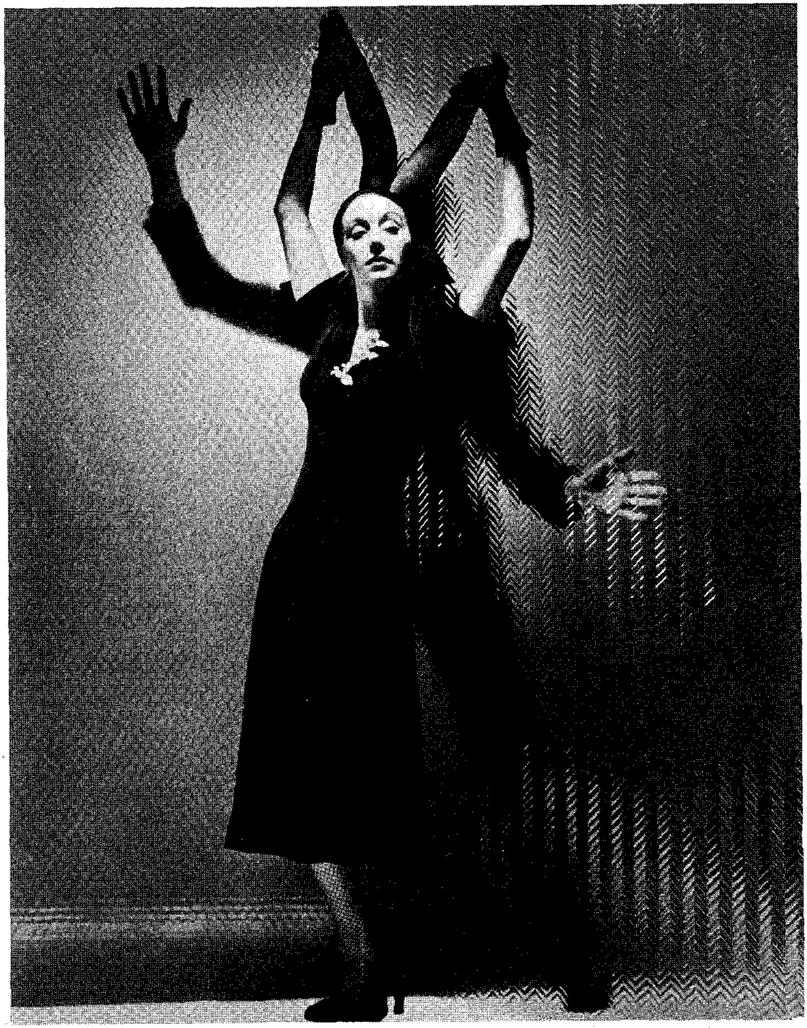
GEORGE PLATT LYNES keeps unicorns in his bedroom. He is photography's white-headed boy. A youngster in the field, hair prematurely turned, exuberant, resourceful, slightly Dada, he has given a wild whoop and thrown his hat into the surrealist ring.

Lynes has the pale, far-away look of a man who has been nursed by Gertrude Stein. His dress and tastes are on the Cecil Beaton-Lucius Beebe side—practically hand-drawn. He has the free and easy swing of one who has never troubled his head about classical physics, soil erosion, or Dialectical Materialism—and one who has apprenticed his youth to the Dome instead of to the Automat.

He is a throwback to the *Decameron*. He works, thinks, acts, poses to avoid boredom. It so happens that this subway world is a push-over for the perfumed breath of the east wind—and Lynes can blow a push with aplomb.

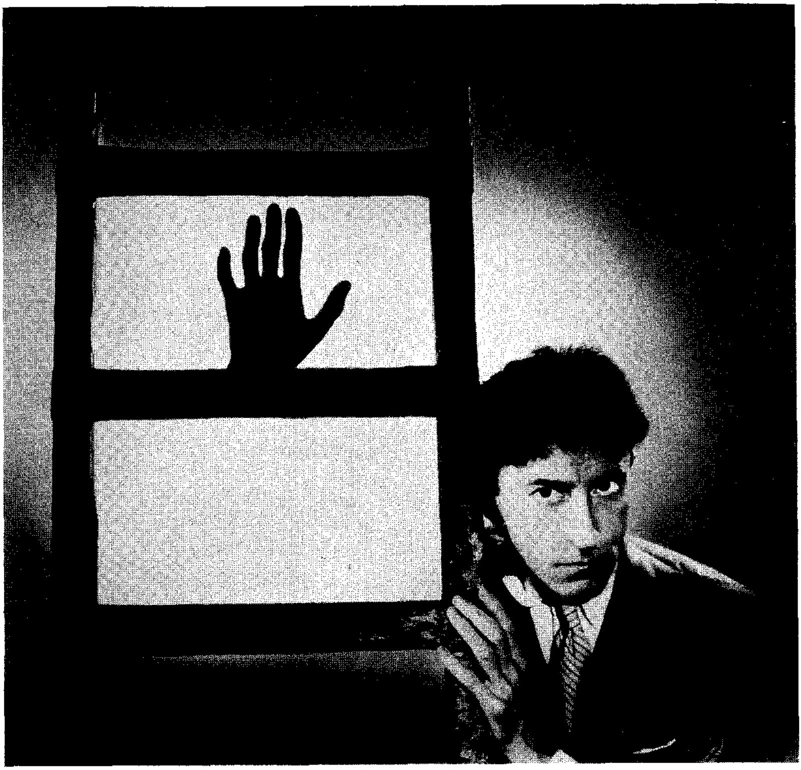
Lynes' pictures have an imaginative touch uninhibited by precedent, propriety, or purpose. They spring into being and "are"—like the melting watches of Salvador Dali.

Parts of bodies suddenly appear in space. Incidental arms and legs swing mysteriously into an otherwise calm background. Torsos stand up like hypothetical figures in a textbook on solid geometry;



FASHION SHOT—WITH ARMS

Harper's Bazaar must have thought this dress a bit pedestrian. At any rate, they assigned the photography to George Platt Lynes—who promptly went to work with lighting, background and a few extra pairs of arms to turn out a job that would be specifically "unusual."



JEAN COCTEAU

This portrait of the French author is in Lynes' most authoritative manner. The hand motif is a theme frequently recurring in Lynes' work, and here the silhouette of Cocteau's bony paw waves like a moth-eaten flag, seeming to communicate more secrets than the face.

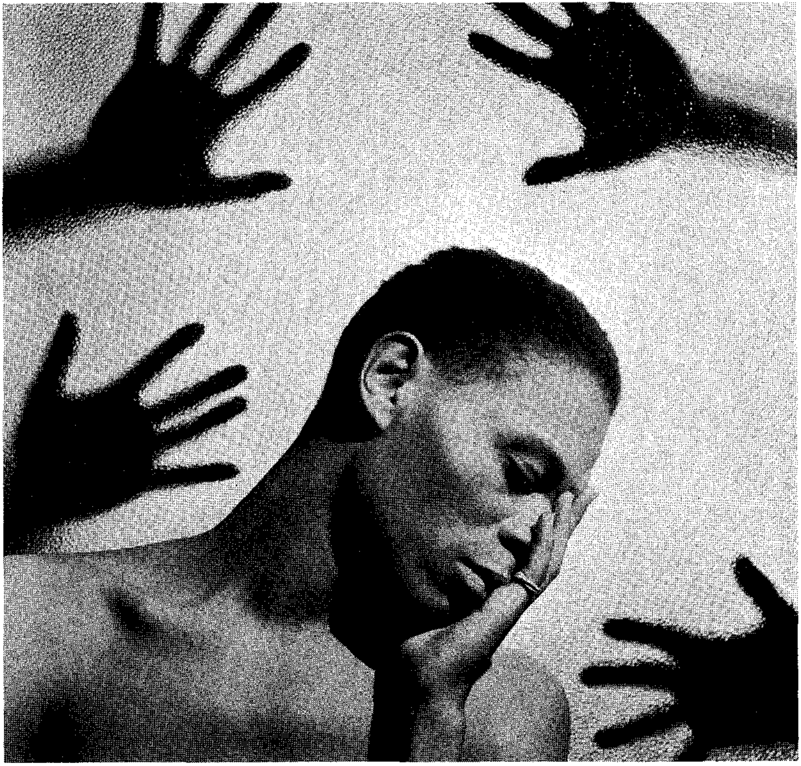
lights appear out of the cosmos, comets on a week-end visit.

There is never a dull moment.

While the Purists are debating the old-world dogmas: Is it legitimate to double-expose? to retouch? to enlarge? to crop?—Lynes goes his rollicking way, doing precisely as he pleases. He would print his pictures on the back of a horse if he thought it would add to the effect.

★ ★ ★

He was born in East Orange,



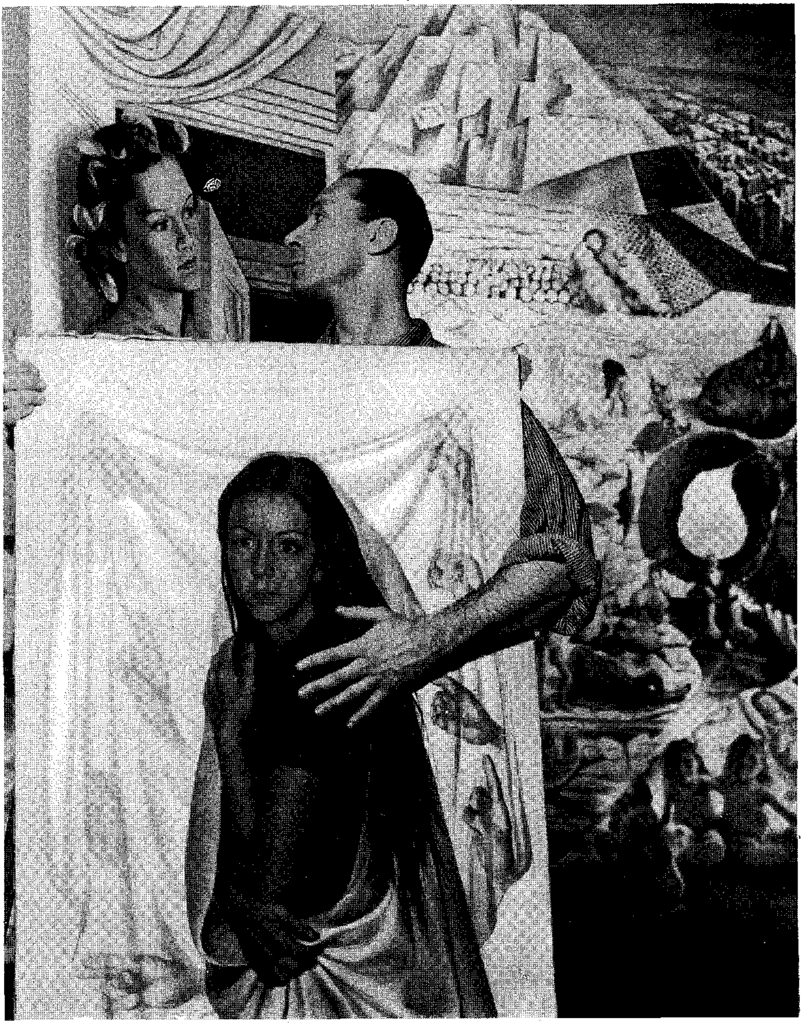
JIMMY DANIELS

Jimmy Daniels is a night-club entertainer. Lynes yanked him out of his habitat, superimposed him on a piece of pebbled glass, threw in four itinerant hands, and worked up the composition that you see above. This is a reasonably characteristic example of the Lynes *esprit*.

New Jersey, thirty-one years ago. Glenway Wescott says, "George was the son of a parson—a saintly gent, if there ever was one."

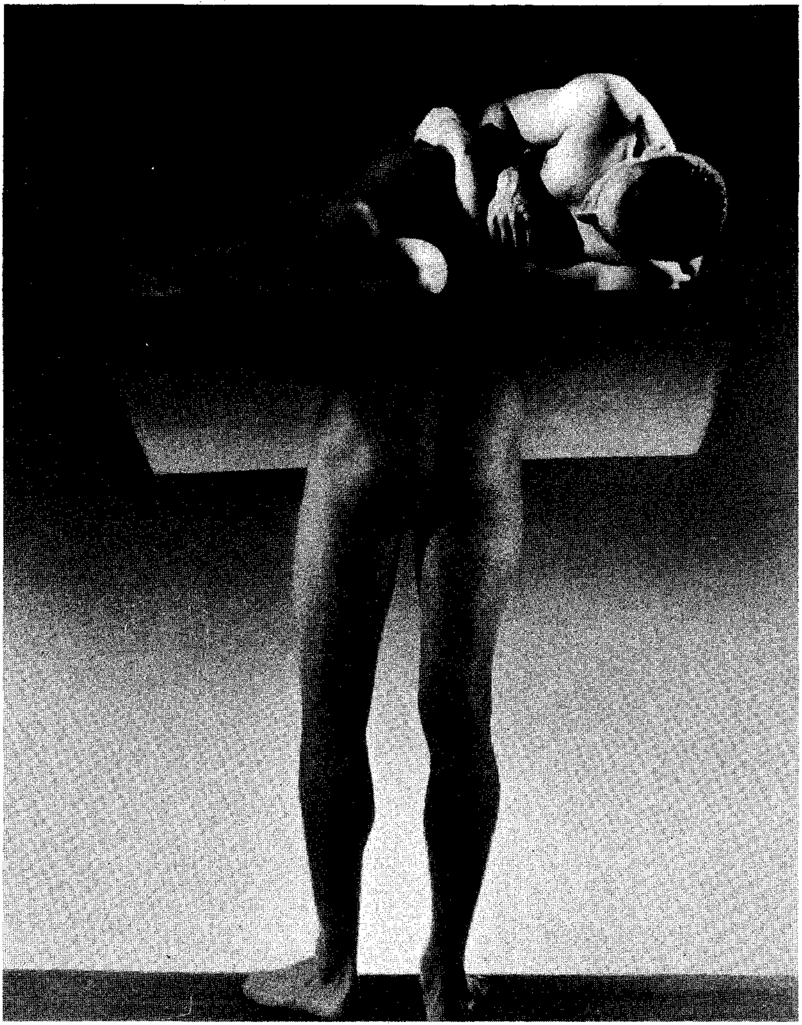
His early years were spent in and out of France, the Berkshire School, and ladies' salons. He topped these with a couple of months at Yale. It was no go. By Christmas he had decided to leave the college to stew in its own devices.

To get the taste out of his mouth, he dashed purblind to Paris and



PAVEL TCHELITCHEW

In this shot, Lynes has swung the painter, Tchelitchew, around to starboard, leaving the left hand free to grapple with Miss Ruth Ford—with whom other hands are conversing in the polite argot of the deaf-and-dumb language. Tchelitchew looks away, saddened by it all.



"THE SLEEPWALKER"

Lynes is ready to go Dada whenever the window is opened. Here he has turned his imagination on, full-spigot, carrying on the tradition of those variously dubbed Dada, Gaga and Surrealist. This shot was first exhibited at the New York Museum of Modern Art in 1936.

matriculated with Miss Gertrude Stein.

In fact, whenever he could get a few dollars scraped together, he jaunted off to Paris.

Once he found a first edition of Mark Twain in his father's library. Asking for the volume, he trekked to New York, sold it for enough for passage money . . . and again took the first boat to France.

In 1927, when he turned 20, Lynes opened a bookstore in Englewood. Five months of this. Boredom rang its warning bell. He sold out . . . practically flew back to the far side of the Seine.

He was now going to be a writer. He wrote poems furiously. Ground out the best part of a novel. Months passed . . . all went into the fire.

In the meanwhile he had been "monkeying around with snapshots." In Paris, Glenway Wescott had lent him a Kodak—and with it he had taken his first serious shot, a portrait of Gertrude Stein.

He came back to America, watched his appendix burst, and boredom creep in.

Then a new note. A friend who had studied at the Clarence H. White School made him a present of a view camera and a full set of darkroom equipment.

So he began to take pictures.

Five months later he gave himself an exhibition.

A dark room had been set up in Lynes' father's house in Englewood—and for the next five years he did nothing but photograph friends.

Each summer he jammed all his equipment in a packing case and flipped himself back to France. "There," he said, "I photographed everything I could lay hands on."

He began to develop distinctive styles, techniques, tricks. He began experimenting with strange and startling lights, with sets, with sequence portraiture — combination shots, catching the subject in varying moods.

Again he brought distinctive imagination to his jobs. Once, in Paris, he was photographing André Gide. Gide was self-conscious, posing. Lynes quickly hit on a solution. He got Gide to lie on the floor. Then he climbed up above him, got his camera braced, shot down. Gide, who was completely comfortable and amused, relaxed. Lynes said: "You should have seen his veins pop out!"

★ ★ ★

In 1932, Lynes' father died. The dilettante period was over. For once he had to make a living.

He opened a studio in a small

building on East 50th Street, next to the New Weston Hotel, began serious commercial work. "I did fashions," he said, "and portraits of terrible people."

Work came in; the bank reserves grew. He moved to an old speakeasy on West 58th Street—planted elephant ears and roses in the back yard.

More work followed. Lynes' things began to appear regularly in the fashion magazines, concert pieces in French and American photo annuals.

Today he has an elaborate setup on Madison Avenue. It is an artful, rugged place. Anything can happen there.

* * *

Almost all of Lynes' important work is done with a view camera. For a number of years he worked with a 5x7 model, then shifted to the regulation 8x10. For casual work he uses a Rolleiflex.

He doesn't bother himself too much about mechanics; usually leaves developing and printing to his assistants. The final product has often strayed far from the lens-and-lens-alone photography of the Stieglitz school. It takes in montage, scissors, air brush, and the fine old traditions of the absinthe frappé.

His practiced eye is always peeled for the exotic, the entertaining, the bizarre. He has no photographic philosophy or purpose. He amuses himself, fights boredom.

He did a large number of female nudes in his earlier days. Gradually he cut down. "Somehow," he said, "all started to look like doorknobs."

At this moment, for his own amusement, he is doing a series of illustrations of Greek myths.

Movie stars and mannequins, prima donnas, debutantes, dowagers, and unattached myths today stand in long rows, waiting for Lynes to make them more unreal. They fully expect to come out of the studio on a higher cosmic plane.

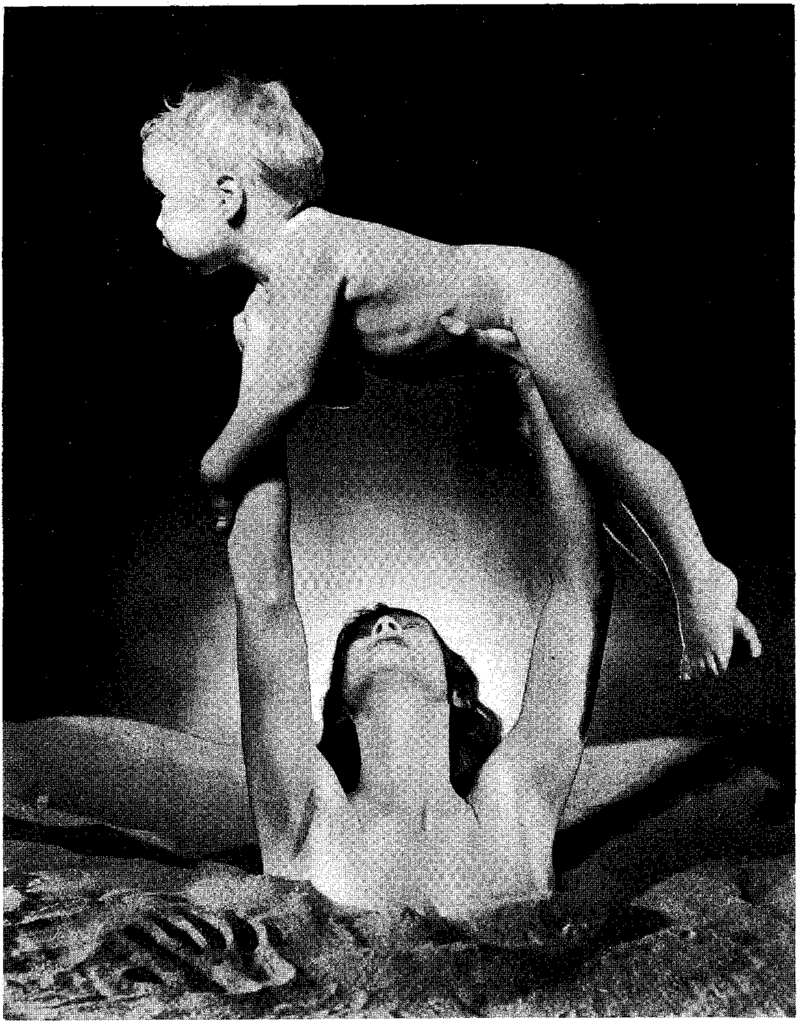
The one thing he likes to do is to take pictures of outstanding celebrities—naked.

* * *

In his younger days, Lynes practiced his imagination on more far-flung things. Take the *As Stable Pamphlets*.

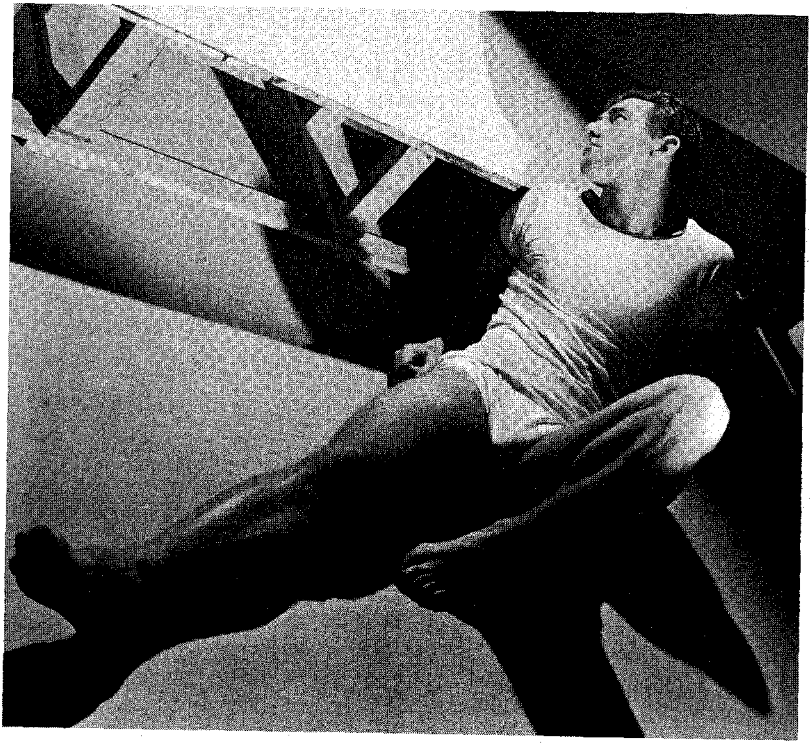
While still at the Berkshire School, he had decided to become a publisher. Suiting action to impulse, he designed and printed a series of booklets yclept *As Stable Pamphlets*.

As Stable was a name conceived in the fertile bosom of Madame



GAEA AND ERECHTHEUS

This is one of a series of mythological illustrations now in process. Lynes is making these for his own amusement—attempting in the photographic medium what the Renaissance artists did in paint, that is, utilization of people of the day to reinterpret ancient subjects.



FREDERIC PROKOSCH

Lynes has a keen eye for the dramatic possibilities of lights, planes and the perspective distortion of a lens. In this shot, Prokosch, the author of *The Asiatics*, has had his legs pushed almost into the camera. Imaginative lighting and cropping have done the rest.

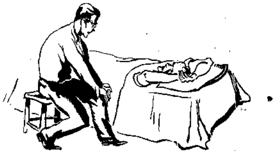
Stein. The implication probably was that, in a Dada world, these ideas were about as stable as anything else.

There can be little question of the fact that Lynes has imagination.

Take the case of the baby, X. One fine day, young Lynes called up all the New York papers and inserted notices saying his mother had given birth to a baby girl. It went over big. Congratulations poured in. Everyone was jubilant but Mrs. Lynes. She is not of Montparnasse. —ROBERT W. MARKS

NO LOVE LOST

AS HE LAY DYING, THE OLD MAN ASKED NOT FOR FORGIVENESS BUT FOR UNDERSTANDING



Two men close together. One of them in bed, aged, dying. The other upright; his hair is just beginning to gray. Pierre and Stephan Faugères. And the old man says:

"Thanks for having come. I wanted to tell you something . . . . And I must ask you not to interrupt me, for I have strength enough to speak, but not enough to argue. Here I am sick probably for the last time in my life. . . .

"Stephan, I owe you, at least, an explanation. I haven't been a good father to you. And that has been intentional, because I've always believed that you are not my son . . . . No, let me speak. I'm not going to go into the whole thing. What for? Besides, when a man is past seventy, his memory is a cracked vase. The things you forget! Unfortunately, you don't forget everything. I'm no longer able to give you the details.

"My dear Stephan, a few months before you were born I was suspicious of your mother. I never did get what people call proofs, or a confession. But within myself, I was convinced. An absolute certainty, based on a thousand little signs. You'd be right in calling that a serious presumption. And you know what a man does in such a case; he's sure of the other party's guilt, but he doesn't dare make a public accusation.

"That's what I did about my wife. I judged her, but I didn't dare send her off. She denied the whole thing, with stubborn persistence. Cold, calculated denial, that did not seem to spring from innocence, but was nevertheless impossible to crack. . . . You were born. And I thought, 'He's not mine.' That, too, she contradicted. But again I could not believe her.

"You grew up. I did not love you, naturally. Notice, I'm not asking you to forgive me. I never believed you were my son, and I find it reasonable that I had no affection for you.

"You had my name, because I

could not take it from you. But that was all. I never spoke a soft word to you. I never let you grow fond of me. I kept you as far away as I could. I sent you to boarding school, to a sort of orphan home—for orphans whose parents are alive. Even the death of your mother did not bring us any closer.

"Only, one thing came about. It turned out that you were bright. And you worked hard. You became a good student, then a brilliant student, and then you were the shining light of the university, and then you were a somebody. Now you are a great man. And so, Stephan, it has come to this—that I have been benefited by you.

"You carry my name. I have become known as 'the father of Stephan Faugères.' It began with your first success in college. Ah, the congratulations I received. The warm handclasps! 'Say, but that son of yours is forging ahead! You ought to be proud, eh?' . . . . That kept on stronger and stronger, step by step with your mounting career. No one talked to me but of you. Those whom I met for the first time asked, 'Are you the father of Stephan Faugères?' . . . And in the little village where I lived, when I crossed the town square, the waiters in the café pointed me out very proudly to whatever strangers there might be.

"So you see, I have profited by your existence, young man. And to think that when you were born, I was afraid that you were stealing something from me! But it is I who have stolen from you. I've taken a part of your glory, to which I had no right at all. No, no, my friend, not one! I count for nothing in your life, because you are not my son, and I did not raise you, I did not even supply the money for your upbringing, that came from your mother. . . . I have no part in you! None! And now, I am ashamed of this theft . . . of this theft which I was forced to make. And I want to ask your pardon. Especially because sometimes—you know an old man's gluttony—I've experienced a ridiculous, a stupid pride on being congratulated about you. Well that—that's unforgivable. I don't blush for having once been a hard and distant man, a man of pitiless indifference toward you; but I blush at taking something from you today, when I never gave you anything. It's unjust. And I've never wanted to be anything but just. . . . And so Stephan—for that which I have taken from you in spite of myself, I need your forgiveness."

The old man stopped talking.

Stephan Faugères responded:

"Listen," he said, "you never wanted to know anything about me, and so you don't know what sort of being I was. Well then, I was a lazy child. Not stupid, perhaps, but satisfied with the least effort. A gentle word, a caress, and I was happy—I wouldn't have looked for anything beyond that. I remember being caressed by mother, sometimes; then I was completely satisfied. But mother died, and I had no one but you. You! You never put your hand on my shoulder except to shake me. Your face never stooped to mine. You looked at me so coldly, so frighteningly. Even when I was shut away at boarding school, I was never free of you, I saw your terrifying face through the walls. You tell me I'm not your son. That's strange: it never occurred to me. It explains everything, certainly, but I never looked for an explanation; I set myself to survive. And I survived by revolting, by a growing hatred, through an exhilarating anger. That's what made me work so hard, that was the fury in me, that's what made me want to conquer, and that is why I conquered.

"Yes, I was pushed by rebellion and despair. At least, at first. For afterward, success gave me the taste for greater success. And I stopped hating you, I even stopped thinking of you. . . . But all through my youth I worked, not for you, but against you. Nevertheless, because of you. Then, whatever I am—you made me. Hate, you see, is as powerful an incentive as love. Your hatred molded me, transformed me, made me think, gave me emotions, a character, added this to me, took that from me. It was a complete education. You did it without wanting to, without knowing, but you did it! I would not be a man of any importance today, if you had not hated me. You created me in your hatred, just as much as you might have created me through love. And today, well, I'm something of a son of yours, in spite of everything."

"Ah?" the old man sighed.

He remained silent for a moment, his two hands trembling slightly. Then he raised his head toward Stephan, and there was a kind of timidity in his face.

"Well then," he said, "might we embrace each other?"

Stephan leaned over. And it seemed to him that in the pressure of the embrace there was something convulsive and confused; there was happiness and remorse, pride and doubt . . . .

—André Birabeau

International language By this time it would seem evident that music, as an international language, has failed to communicate any notably durable message of peace on earth. The fault, of course, lies not with music but with the people who listen to it, not to mention those who pay it no heed. That, however, is beside the point, the point being that anybody who depends on this international language to make all men brothers (not that anybody is quite that optimistic) is leaning on a hollow reed.

There is another means of communication which transcends national barriers—the language of pictures. And that is where Coronet, with its high percentage of pictorial content, comes in, at least theoretically. Any man leafing through this issue, for instance, regardless of his nationality, would be able to comprehend the bedrock statement of human brotherhood contained in Philip Reisman's paintings, or in the *East Side, West Side* portfolio, or in numerous other of the graphic arts and photograph reproductions.

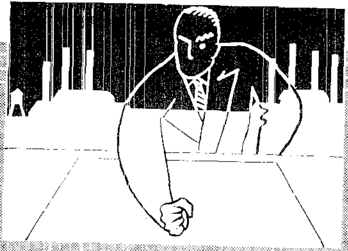
The statement is there, the language is comprehensible to all, but does the message get across? No, the editors of Coronet are no more effectively combating the forces of strife and hatred than the musicians. And the more's the pity, since this issue contains in particular two pages of sketches which would do a lot of good if seen and digested by the wrong people.

Specifically, the sketches by Trude Richter on pages 154 and 155 are a cross-section of a Middle European Sunday afternoon. But obviously these people are fundamentally more middle class than they are Middle European: with a minimum of plastic surgery they could be residents of Vienna, London, Paris or Springfield, Illinois. All of which seems to indicate that people the world over are so much alike when living up to themselves, rather than up to a superimposed national character, that there can be no basic cause for dissension between them but only a manufactured one.

It is an old story but one worth the re-telling, even though it makes no dent. Just for your own edification take another look at these sketches. They make you feel like shouting across the ocean, to the Storm Trooper in his nationalistic regalia: "Take off your mask, Joe Schultz. We know you—you're no different from anybody else."

★ ★ ★

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.



WANTED: THE RIGHT MAN!

In times such as these, when competition for jobs is most keen, the task of selecting the right man for a responsible job frequently narrows itself down to this: *Which man has the broadest background—which man most closely approaches "knowing something about everything?"* For when other things are equal, *he* will be the man with the best judgment, the most logical mind and the strongest sense of responsibility. And while it is perfectly true that actual experience and observation do make the best teachers, there is another important factor in this connection. I refer to an intelligent program of reading. I can think of nothing which lends itself to such a program better than CORONET Magazine. It is varied in scope, wide in appeal and convenient in size. Many times while interviewing an applicant for employment, I have struggled in vain to interest an otherwise promising man in conversation about something . . . anything, aside from specific abilities, in a futile attempt to get some clue as to the extent of his background. To such a man, familiarity with a magazine like CORONET might have proven to be a saving grace!

WALTER A. LOWEN
Placement Specialist
New York City

HOW TO SECURE REDUCED RATES ON SUBSCRIPTIONS TO CORONET

You can take advantage of the present low subscription prices by including your own with any gift orders you may desire to place at this time. If your subscription is a renewal, it will be started, of course, at the expiration of your present subscription. A special gift card with your name inscribed on it will be sent to all those receiving gift subscriptions. Secure these savings for yourself and your friends now! Use convenient order blank below.

RATES NOW IN EFFECT

Single 1-year subscription	$4.00
Single 2-year subscription	7.00
Two 1-year subscriptions, each	3.50

(Add $1 per year for Foreign Postage)

Please enter ☐ renew ☐ my own subscription for
1 year ☐ 2 years ☐.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City.............................. State..............................

Also enter the following 1-year gift subscriptions with my compliments:
Name.............................. Name..............................
Address.............................. Address..............................
City.............................. City..............................
State.............................. State..............................

☐ The enclosed $.................. is payment in full.
☐ Please send me a bill for the amount.

CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CORONET
for
JULY
1939

Continued from inside front cover

Fright 97

FOUR PAINTINGS
BY PHILIP REISMAN

Fourteenth Street 99
Trousseau Shop 100
Poultry Market 101
Morning Washup 102
CARTOONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY . . . 115-120

DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS
BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

Head of a Woman 135
Prodigal Son 136
Two Peasants at Market . . 137
Promenade 138
Little Horse 139
Studies for Head of a Child 140

FOUR PORTRAIT-MINIATURES

Duke of Gordon by Place . 143
Dutch Governor by Bogle . 144
A Lady by Burrell 145
Portrait of a Man by Holbein 146
EUROPEAN SUNDAY—SKETCHES BY TRUDE RICHTER . . 154-155
DRAWING BY WILLIAM SHARP 21
DRAWING BY ERIC LUNDGREN 34

PHOTOGRAPHS:

COMPOSITION:

Firespray . . . . Brassaï 59
Ebb Tide . . . . Hexter 60
Weather-Grained . Princell 61
Under the El . . . . Mills 62
Fist and Palm . . Greene 63

PORTRAITS

Harlem . . . . . Diènes 64
Shanty . . . . Ergé 65

MARINE

Glider . . . . . . Scacheri 66
Indian Summer Cheltenham 67

HUMAN INTEREST

Threading the Needle Pedrett 68
Bucket Aweigh . LaClaire 69
Sunny Weather . Bellon 70
Disillusioned . . . Berkó 71
Vatican Bandsman Holisher 72
Umbrella Hat . . Verger 73

ANIMALS

Opportunist . . . Carola 74
Antediluvian . . . La Tour 75
Colt Play . . . . Gorny 76
King in Exile . . La Tour 77

CHILDREN

Bleak Prospect . . Wallis 78
Pollyanna . . . . . Vadas 79
Competitive . . . . Zucca 80
Co-operative . . . . Zucca 81

SPORTS

Half-Volley . . H. Deutch 82
High Dive . . . Gutmann 83

STUDIES

Degas Girl . . . Westelin 84
Alouette . . . . . Féher 85
Other Self . . Blumenfeld 86
Folies . . . . Brassaï 87
Crystal Gazers . . Lukas 88
Morphea . . . Willinger 89
Introspection . . . Deutch 90
EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE 147-153
PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES . . . 157-162
PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE LYNES . 163-172

EDITORS:
ARNOLD GINGRICH BERNARD GEIS

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.

PRINTED BY
E REGENSTEINER CORPORATION
AT CHICAGO, U. S. A.